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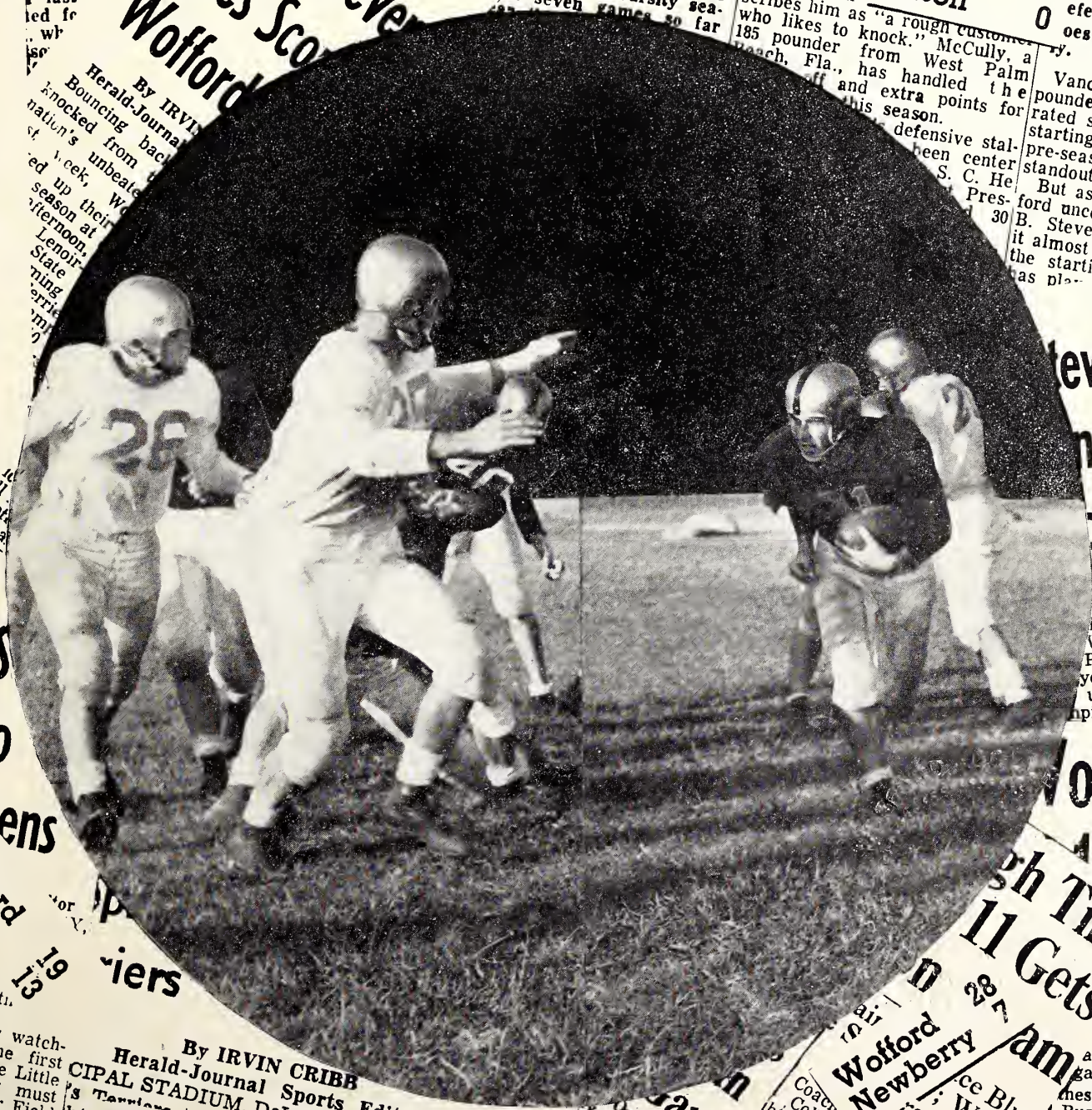

By IRVIN CRIBB
Herald-Journal Sports Editor

CIPAL STADIUM, DeLand, Fla., Oct. 23 (Special)

Bowl Seeks Wofford

Wofford will probably

The Journal

Vol. 78, No. 1
Nov., 1954

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COVER PHOTO BY SAM ATKINSON

A Friendly Criticism Of Small Colleges

—Anonymous

How often do we hear from chapel pulpit to civic club meetings illustrious personages sounding forth on the virtues of small colleges " . . . specializing in personalized and qualitative liberal arts education"? These institutions are exalted—and rightly so—as the hope of the free world. But why so? Not long ago, in the hallowed halls of a certain church-related educational institution, a wise cleric eloquently "submitted" a statement revealing profound insight and wisdom. He said, in effect, that as long as small colleges are "different" (from other larger institutions presumably) they will have no difficulty filling every available seat. Sir, they have that difference, but what does it consist of, and is it all a *good* difference?

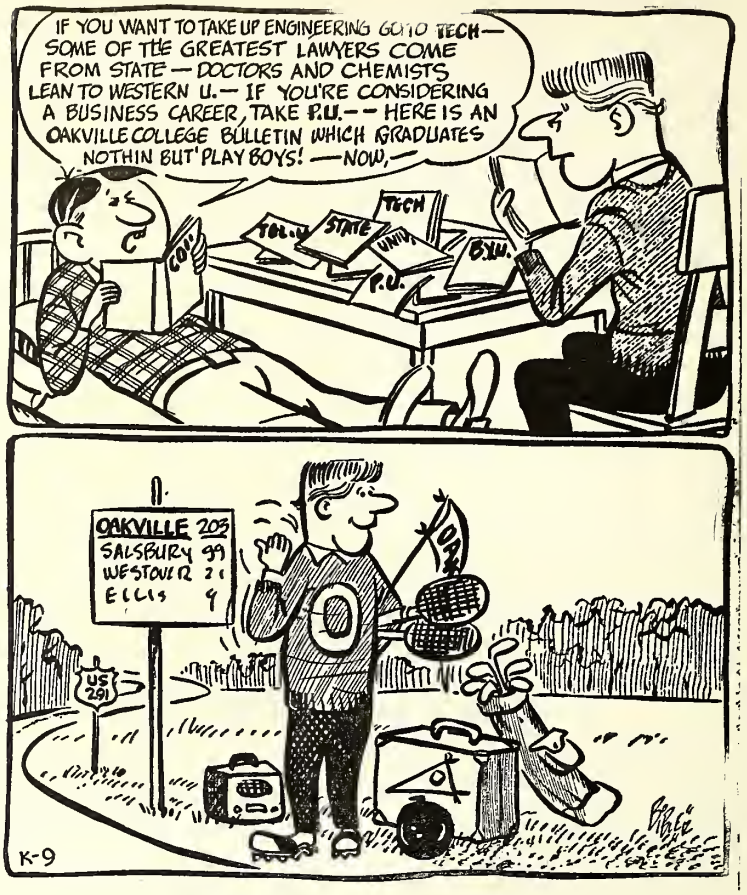
When the public relations man goes out on the road, or the President makes a speech in behalf of the college, or when the student talks with prospective students I would like to see the college praised without reservation and with a clean conscience. However, as the situation stands now, how can many small colleges honestly give themselves a clean bill of health when they are plagued by *provincialism?* This four-bit word is loaded with sinister implications, such as intolerance, sectionalism, isolation, petty patriotism, and prejudice, all of which lead to human misery. The genuinely sad aspect of provincialism is the devastating effect which it has on human progress. Would it be an oversimplification of fact to say that it is a major cause of all wars? . . . No? Then is this "ism" worthy to be called "International Enemy Number One"? Should its insidious tentacles be allowed to clutch any longer at the heart of the small college?

Let us turn for a moment to a specific problem. The case is a young man who comes from a very pious, church-centered family. Such individuals are numerous in the so-called "Bible belt" and you know the type. They are the professional "believers." They believe in this and that without specifying to what extent or in what sense they believe. In their sight, all are heretics or fools who do not believe that the Bible is the infallible word of God or who do not dutifully repeat the Apostles Creed as prescribed in the order of worship. Stepping from his usually narrow and self-protecting shelter of home and friends into the realm of new ideas (which ought to be present in any educational institution worthy of the name) is an understandably threatening experience to all students. But it is most interesting to note the different ways in which individuals respond to ideas which are contrary to their established ones. The nature of the response perhaps tells as much about the quality of that person's personality as any other single factor. For example, a lot is revealed about how secure a person is within himself by how ready and willing he or she is to examine new concepts.

Army ground forces do not push forward until they feel reasonably sure of the security of the occupied territory. Nor does a wise captain ever undertake an ocean voyage until

(Continued on page 17)

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



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JOSEPH RUZICKA

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All About The Frats

—*by Charles Neves*

Here are the facts—all the facts

"Man is social by nature and his highest as well as finest enjoyment comes from his association with his fellow men. It is this fact which has brought every fraternity into existence."—The Garnet and Gold Guide.

The fraternity system is as old as the nation which gave birth to it, for it was in 1776 that the first Greek letter society was founded. This was Phi Beta Kappa, which has since become the most sought-after college organization in existence.

The secret social Greek letter societies of today maintain their individual chapters as intimate groups of congenial men bound together as brothers by vows containing the loftiest of ideals. One of the primary interests of the social fraternity is the cultural and social development of the individual personality. This end is accomplished through increasing skill in human relationships, and providing experience in organization work.

One of the most valuable parts of your college experience will be the lessons you learn in how to get along with people. The social fraternity offers you this lesson in concentrated form. The associations which have the greatest impact and impression on the student are those with his intimate friends. Fraternity membership serves to enlarge the number of your intimate friendships, because you come to know intimately *all the members* of your fraternity. Many more friends are made through the various inter-fraternity and campus activities in which you are urged to participate because of your fraternity affiliation.

To the new student, the fraternity opens avenues to closer relations with the experienced and self-esteemed upperclassmen. The fraternity pledge finds in the old members a sympathetic friend ready to act in the role

of big brother. Help in studies, advice, constructive criticism — these things and many more are all parts of this important phase.

There are seven national fraternities which have chapters on the Wofford campus. Their names, which consist of combinations of names of two or three Greek letters, are: *Alpha Sigma Phi*, *Delta Sigma Phi*, *Kappa Alpha*, *Kappa Sigma*, *Pi Kappa Alpha*, *Pi Kappa Phi*, and *Sigma Alpha Epsilon*. These seven Greek letter societies contribute much to every phase of Wofford life.

The social advantages of fraternity membership are rather obvious, this being the side of fraternity life with which the public is most familiar. In fact, the social life of most colleges and universities, including Wofford, centers almost entirely around the fraternities. One important Fall social event is the Homecoming Ball, which is sponsored by all the fraternities; and then there are the fraternity weekends in the spring, highlighted by the seven fraternity balls, every one of which is open to each fraternity man on the campus free of charge. Alpha Sig's *Talisman Ball*, Delta Sig's *Sailor's Ball*, KA's *Farmer's Ball*, Kappa Sig's *Stardust Ball*, PiKA's *Dream Girl Ball*, Pi Kap's *Rose Ball*, and SAE's *Sweetheart Ball*.

On another side, there is the famous intramural program of which Wofford is so proud. This program is based largely on the participation of the fraternities. The religious phase of Wofford life is also being improved through the fraternities' cooperation with the Student Christian Association's Organizations plan.

The reader, if he be a new student, should by now have in his mind one question: "How do I get into a fraternity?" The answer to this can be summed up in one phrase—through being rushed. Admittance to a fraternity is by invitation only. Every brother in the fraternity must pass on a prospective member—one "blackball" is all that is needed to exclude a person from a fraternity. The new student's part in rushing is limited to his being as congenial and personable as possible, and to attending the rush parties to which he is invited. It should be understood by the new student that from the first day he set foot on the Wofford campus, and in some cases even before he arrived, he has been under close observation and consideration by the fraternity men. This period of observation is culminated in the hectic period called "rush season."

Rush season this year falls between November 29 and December 10. Invitations to parties will begin going out a few days before that. During the rush season each fraternity will give one big dance party with girls provided by the fraternity. On the night that one fraternity is having its main party, no other fraternity may hold a party of any kind, and no fraternity man except those of the fraternity holding the party may speak to any rushee. Other parties, called *smokers*, will be given by the fraternities on off-nights. The climax of this confusion is pledge day, or day of silence, which is on December 10. It is on this day that the new student picks up his bids (invitations to pledge himself to a fraternity) and goes to the fraternity of his choice to be pledged. No fraternity man may speak to a rushee on this day. When a man is pledged to a fraternity, he affiliates himself with the fraternity and is privileged to wear the pledge insignia of the fraternity. He is not yet, however, an active member. He becomes an active member, or brother, after he has passed through a period of pledge training and undergoes the required initiation.

The student who finds that he wants what a fraternity has to offer him is letting himself in for an unforgettable experience in human association. He will carry with him throughout his life memories, friendships, and ideals which will never grow old.

A weekly meeting of one of Wofford's seven

Our Hops Have Tender Vines

Duke *Archive*

by Jerry Lanning

Ask Lynn or Maybelle . . .

LYNN lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply, exhaled deeply, and dropped his cigarette into a tall glass of beer, from which he had taken only a sip. It's no good, he thought. Maybelle, dowdy in her blue, coffee-stained uniform with the seven little glass buttons, sauntered over.

"Another beer, Lynn?" she ventured, indicating the sodden, king-size cigarette adrift in his glass.

He raised his eyes slowly to stare at her. "It's no good," he murmured, half-heartedly lighting another cigarette.

"I'm sorry," she said simply.

With effort Lynn managed an unconvincing smile before replying.

"Not the beer. I mean us."

"Us?" She had heard correctly, but wanted to be sociable.

"Yes," he sighed, letting slip the second cigarette into the glass, "us."

"Oh." She picked up the glass of beer and set it on her tray. Holding it up to the twilight filtering uneasily through the dingy front window of Abe's Bar, she tapped her soiled fingernails against the side of the beer glass. She laughed meaningfully.

"Look, Lynn," she said. "Bubbles."

He turned slowly to stare at the glass, then bent his head again. "I'm not interested in it any more. Take it away."

She did not smile either. Instead, she set the tray down carefully on the edge of his table and looked him in the eye. "Let's get this straight for once and all. You've lost interest in me?"

He tried not to be callous, but merely candid. "Yes," he said.

Maybelle sat down at his table with him. Her words were slow, deliberate. "Well, let me tell you a thing or two, Mr. Lynn Gaylard, promising young author of the Southern Scene. You're going to get one thing straight right now. This is going to be settled. There's to be no doubt about it. Here and now we're going to have it out. How . . . how do you feel about me?"

Lynn stared at the beer, which was foaming over the lip of the glass as Maybelle distractedly poured salt into it. His words seethed with innuendo. "I dunno," he said.

"I don't think you care. I just don't." She bit her lower lip as she arose and carried the tray back to the bar.

He smiled bitterly as he looked about him. There was no other customer in the place. Twilight was fading, and he felt emply, devoid of any real meaning in the scheme of things. What is the real meaning of things, he thought to himself, in the scheme? Can a man get to the root of being as he sits in Abe's at eventide? Maybelle had left the bar towel on his table, and for no reason whatever, he touched its clammy coarseness. Somehow it didn't belong. He turned it over and read the words on the other side. It said "Hotel Armroy."

A fragment of his early verse flickered momentarily out of his memory.

Folly, folly, folly, folly,
I see through a glass but alcoholly—

HE RECALLED that last night the room had been crowded with happy, flushed-face college students, laughing and chattering gaily over their beers. A tangible blanket of cigarette smoke softened the scene, and a dimly discernible juke box in one corner was thumping out a nickel's worth of sound. His nickel, he recalled wryly. He was unable to follow the melody, even when he had unobtrusively slid his chair directly in front of the machine and bent his head down. His nickel was gone, hopelessly irretrievable, and he was none the better for it. Lynn thought of smashing his fist into the glass in front of the mechanism, but decided he might cut himself and bleed. Instead, he satisfied himself with searching for typographical errors in the record titles displayed. Turning to a turtle-necked sip of Schlitz carousing next to him, he smiled and pointed to the machine. "It says they have *Simoleon Serenade* by Henry James in this machine."

"No stuff, said the boy laconically and turned back to his rapidly glazing companion in the booth.

Lynn cleared his throat and tapped him on his shoulder. "I don't think you understand," he explained patiently. "It says Henry James."

"No stuff," said the boy, his voice displaying an unmistakably ferric modulation. "Here's the nickel, fellow. Play it—just for me."

Lynn scorned the proffered coin, and left it lying on the table. He arose and strode out into the black chill of the night, not looking back. The next evening he returned and took his usual place.

"Would you like something to eat?" Maybelle was standing over him again. "It's supper time, you know."

He squinted at her right lapel and ordered an egg sandwich. Rising slowly, he sauntered over to the juke box. It was unilluminated, and he noticed with sudden surprise that a jagged hole had been smashed in the

front glass. Little bits of glass sparkled dimly on the felt-covered turntable. "Hy, May, when did this happen?"

She had finished the first sandwich. Munching it, she was now starting to make his. "Last night, about an hour after you left. Some young kid in a turtle-necked sweater ran his fist through the glass. Didn't hurt him, though. Said he just wanted to get the record he had bought. Funny thing, he had put in three quarters and expected the glass to slide back and give him his record. I think maybe he was drunk." She paused, then added suddenly, "By the way, Lynn, you didn't say goodbye to me last night when you left. You just walked out like a seasick zombie. Besides, you forgot to pay me for the beers."

"Sorry," he said, smiling at her. "Put it on tonight's tab." He reached in the machine and removed the slip with the Henry James title, putting it in one of the celluloid flaps of his wallet.

He returned to his table, and Maybelle brought the sandwich and a small glass of water. She surrounded his plate with bottles of sauce and relish before sitting down to watch with loving eyes his every munch. She pushed forward a bottle of Pfeffer's Condiment and suggested a dash on his sandwich. "Goes top-notch with egg," she offered. He shook his head, gagging slightly. "Can't blame a gal for trying," she continued lamely. "Look, Lynn, about this business of us—it doesn't matter too much that you don't care for me the way you did. It's just that . . . well, that I look at you and see that you don't like anything any more. It's no good, Lynn."

He mumbled through a munch that she was right. "Yuh," he said.

"You said a mouthful, honey," she replied dryly.

A guilty look flashed over his face and he glanced quickly down at his shirt front, then up again, relieved. Thank God it was a figure of speech, he thought. He looked into her eyes levelly and intoned slowly, "I . . . just . . . don't . . . want . . . to . . . talk . . . about . . . it."

She stood up. In a calm, deliberate manner she stacked all the sauce and relish bottles onto a tray and walked toward the bar. Lynn made a point of ignoring this symbol of their ruptured affection. He did not even mention it when she removed the salt and pepper shakers, as well as the plate beneath his sandwich. Rising suddenly from his chair, he clutched the sandwich in his hand and strode after her. As she rounded the corner of the bar, he clasped her by the shoulder and spun her about, until her astonished eyes met his. Wordlessly, he removed the pickle from his plate on the tray, peeled back a corner of his sandwich and tucked it in.

"You *do* care," she said, with new hope in her voice. She followed him back to the table. "I know you do. You must. Oh, Lynn, remember the party we had all by ourselves that first night we were alone here—the fun of having Abe's Bar all to ourselves."

LYNN remembered. It was at closing time one icy December night a

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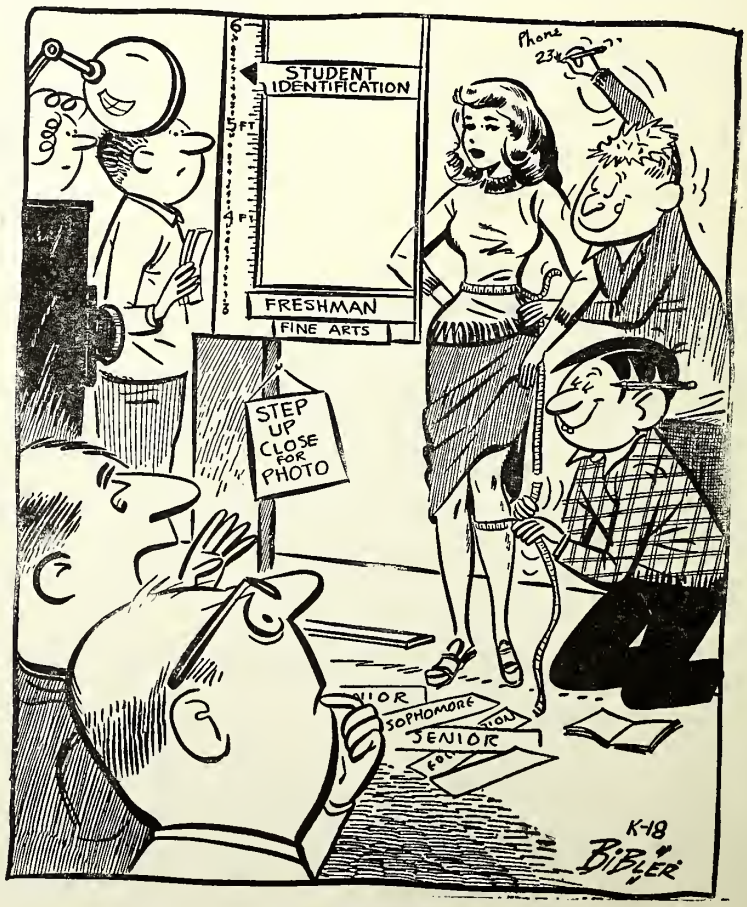
LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS **by Dick Bibler**



"Well, now, I thought it was odd they wanted to work for nothing."

Crete: The First European Civilization

—by Cecil Smith

Before about the middle of the eighth century B.C., Greek or European History is determined largely by means of Archaeology and myth. Scarcely any historical writings of that period remain. During most of the eighteenth century scholars regarded the Homeric epics as founded upon myth and not on fact. Heindrich Schliemann, a successful German merchant with a deep seated faith in Homer, set out to prove the existence of Troy. In 1810 he began work on the legendary site of Troy, located in modern Turkey. His success in unearthing ancient Troy gave new credence to Homer's stories. From Troy he went to Mycenae in southern Greece, where he excavated parts of a splendid fortress city. This new evidence seemed to indicate Greek civilization as it was known did not just spring into existence, on the contrary it had an inheritance from an earlier center.

Sir Arthur Evans, an English archaeologist, suspected an ancient civilization on the island of Crete. He came across some seal stones reputed to be from Crete. The writing on these stones was different from Hittite, Babylonian or Egyptian forms. After some delay Evans purchased a part of the ancient site of Knossos, Crete. He began excavating March 29, 1900. Within a few weeks his workmen had uncovered two acres of a magnificent palace. This brings us to the story of the Minoan or Cretan civilization, which thrived 2000 years before Christ.

The isle of Crete is located below Greece at the southern end of the Agean Sea. It is centrally located between Greece, Asia Minor and North Africa, and is 320 miles from Egypt. Crete is 160 miles long varying in width from 37 to 7½ miles and has an area of 3300 square miles.

Evans has divided Cretan civilization into three main periods, before which comes the Neolithic or New Stone age. The early Minoan period runs from 3000 to 2200 B.C. During this formative period trade goes on with Egypt and the peoples of the Agean. At home farming and herding takes place in the hinterland, and fishing thrives on the coast. The use of copper and the potter's wheel also belongs to the Early Minoan period.

During the Middle Minoan period (2200 - 1600 B. C.) culture is beginning to mature with the use of pictograph writing. Bronze comes into vogue for tools and weapons. Trade in the Mediterranean expands and flourishes. Cretan princes begin to construct the great palace at Knossos. The art of pottery making develops apace. Minoan pottery is in great demand in Egypt. A new, more advanced system of writing develops, which Evans calls linear script A. Toward the end of Middle Minoan, the palace at Knossos is destroyed by either a dynastic change or an earthquake. Manufacturing towns have sprung up near the sea because of extensive trade. The Cretans are becoming specialized.

The beginning of the Late Minoan period (1600-1400) sees the rebuilding of the palace at Knossos on a larger and grander scale. Linear Script B, a more advanced writing evolves. All Crete unites under a powerful king at Knossos. The king has a very powerful fleet with overseas dominions.

Now we will discuss the various aspects of this remarkable civilization during its Golden Age (1500-1400 B. C.). The Capital city of Knossos stood on the north side of Crete. It was the first large city of Europe. It boasted a population of 80-100,000 people with about 12,000 nobles and merchants in or near the palace and about 70-80,000 commoners and artisans in the surrounding city, a far bigger metropolis than London in

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The Hammer Was Cruel

Sirens scream in the night; blue coats,
fast moving.
Angry vengeful fingers,
Pointing, stabbing
Toward clay once white, now filth,
sewer's ooze.

The hand descends and the change
is made,
Warm for cold.

Clay near-pressed by time's mold into
a creature
Steel-strong and standing straight.
Truth and honor,
Strength, courage, and ambition form
a stalwart young body,
Graceful and proud.
How come these God-given graces to
rot?

Cannot hunger, with his slow-gripping talons,
Torture truth 'til he is a whining
thing?
Cannot brutality throw honor into
this stinking mud of reality?
Cannot immorality hamstring
strength and courage
With dainty perfumed dagger?
Cannot frustration flay ambition
'Til he sinks to his haunches and
becomes an animal
Watchful, greedy and cunning?

A man is not cast in God's mold then,
But slow-forged on the anvil of life.

—Harry Palmer

An Examination of the Psychological Assumptions of

On Moral Truth and Men . . .

I. LOGIC OF THE ARGUMENT

In modern times a philosophical attitude has become popular in Western Civilization called ethical relativity. Many forms of the attitude exist, in literature and belief, but as the term is used in this paper, ethical relativity is the moral philosophy which states four things:

(1) Moral codes differ from one another in requirements from society to society, both in content and in meaning.

(2) The local moral demands of the society are superimposed upon each new generation without the individuals having a selective control over their own beliefs.

(3) Man has no inner discrimination of moral truth in his personality other than that acquired by learning under the control of the society.

(4) Because of these three premises, the human race has no universal truth concerning morals by which to live, even if a moral truth should exist in reality. (Many have gone so far as to deny the existence of a real moral truth at all on the basis of these assumptions. Here, this corallary is not introduced as a restriction on the theory, but only as a further step sometimes taken. Thus a more generalized category for relativity ethics is allowed.

The more honest formulations of this theory have arisen out of experience and observations of lay travelers and anthropologists rather than out of experience-free reasoning and imagination. Also, the object of the theory invariably has been defined in observable terms which is to say, "We observe that conceptions on morals differ; therefore, no absolute standard exists. For example, the Eskimos consider it a moral duty to the clan to leave the old people behind in the snow to die when they move to another camping ground, because these people are too feeble to be of value to the little community, because it is wrong to keep valueless people alive to consume food supply from the valuable, and because the dead arrive in the "next world" in the same state in which they leave this one. Their leaving them behind is a method of sending them on to this next world in good condition. However, among the Hopi in Arizona, the older people, though feeble, know all about the "Hopi Way," which is the moral code that keeps the physical universe orderly when the Hopi live by it, and so the old ones are to be considered the most valuable persons in the society. They are cherished and protected; particularly is this true of the old women, who carry the status in this matrilineal society and are the most effective transmitters of this Way. The ethical relativist would say that here are two different peoples who have contrary moral demands with respect to the treatment of old people. Morality as man knows it contradiicts itself. Therefore, no moral demand exists for man to know and live by, except whatever peculiar notions his society happens to instill into him from birth. It makes no difference how man treats old people, so long as he doesn't act contrary to what other people around him expect of him.

It is the author's contention that the procedure used in constructing proof to support this form of ethical relativity is logically and methodologically incorrect. Further, this form of the theory is supported by conclusions that have been drawn from observations and experimentation, and thus assumes a scientific conception of man's behavior. The purpose of this paper is threefold: (1) to demonstrate the logical and methodological errors employed to support this moral theory; (2) to demonstrate the fallacies of the implicit scientific conception of man employed by the relativists, by comparing it with human behavior as science understands it now; and (3) to state the psychological theories used to support the above ethical proposition in order to understand the sources of the error. If ethical relativity rests solely upon empiricism (controlled experience) for the argument that confirms it, and if empirical disclosures disprove the observable elements of the conception, then it follows that the conception has no argument to support it until others are found. This does not, however, exclude the possibility that the theory of ethical relativity is true, whether empirically supportable or not. But it does require that other methods be used than empiricism to defend it, or that further empirical study re-establish it.

Methodologically, there are three

Ethical Relativity

—by John Penick

errors involved in this formulation of the theory. The first is that finite things are used to describe or determine the nature of infinite things. Phrased differently, the world of experience is unwarrantedly assumed to be either the totality of existence or such an adequate sample of it that experience may be used as an index to understanding all reality. It assures that the only way moral truth can be ascertained is through sensory experience, and dogmatically excludes other sources of knowledge. That this latter phrasing of the method does not constitute an error unless a given criterion is drawn about all possible methods is very true. But the use of finite things to describe infinite things is clearly an error in the logic of research. The dogmatic empiricism is only the concrete application of this error that is manifested in the formulation of this theory.

The second error emerges out of the first. It is the use of the study of comparative ethics to ascertain the moral truth for man, when an explicit criterion of judgment has not been made. It implies, however, that universal or majority conformity among the peoples of the world is a standard. This does not verify the moral truth; it only establishes that most people think a certain way about morals. It does not prove that the majority thought is true. A criterion for recognizing the moral truth is still needed. Because it has not been explicitly stated, but implicitly employed as the majority or universal conformity, the absence of the criterion and the absence of the conformity lead the inquirer falsely to a denial of the existence of moral reality, as far as everyday living is concerned.

The third error is the absence of an attempt to verify a null hypothesis. This is to say that the breakdown of ethical conformity has been pursued to support a positive hypothesis of ethical nothingness; but the buildup of ethical disagreement has not been pursued to support a hypothesis for ethical nothingness. One procedure should be followed by another before a conclusion is drawn about the object of study. The glaringness of this error is best illustrated by conceiving a fourfold table that will correlate true and false horizontally with presence and absence vertically. Such a table is given below:

	Presence	Absence
True	///// ///	
False		///// ///

If a null hypothesis is not formulated, the boxes true-presence and false-absence may have all of the frequencies and the boxes true-absences and false-presence may be empty because the other categories are not sought. Most examinations of nature will not work out in this fashion unless biased samples have been drawn. The use of the null hypothesis is a healthy check on one's biases.

Logically, three errors exist also in this formulation of the theory. The first involves the use of parts (2) and (3) to connect part (1) to part (4). It was felt that before the conclusion "No universal standard exists" could follow from "Moral codes differ from society to society," it would be necessary to eliminate the possibility of interference from certain individuals within the society who might discern a moral truth. This step was introduced as a control upon ethical differences. It may be understood algebraically by calling "A" the proposition of ethical differences, "B" the moral impotences of individuals (implied in parts (2) and (3), and "C" the conclusion that no universal standard exists. Then A implies B, and B implies C, therefore A implies C. But the logical error in this is that B has not been established as an implication of A, nor has C been fixed as an implication of B. Further steps are necessary explicitly before the relationship A implies C follows. All other possibilities have not been exhausted as explanations of the differences in moral decrees. The syllogistic reasoning is far from complete.

The second error in logic exists in the ambiguous categorization of ethical differences. This is to say that proof must be set forth explicitly that the variations in moral content of cultures actually constitutes a variation in *principle*. If other possibilities of meaning are eliminated, which they have not been, and if two acts can be demonstrated as meaning the same thing to two different peoples with a resulting difference in moral demands, then a genuine multiple categorization can be established. But if, when the meaning of the situation to the peoples differs with the peoples, and their moral demand differs also (perhaps in parallel fashion), then a logical differentiation of the world's morality into different categories cannot be made. In this latter case, only one category is possible, and that is that moral codes exist. No more and no less is admissable beyond this.

The third logical error resembles the first one. An inductive process of

(Continued on page 16)

McCULLY

RECIPE FOR

McGINNIS

Mix together a fast, shifty backfield and a small but hard-headed line, stir in an on-the-ball coaching staff, spread with a lot of determination, sprinkle with genuine Terrier spirit, and you have the recipe for a Wofford grid team that has climbed to the top in spite of gloomy pre-season predictions.

For sports writers all over the state last summer wrote again and again that the poor Terriers would probably suffer through a disastrous season; they felt certain that the ten returning lettermen would be fighting for a lost cause. Even the head coach saw a "pessimistic picture."

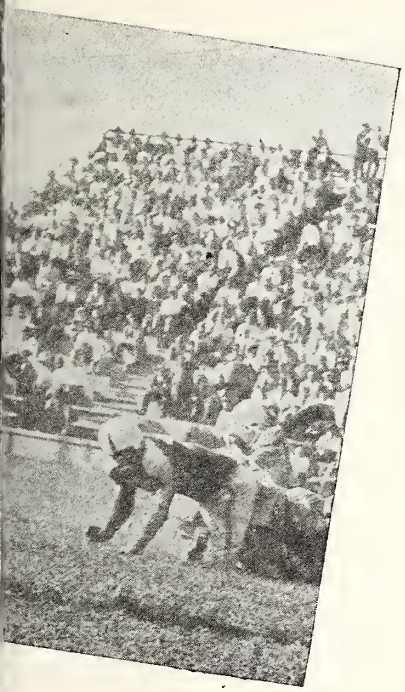
But the Terriers proved them wrong.

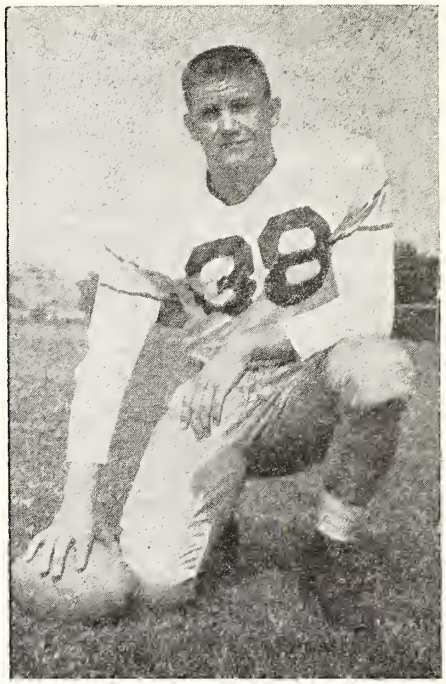
They combined speed, muscles, will power, and "guts" as they roared to six straight victories and, one game past the halfway mark in the season, stood as the lone undefeated college team in South Carolina.

Catawba, Livingston State, G ford, Newberry, Presbyterian, S son—all fell in order under the slaught of a Terrier club that j wouldn't let up. Some quit alm without a struggle; others scrap till the last minute ticked off clock; but no matter how, they met defeat at the hands of H Coach Snidow's squad.

Yes, the head Terrier mentor l taken a doubtful view of the sea earlier in the fall. "It is a very p simistic picture when we at Woff can count on only ten lettermen the 1954 football season. To to all off, the '54 schedule is one t will be tough for us from the ope with Catawba to the final game w Furman," said Snidow late in Augu

Perhaps his biggest need at first of the season was a man w a talented toe—one who could b those all-important P.A.T.'s, the l of which cost him three ball gar





JONES

;RID SUCCESS

—by Wallace Watson

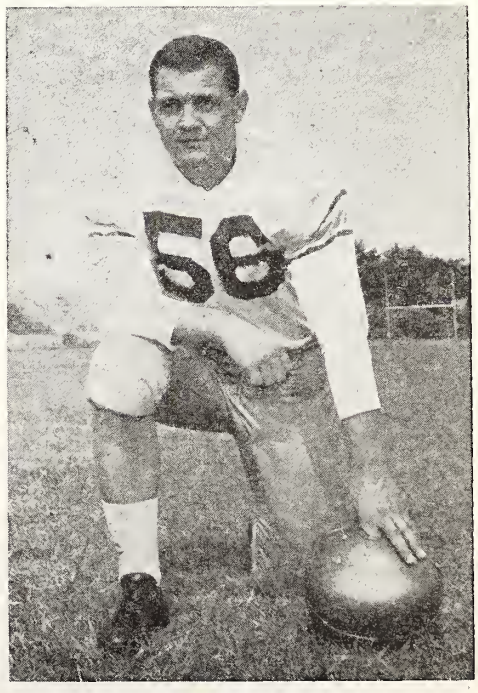
/ear. He found the man in Bob ully. Not a big man for college the rough McCully had proven elf a mainstay in the Terrier for- wall as well as a booting spe- t. "Swamp" decided he had ed enough extra points and spent r of practice, practice, and more ice. In 26 placement tries, three hich were muffed by bad snaps a penalty, he scored 19 points, thus cured one of Wofford's t ills.

ttle All-American Joe Hazle ed up with Navy veteran B. B. ns, and the two fleet halfbacks e and scampered all through op- ig lines to lead the team in rush- Hazle, elected as last season's Valuable Player and also chosen defensive man for his line-backer had chalked up 343 yards in arries for a 5.2 average, while ack Stevens had romped to a of 447 in 64 tries, averaging almost seven yards per carry in the first five games.

When you add to the picture sophomore Dick Hussey, the quarterback-halfback who runs and tackles both with the same stadium-rocking power, and ex-guard Joe Gobolus, who sees very little glory but lots of action from his fullback-flanker slot, you have a backfield that is the dream of any Split-T quarterback.

And veteran Charlie Jones was just the man to handle that backfield as signal-caller. The 179-pounder from Knoxville proved to be a triple-threat player. As a punter, he stood near the top. In punts in those six games, he had averaged 33.7 yards, not quite up to his last year's record of over 40. His passing record was not too impressive, but as a ball-handler and signal caller, Jones did a neat job for the Terriers, and played a big part in their outstanding record.

The backfield as a whole had



HAZEL

VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

—by Harry Palmer

A fire, a cabin, and . . .

HANK and I had come down from college during the spring holidays at my father's cabin on the Singing River to do some fishing, but a storm which had come up late that afternoon would drive the fish out to saltier water, and we had decided to go back in the morning.

The lashing of the rain against the roof and windows of the log cabin and the gusts of wind through the tall pines outside made it seem cozy and safe inside, with the bare walls, roughpine table, and bunks, lighted by flickering gasoline lanterns.

Classes, and books, and that little room on the second floor of Weathersby Hall seemed far away.

Suddenly a thought gripped me: I had forgotten to shine my uniform shoes. As a platoon sergeant, that was a fine example to set. If my appearance was sloppy, how could I expect the men to do any better. I mentally checked off each item of my gear: I had a fresh uniform with knife-edge creases for inspection; my carbine had been thoroughly cleaned and oiled and the stock had been rubbed with linseed oil; I had studied that field manual till I knew tactics, military courtesy and discipline, and all the rest of it by heart. Since we were going back tomorrow, I could have those shoes shining like mirrors long before Monday morning.

I felt better. After all, I couldn't make the rest of the guys square themselves away if I wasn't.

"Why all the deep thought?" Hank pulled a chair up in front of the fire and was sitting back with his feet propped on the edge of the fireplace, grinning at me.

"I was just thinking about the guys in my platoon," I answered. "They don't even know the meaning of the word 'discipline.' Week after week I keep pounding at them. Last week Larry stood inspection with his collar unbuttoned and his shoes looked as though he had gone swimming in them. I gave him demerits, but that only made him mad. When I told him later that if he didn't learn to follow orders, he'd be in a devil of a fix if he ever got in combat, he told me to go to blazes, and stalked off. It's the same with all the guys. They don't realize that it would be a lot easier for me to goof off, that I'm only trying to help them learn discipline for their own good."

"Larry is your roommate, isn't he?" Hank's tone was thoughtful.

"Yes, and he's a corporal. He's supposed to know how important those things are."

Hank put another log on the fire and moved back to his chair.

"Look at General Patton," I continued. "He was one of the best generals we ever had. He believed that an army should be a clean, efficient machine. I had a cousin who was a tank commander under him. Believe me, his outfit was strictly spit and polish. From what I understand, a soldier's highest virtue is blind obedience. Isn't it true that a man should be so accustomed to taking orders that when he is under fire he will respond to an order before he realizes it?"

Hank, who had been quietly listening, with his head tilted back, turned. The expression on his face was odd.

"I had a lieutenant when I was in infantry training," he began. "Johnson was his name. He used to drill us for hours . . . the same commands over and over again."

I took a cigarette from the proffered package, lighted his and then mine.

"Thanks," he said and continued. "He put us through our training schedule each day and when the time came in the afternoon for us to go on liberty, we had personal and rifle inspection on our own time. He was good enough to give us an hour to clean our rifles, wash up, and change uniforms, though."

I laughed. "That was decent of him."

"I remember that during one of those inspections, after we had crawled through a muddy infiltration with our rifles, he found some grit in a crevice of my rifle. I was restricted for two weeks, even though we were going to Korea in about a month. And he knew it as well as I did."

He tossed his cigarette into the fire. "On Wednesday before we were to board ship on Saturday, our regiment had a parade. During this parade, we stacked our rifles, and as luck would have it, one of the boys knock-over a stack. While all the rest of the regiment celebrated the last hours of freedom in the United States, we cleaned our rifles, stood inspection, and practiced stacking, and taking arms."

I grunted in surprise, and shook my head sympathetically.

"On the ship he left us alone most of the time. Then we landed in Kobe, Japan." For the first time since he had begun to talk, he laughed.

"About a thousand of us were released on liberty that night. A thousand men poured out after seventeen days of not being able to stretch their arms without elbowing someone else in the ribs, poured out in one vast deluge of laughing, wisecracking, excited, adventure-hungry men.

"And Kobe's bars, souvenir shops, and geisha houses were ready to receive them.

"I passed a bar that night. There

were sounds of fighting inside and a Japanese burst from the doorway, staggered a few steps and fell on the sidewalk on his face. I walked on.

"I passed a geisha house. From the inside came a lustily bawled ballad in English, women's laughter, a noise that I judged to be a heavy body crashing through a woven straw wall, swing music with a Japanese vocalist, and a woman's scream. I walked on.

"Many times I saw women with inviting eyes standing in doorways. I didn't see one stand in that manner for many minutes.

"I heard a voice shout, 'Hey, deck ape!' and a sailor and a marine were fighting."

I could see in my mind that carnal celebration. "But what about the lieutenant, and all the other officers? Did they not try to enforce discipline? What about the Military Police?"

Hank gave a derisive snort. "Those men were going in a few days to a battlefield. Not one of them knew whether or not he would live to see a town or a woman again. Could they be frightened by a court martial? Jail meant postponement of the day they would be shot at—nothing more.

"Even Johnson had to let off steam. I saw him in a bar with his arm around a girl, who was sitting on his lap. He was waving a glass and bellowing "The Tokyo Boogie" at the top of his lungs." He laughed again. Then his features hardened.

"We left next day. Back on the ship Johnson seemed to feel that his dignity had suffered as a result of behaving like a human. Everything we did was wrong. If he gave an order and a man didn't move before the sound was out of the air, the whole platoon did extra duty. Once a sergeant offered a suggestion, and was chewed out before the whole platoon."

He paused and I kept silent, waiting for him to go on. After a long moment he continued speaking.

"The outfit was split up at Pusan, since we were replacements, to be assigned to any unit needing fresh blood."

I nodded. I had heard of this system.

"A good many of our platoon were sent to the Seventh Regiment, Johnson included. However, I went to E Company and he went to A. I thought that I was rid of him for good, and sighed in relief." He lit another cigarette, then continued.

"About a week later we went up into the lines, and were kept busy pushing forward. It was summer and hot, dry, and dusty." He stopped to take a puff on the cigarette. He exhaled a long cloud of blue smoke, which drifted lazily toward the ceiling.

"The lines were shifting and there was a breakthrough. E Company was sent to fill the gap. On the way up, a mortar shell got the commanding officer and the Exec. Johnson was left in command. The company was on our left flank. Suddenly a terrific fire broke out. The C.O. sent my squad out to establish contact. Before we could get there, the firing stopped. We climbed a ridge and found ourselves looking down into a small, oval valley. The company was there, all right, sprawled in a disorganized cluster of still figures, in a rough ring."

Hank swung 'round and stared fixedly into my face. "We hunted for hours, but we found no sign of point or flank security.

"Johnson went in blindly and they ambushed him—him and his two hundred and fifty puppets."

I was still sitting in my chair that night long after he was asleep.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS **by Dick Bibler**

"It's only Ed's sister with his laundry."

marched against its first six opponents for a total of 1512 yards, against the foes' 832, scoring 188 points and allowing only 59 against themselves.

Of course, a backfield—no matter how tricky or talented — could do nothing without a stalwart line to open holes and buckle down on defense. The Terrier line had its work cut out for it. Averaging 194 pounds, the Wofford forward wall was not big compared to many college teams —and most of its opponents. Yet men like McCully and big George Rice at tackles, Lee Ford at center, and Weyland Burns and Sammy Maw on the flanks—every one of which consistently played the kind of football that made the leather pop—stiffened time and time again to pave the way for Terrier victories.

And when all this talent was combined to function as a single unit by Snidow and his staff—including Jim Brakefield, Bill McCarren, and Bob Fraley—how could the Terriers help but win? They did just that.

Catawba College was the first foe to go down under the paws of the Terriers. The Snidowmen started off slow, caught fire, and then romped to a 33-19 victory as the jam-packed student body section at Snyder Field began echoing:

"Poor Ol' Catawba, the worst is yet to come!"

The next Saturday night saw Alabama State's teachers of Livingston roll over and play dead after a vicious Wofford onslaught. This one ended 33-0.

Guilford didn't go down as easy the next week, and their small but determined bunch of gridders fought up till the last whistle before admitting defeat, 34-20.

Newberry, a Little Three competitor, opened against the Terriers with a quick touchdown, but the lead did not last long after the doggies got together. The line started hitting, the backs started running, and the scoreboard began flashing, chalking up a 28-7 tally before the night was over.

An old rivalry flared to life once again the following week, as Presbyterian's Blue Hose came onto Snyder Field, bent on upsetting the Terrier bid for the Little Three crown. For a while it looked as if the game was in the Wofford bag, but a 94-yard sprint and an intercepted pass evened things up. Twice P. C. battled for inches that would have given it a first down deep in Terrier territory and twice the Terrier forward wall held. The last play saw Jones and his crew merely stand up and watch the clock tick off the final few seconds to give Wofford the Little Three championship.

Win number six came the next Saturday when Snidow's squad returned home from Deland, Florida, with a 41 - 0 romping over Stetson under their belts. After a close first half, the Terriers broke the game wide open and, never making a mistake, banged away for three touchdowns in the third quarter and two more in the final frame to keep Wofford—the preseason underdog—at the top of the state grid list.

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Ethical Relativity

(From page 11)

moving from many particular categories to a generalized category implies that a relationship exists between all of the particulars in order to justify subsuming all of them into many categories, claimed in the differences in moral standards, to the general category of the absence of a universal standard demands the logical relationship that all of the concrete standards be sufficiently different to eliminate any common relationship, except that of complete difference. It further requires the verification of the proposition that to differ is to remove the existence of a universal moral standard for mankind. The definition of absolute carries the understanding of bindingness or applicability, not conformity among various moral standards. Further, this is a statement about absolute reality that is outside of the range of sensory experience. For this reason, sensory experience cannot be marshaled to support or destroy the universality of a moral standard, because to do so lifts experience out of its content in which alone it has meaning, and to move illogically from finites to innites.

The logical inconsistencies of the preceding formulation of ethical relativity as an acceptable interpretation of the data at hand have been shown. But empirical assumptions about human behavior have been made and used to support the theory also. In order to complete the analysis of the theory as an adequate explanation of man's moral state, as well as to accomplish the other purposes of this paper, we must direct our attention to the psychological schools of thought which have been marshaled in support of the theory. We must examine their ethical implications as contributors to relativity theory. This will be done in the next issue of the periodical.

(To be continued next issue)

Editorial

(From page 4)

he knows first, that his ship and cargo are ready for heavy seas. Likewise, the captain of our minds never allows us to play with new and threatening ideas and concepts unless our personality is strong enough to cope with the confusion which will inevitably arise.

Fortunately, many individuals possess such flexibility of mind (not to be confused with weakness of mind) that they are able to grapple with, and master, new ideas as they come into their field of vision. But that person deserves honest sympathy whose fragile structure of beliefs has not prepared him for rough weather, who in his desperate attempt to reach out and anchor his life to a stable body of ideas (however fictitious they might be), fights to convince himself and others of the reality of these ideas by being dogmatic, opinionated, and intolerant of the beliefs of others. It's risky business—but if the storms of life are not too violent, his internally rotten foundation may hold up indefinitely, but heaven help the man who finds his foundation crumbling beneath him at a time when he most needs it—*or a religion at a time when sobriety—more than piety—is most needed to save a civilization.* These individuals are characterized also by a peculiar ability to ignore the existence of conflict between facts and their beliefs. They seem to have airtight compartments in their minds for filing away contradictory information. Reverence for truth and the pursuit of it may be costly; so costly that at times we are tempted to envy these compartmentalized individuals with their capacity to go through life perfectly sure that they know truth, when all about them indicates otherwise—*bigots!* They know truth.

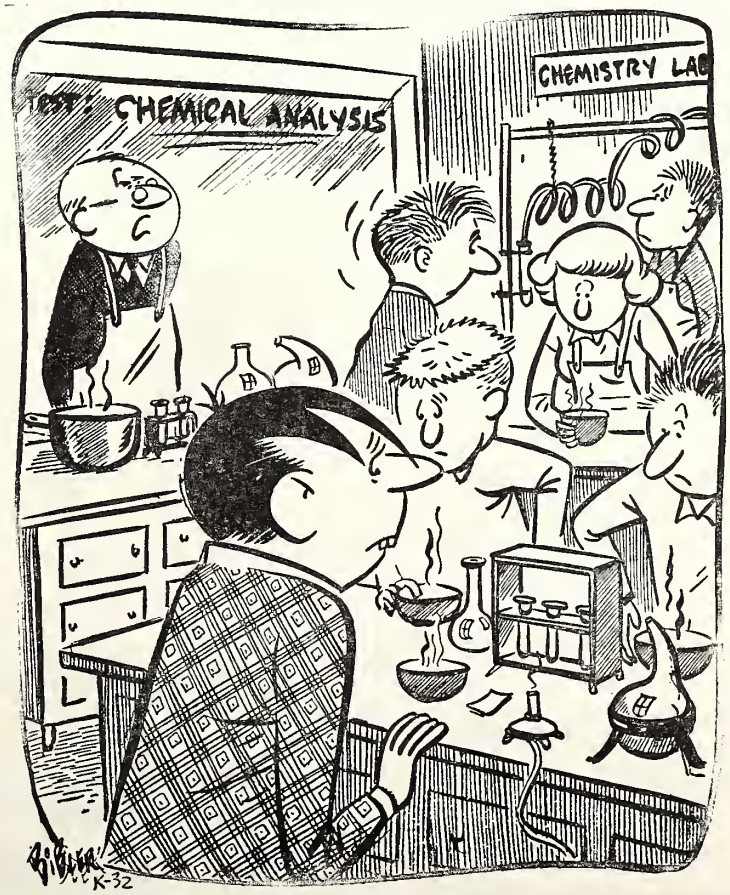
Their denomination, their Bible, their religion, their conception of God, their race, their country is the only one worth its salt—the rest they can forget about! Can there be any greater conceit or dishonesty? The road to freedom requires that these narrow views be dispelled. ". . . you will know the truth, and the truth will make you free." Where does the responsibility for correcting this false thinking (or lack of it) lie most heavily if not on the shoulders of the faculty and staff of the small colleges?

I would pause here to state clearly and emphatically that this essay represents not callousness or ingratitude toward Wofford but rather the opinion of one who is interested in the best education for each individual toward the end of that individual's and society's greatest long-term happiness. To the extent that any institution fills that task, to that extent would it receive my praise.

But Wofford's task seems complicated by the fact that her students' backgrounds are so similar that it is a rare occasion indeed when we can rub elbows with students who are significantly different from us. Imagine the wealth of knowledge and understanding a man like Mr. Kim could give to us just for the asking!

But as it is, we are still a tranquil family of Protestants, Methodists, Southerners (halleluiah!), whites (praise God!), conservatives, and males (a happy sigh from a certain modern language professor). Do we have too much in common? Do we not live in a charming little world marred only occasionally by a heretical biology textbook and a few, too few, liberal-minded, conscientious

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS **by Dick Bibler**



"The only clue I'll give you is that it came from the student cafeteria."

professors with backbone. No wonder the literary societies and the debate teams are struggling for existence: No intellectual stimulation—therefore no growth. It almost seems as if frank discussion of serious issues is considered in bad taste on the small college campus nowadays.

What has become of the fresh, invigorating spirit of inquiry and philosophical discussion which once knew its home on the college campus? Have we all become blind to the great challenge of the good life? Is our vast public school system succeeding in utterly stultifying our tremendous, untapped creative abilities? Or—is the author an impractical idealist who is so far behind the times that he does not even know that intercollegiate football and T.V. are the greatest good that man has yet devised?

Grant it, the unity of this essay is as good as none at all, but is there any meat for positive action in it? Is each one doing his utmost to make Wofford more than just an advanced high school? Can we as students learn to see our possibly narrow viewpoints? Can the instructors see that our mental horizons are expanded? To develop this broadened perspective is the responsibility of the student and of the faculty lest it not be said that Wofford has accomplished personalized and qualitative liberal arts education.

* * *

I know some nurses who are so ugly that if they played Lady Godiva at Stunt Night the horse would steal the show.

Our Hops

(From page 8)

year ago. They had turned out all the lights and danced by the light of the pilot light of the short-grill, to the music of the juke box. He could hear it now, the tender melody beneath the surface scratch of the record. The baritone crooned softly.

I'll remember December,
O, December I'll remember.
When love is an ember,
Remember December.

Maybelle had sighed a chili zephyr into his ear and he had bought her a beer. Looking back on it now the episode seemed like passionate idiocy, crass sentimentality. And so it had been.

He looked at her now, sitting across the table from him—so childlike, so loving, so free and easy. He smiled at her and fished a crumpled cigarette pack from his pocket. He clawed about with his fingers inside, then ripped the package in two and shook a limp, crumb-dribbling cigarette from it. It plopped into his water glass. Maybelle tripped across the room and returned from the tobacco counter with a package of king size Duques. She opened it and thoughtfully thrust one between his lips, and lighted it for him. He sucked on it sullenly, making a mental note to tell her during the next lag in conversation that he detested Duques.

She continued, "I was asking you if you remembered the first night we were here alone. Well?"

"Yes," he replied slowly, "and I like Fatimas better."

"Oh," she snorted, suddenly tearful, "you're simply impossible."

He replied in a measured, musing tone. "No, not in the least. I have every empirical reason to believe that I am quite possible." Noticing the bewilderment in her eyes, he hastened to explain, "Or doesn't it, somehow, yet? One never knows, does one?"

"No," she pouted, "but don't go philosophical on me. It's no good."

He made a casual effort to change the drift of conversation. "Just what *do* you know about philosophy?" he inquired cautiously, flicking cigarette ashes into the nicotinic fluid that had been his glass of water. The waterlogged corpse of the first cigarette bobbed up and down. He picked up a fork and crushed the cigarette against the bottom of the glass, watching the soggy paper split and free the wet bits of tobacco. With the fork he swirled the loose tobacco about in the water. It reminded him of a snow flurry in Pittsburgh.

"Philosophy?" she returned.

He murmured introspectively, "It's just like snow in Pittsburgh."

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She noticed the remains of the cigarette drifting slowly, aimlessly through the turgid water. "Ugh," she shuddered, covering it with a paper napkin. "That's horrible. What's like a snow in Pittsburgh?"

"That," he indicated, removing the paper napkin from the glass with a flourish, "is like a snow flurry in Pittsburgh. Don't you see?"

"Not in the least," she said, snatching the napkin from his fingers and firmly shrouding Pittsburgh again. "Just what does that have to do with us?"

"As long as you're so interested in philosophy, I might as well tell you what it has to do with us. Emerson, to begin with, tells us that everything is related to everything else," he offered.

"I've heard of the theory of relativity. Tell me about something new, Lynn."

Lynn persevered doggedly. "Just because everything is related to everything else, that glass of Pittsburgh snow has most intimately to do with our feelings for each other."

She picked up the cloaked glass and walked over behind the bar, staring away as she emptied the contents down the drain. Leaving the glass in the sink, she returned and reseated herself. "Now," she replied, clasping her hands on the table before her, "let's not discuss that any more. It makes me sick."

Lynn arose to his full height above her. Pity was in his voice, not unmingled with contempt. "You naive *little* girl. You're nearer a vegetable than a thinking human." He tossed a bill on the table and strode out the door.

Maybelle remained at the table. With no particular emotion, she creased and uncreased the bill he had left. Rising from the table, she walked slowly around behind the cash register and rang up the sale, removing the amount of her tip and placing it in the pocket of her apron. Automatically selecting a clean glass from the rack, she drew herself a tall draft beer. She sipped once, then set the glass down in the sink. He had been right — it was no good. Maybelle poured salt into the beer and watched the froth spill over the top and gurgle down the drain.

Wee Willie was walking with Wanda, his brand new girl, on the way home from grammar school. Both were eight years old.

"Wanda," said Wee Willie with worshipping eyes, "you are the first little girl I have ever loved."

"Dammit," said little Wanda, "I've drawn another beginner."

* * *

A drunk was standing on a Montreal street corner one night saying in a loud voice:

"Ish impossible, ish impossible."

"What's impossible?" inquired a passing cop.

"That sign up there," replied the drunk. "It saish 'Drink Canada Dry.'"

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Dumb: Hey, fellah, you ought to pull down the shades when you kiss your wife. I saw you last night.

Dumber: The joke's on you; I wasn't home last night.

* * *

And the one about the illegitimate Rice Krispie. Snap, crackle, no pop.

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Crete

(From page 9)

1400 A.D. The average house had about 6 or 8 rooms, while some of the larger ones had as many as 20 rooms with inside baths. Excavation found a carpenter's kit intact with various bronze saws, hammers, chisels, awls, and nails.

The Palace of Knossos covered nearly six acres—twice as much as our Capitol building, and rises to a height of four stories. It is built around a center court. Later kings added rooms as needed. The builders were not too concerned with symmetry but the interior is indeed sumptuous. Plastered walls teemed with colorful murals. White plastered light walls diffused light from openings in the roof into the inner rooms. A multitude of activities went on. There foundries, sculpturer's studios, and magazines for oil and grain. The sanitary drainage system was not to be equaled again in Europe before the middle of the nineteenth century. Stone shafts carried rainwater from the roof to flush the four-foot high stone sewers, which were accessible by means of frequent manholes. Commodes and latrines emptied into these drains through ingenious plumbing. Terra cotta pipes 6 inches in diameter and jointed like terra cotta pipes of today brought in fresh water from the mountain springs. Near the Queen's apartment is a bathroom complete with a four and one-half foot clay tub and cement floor. Nor is the kitchen inferior with its pottery drains and clay sinks. At the northwest corner of the palace is a Theatrical Area which seats 500 people.

The king's government was quite efficient. Subjects paid their taxes in kind, and competent officials kept strict account on clay tablets, which they sealed and countersigned. A strong Navy kept the trade routes free of pirates. The Army seems to have been small but well equipped. Evans found quantities of stored arrowheads and spears. Our inability to read the palace archives keeps us from knowing very much about the details of governmental administration. Well built roads criss-crossed Crete. The forty-mile stretch between Knossos and the southern port of Phaestos is especially fine. Its well constructed culverts and bridges make it compare very well with the later Roman roads.

As yet we know very little about Minoan religion. All worship centered around a Mother Goddess whose power they symbolized in the air by doves, on the earth by animals (mainly the bull and goat) and in the underworld by snakes. The king was probably the head of the priesthood. Priestesses were numerous. Some sort of belief in immortality seems to have prevailed as they buried their dead along with various implements. The lack of temples in ancient Crete seems strange when compared with contemporary Egypt and Babylonia. Religion was domestic or carried on at small shrines or sacred places presided over by the priestesses. Excavators found several shrine rooms at the Palace of Knossos.

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Crete exported a great deal of olive il and artworks. She established ·ibute-paying colonies in Southern ·reece and on the Asia Minor coast. he may have had slight secondary ontact with Babylonia through yria. The center of culture with hich Crete had most contact was gypt. Communication had been airly constant since the early periods f both cultures. They readily exhanged ideas and arts. But whatver Cretans borrowed from Egypt, hey adapted to suit their own tastes. Minoan sailors also traded with Afica on the south and went as far vest as Sicily and the toe of Italy.

Evans originally came to Crete in earch of ancient writing. He found t in abundance. The Palace of Knosos yielded thousands of clay tablets nscribed in both linear scripts A and 3. In 1953 a London scholar finally ound the key to script B, but as yet cholars have not translated enough ablets to shed any light. Script B, he latest writing, is made up of about 38 signs denoting syllables. The Mioans had a numerical system that volved right along with their writng. It was a decimal system consistng of units, tens, hundreds, thousands, and fractions. Seals used on perishable materials survive, indicatng that Cretan scribes wrote on papyrus, parchment or some other equivaent of paper. Cretan linear script is on a higher plane than either Babyonian or Egyptian writing. It prelates the Phoenician alphabet by 500 years, and it is almost a certainty the Phoenicians merely reduced Cretan writing to a simpler form. According to this theory, Minoan writing, not Phoenician, is the real ancestor of the European alphabet.

The Minoans were a small race, the men averaging about five feet four inches in height. Gentlemen dressed in short, decorated kilts and dainty, elaborate shoes sometimes with leggings reaching half way to the knee. They affected long curled hair. The ladies dressed in a most unique fashion for their time. They didn't wear the flowing robes of the later Greek classical period, but long flounced skirts with either a frontless or transparent blouse. They curled their hair and topped the hairdo with a sprightly hat. Even high heels seem to have been in vogue at times.

Genteel groups delighted to watch a boxing match. Contestants wore leather helmets and gloves. The amusement they liked best seems strange to us. An agile toreador ran toward a charging bull, grasped his horns and vaulted over his back. Victims for this deadly pastime must have come from prisons or the spoils of war. Modern rodeo experts declare this bull-vaulting is impossible.

Minoans enjoyed fine foods. Sauce pans, condensing lids and all sorts of cooking implements turned up in the excavations.

The main achievement of the Minoan civilization was art. After the introduction of the potter's wheel in the last part of the Early Minoan period, pottery art rapidly advanced to amazing heights. Polychrome vases came in the Middle period. These skilled potters made teacups with walls four one-hundredths of an inch thick. In the last part of the

(Continued on page 22)

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler

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A housewife was seated at breakfast when she heard the back door slam. Thinking it was her young son returning from play, she called out, "I'm in here, darling. I've been waiting for you."

There was silence for a long moment, then an embarrassed shuffling of feet and finally a strong, masculine voice which said: "I think you ought to know, Madam, that I ain't your regular milkman."

* * *

An eight-year-old girl complained to her father that every day when she started home from school some boys grabbed her and kissed her.

"Why don't you try to run away from them?" suggested her parent.

"I did try it," she said, "but they won't chase me."

CRETE

(From page 21)

Middle period, geometric designs gave way to naturalism. The murals on the walls of Knossos are very beautiful. Artists liked to depict sea-life, such as the dolphin, flying fish and octopus. One mural of a cat stalking a pheasant is especially noteworthy for its freedom. Cretan art had a certain life about it that contrasted sharply with the stiff Egyptian works. Sculptors produced no large statues but specialized in small figurines and relief work. One small six and one-half inch figurine known as The Snake Goddess is in the Boston Art Museum. This gold and ivory statuette is remarkable for its detail. The goddess holds two snakes, the eyes and tongues of which are clearly visible. Many other figurines were of brightly colored clay. Goldsmiths produced exquisite ornaments and signet rings. Evans found a curious gaming board in a palace corridor. It is about three feet long and about one and one-half feet wide. Made of colored ivory, gold and crystal, it gives an impression of great luxury. The markings indicate it may have been used for a game such as chess. It is no wonder Minoan art was in demand all over the Mediterranean.

About 1400 B. C., invaders from Greece got past the defending fleet and overran Crete. They burned and sacked the Palace of Knossos and other important places of the island. This is why we find so few precious stones or metals. The unfinished stone jar in the sculptor's studio is mute evidence of sudden catastrophe. This blow broke the power of Crete forever. The arts and culture began a steady decline and the center of European civilization passed to colonies in Greece. This civilization that inherited the culture of Crete came to be known as the Mycenean civilization.

These Minoans were a peaceful race. Because they depended on their insular position and their fleet to keep enemies out, no walls surrounded their cities. Scarcely any warlike murals crowded their corridors as was the case in Babylonia and Egypt. None of her contemporaries surpassed ancient Crete in the beauty of her life, wall painting, pottery and small art. The first European civilization featured art and beauty and doesn't suffer at all when compared with Egypt and Babylonia.

* * *

While grouse hunting in the meadow one day, a fellow was amazed to see a nude woman flash before his eyes, closely followed by two men in white. A third man in white carrying a pail of sand brought up the rear.

"What's the deal here?" the fellow asked the sand carrier.

"This girl just escaped from the asylum and we've got to catch her," the man panted as he ran along.

"Yes," persisted the hunter, "but why the sand?"

"Oh," was the reply, "I caught her yesterday. This is my handicap."

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THE JOURNAL

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INCOME

Student Activities Fee	$ 1018.78
National Advertising	53.32
Local Advertising	500.00
Sale of copies of Centennial Edition	52.00
Surplus from previous years	267.53
Accounts receivable	13.33
	$1904.99

EXPENDITURES

Printing and Engraving:	
November	$ 225.56
December	225.56
February	203.93
April	196.72
May	563.36
Salaries	175.00
Office Supplies	29.88
Miscellaneous	116.60
Accounts payable	19.17
	1755.78
Balance on hand	146.21
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Robert Griffith, Bus. Mgr.
Neil Bonds, Editor

* * *

The fourth grade teacher asked Johnny, "Who signed the Declaration of Independence?"

"I don't know and I don't care," answered Johnny.

She asked him the same question the next day and Johnny gave the same belligerent answer.

She called Johnny's father to school and told him the story. "I asked him who signed the Declaration of Independence and his answer was, 'I don't know and I don't care.' "

The father frowned and said to Johnny, "Damn it, if you signed it, admit it!"

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Vol. 78, No. 2
Dec., 1954

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On Religion Today

by Alan Stewart

I. *The Problem*

"I HOPE that the theory of evolution is false. But if it is true, I hope that not many people will find out about it." Similar statements have accompanied almost every important discovery in science. The Copernican theory of the universe in its day was almost certainly viewed with as much alarm as was the more recent theory of biological evolution. At first these theories seemed to detract from the dignity of man. But now we see that man was not necessarily made less important by these discoveries. Indeed, they appear to add beauty and meaning to the world. Even so, new ideas usually find the going rough.

Organized religion, unfortunately, has the dubious distinction of always being the last institution to accept new ideas, and especially those which are contrary to its established belief system. When we consider the extent of a religious belief system, and the power of the church, we begin to understand why the world's thinking lags so far behind its technology. "Cultural lag" (a sociological term) is a constant annoyance. Even before we get comfortable with respect to one new discovery, something else new comes along and we must readjust again.

Through some gigantic oversight this lag in thinking has grown to alarming proportions. Where lies the guilt? Of course, no one institution could be entirely responsible, but on a hunch let us examine today's religion.

II. *Is it a "Sin" to Critically Examine Religion?*

Generations ago some of the clergy thought they had found a way to avoid answering the embarrassing questions sometimes directed at them. They handled the problem neatly by simply denying the need to defend the church. They said that since the church was God's divine instrument, and therefore sacred, it was not man's place to either question or defend it. Though this device worked well then, and even today, to continue thinking that the realm of religion is sacred ground not to be tread upon by such imperfect creatures as men, is going to lead to trouble eventually. Religious truth should be sought after as openly and as enthusiastically as we seek out other truths. Does truth come in two types—that which is to be actively sought after, and truth which is only to be handed to us while we sit in our rocking chairs? It appears paradoxical that in a field so rich in its potential to replace human misery with happiness we are so determined not to explore. Surely a relationship must exist between this lop-sided search for truth and our present world condition. We would not think of giving a chemistry set to a baby, but a mentally and morally immature civilization now has the atom bomb. Blinders are all right *for horses.*

III. *How Should One Proceed to Examine Religion?*

It now becomes necessary in the discussion to assume that man is partly responsible for his own welfare. And thus it becomes his privilege and duty to make the best of *all* the resources available to him in the interest of a good life on earth for all people.

If this is true, then organized re ligion would seem to exist (as far a man is concerned) for man himself If so, we now possess a more objec tive means of judging the quality o our religious behavior, that is, re ligious thought and behavior can nov be judged on the basis of how wel they serve the total needs of man Therefore, before any aspect of re ligion can be appraised, we ought t question the scientist and the philos opher concerning what they hav found to be the needs of man. I reply, the social scientists give us bewildering array of needs which ar physical, psychological, spiritual* and social in nature. The philosc pher tend to subsume all these sepa rate needs under one underlying, fun damental need which may be de scribed as the *WILL TO LIVE* Though this expression is simple an apparently obvious it is profound i its meaning and implications. Whe they say "live" they do not mean "ex ist." Neither do they think of "liv ing" as consuming as much as on can for as long as one can. Rathe "living" to them means coming t the fullest realization of the *whol* self—a condition which exists whe we as individuals achieve the perfec development of our entire being.

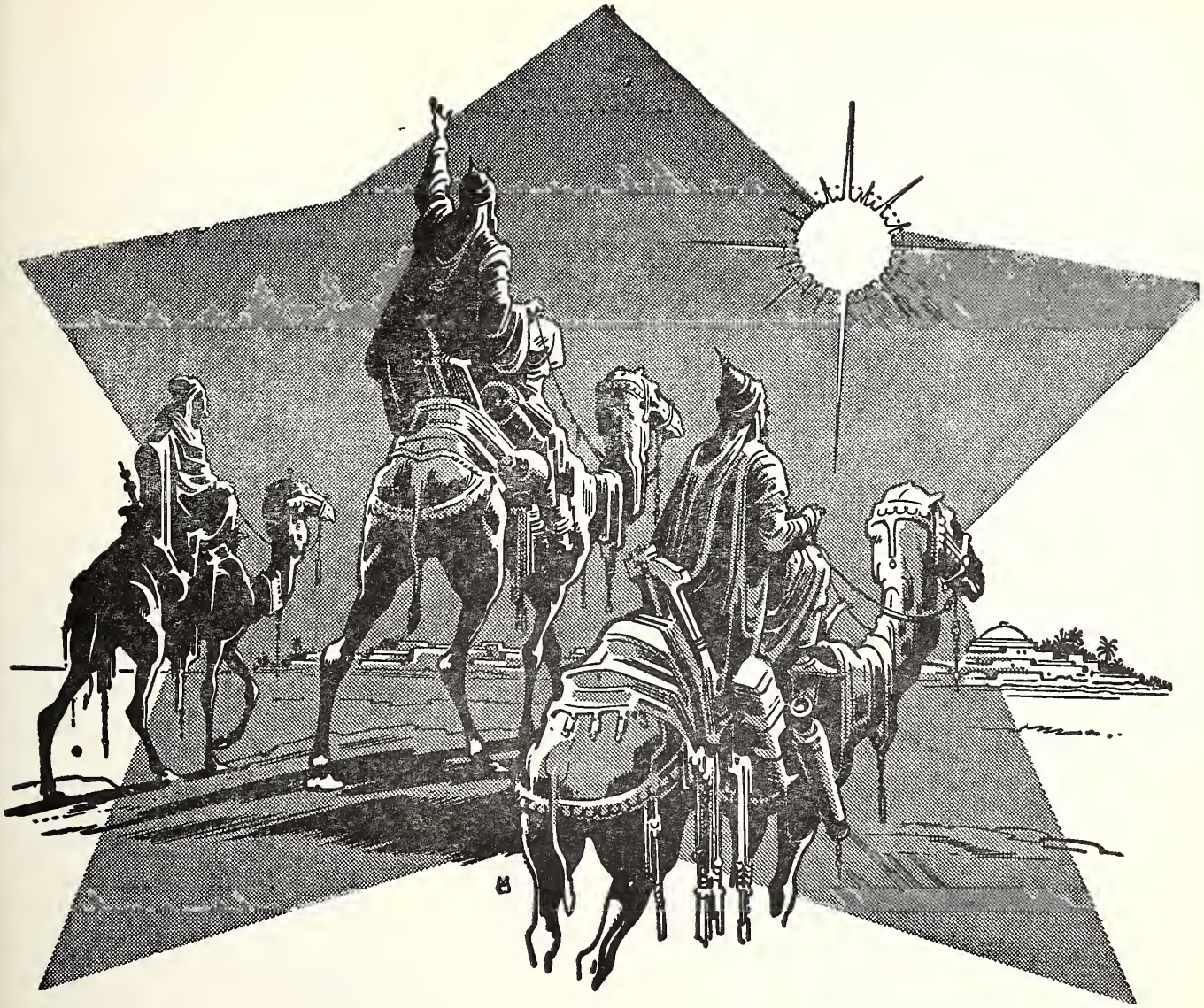
IV. *What Do We Find?*

Observe the billions of tiny speck on this small clod of dirt through black, infinite void. As physical o ganisms these specks amount to al solutely nothing. As spiritual being however, they *may* be significant.

On closer examination we see or particular individual who seems t have been born into a world that

(Continued on page 20)

*Recent evidence appears to indicate the existence of a physical (some would say "spiritual") faculty in man which does not conform to known physical laws.



The Giver

by Harry Palmer

"Inasmuch as ye
have done it
unto the least of these . . ."

Mr. Henry Jones walked briskly along the sidewalk, a light coat of new-fallen snow crunching under his feet. The clouds had vanished a few hours earlier and the sun shone brightly on a clean new world. The windows of the closed shops were gay with holly and red, green, and silver paper. In one of the larger windows was a manger scene, with the wise men offering their gifts. The electric wires overhead were strung with colored lights and wreaths. It was a fine morning, this Sunday morning before Christmas, thought Mr. Jones. He was glad that he had decided not to take the trolley. He would have to take the trolley out to Fred's and Ann's, though, since it was too far to walk from church. How nice it had been of Fred to invite him out for Sunday dinner. Restaurants were all right, but home-cooked food was a real treat.

He came to a corner; glanced up at the traffic light and turned a cheery smile to the officer on the curb. "Certainly is a fine morning, isn't it?"

The blue-coated figure nodded.

"Yes, sir — gettin' a little colder, though."

Mr. Jones crossed the street and continued up the sidewalk. More cars were passing now, trailing plumes of steam from their exhausts.

Half-way up the block, he came to the little brownstone church, and

(Continued on page 18)

Prejudice??

by Talmadge Biggerstaff

"Honorable Judges,
Worthy Opponents,
and Friends . . ."

CLIFFORD was self-consciously well dressed. He was wearing his first expensive suit. The English light-wool with a herring-bone stitch quietly reflected the softness of each small fold. Each piece of clinging cotton-lint was gracefully flicked off as foreign and utterly below an association with such fine material. Cliff held his head high. Otherwise, the stiffly starched white shirt collar would have scratched his pale neck. He started to lean against the creosoted bus-stop post, but he remembered that a change of clothes was accompanied by a change in deportment.

The bus was past due. He glanced anxiously at his wristwatch. In twenty minutes the debate tournament would begin. He nervously buttoned and unbuttoned his new, beige coat. Restlessly, he shifted his weight from one leg to the other. Reaching inside his coat, Cliff touched the note-cards without which he would be lost in debate. He smiled to himself when his fingers rubbed over the smooth edges of the cards in the inside pocket.

The yellow bus rolled up at the bus stop. With the air of a chivalrous knight, Cliff stood straight—almost at military attention—beside the bus door while a round-shouldered woman in cheap muslin climbed lazily aboard. Cliff stepped aboard, and dropped a dime in the fare box. "Good afternoon, sir," he said to the driver, and turned to find a seat.

The woman sat down in a seat near the front. An unshaved farmer, obeying the invincible force of custom, had unwillingly given the tired, stooped woman his seat. The only other empty seats were in the U-shaped section in the back of the bus.

A Negro gardener who was reading the daily newspaper, and four jovial Negro maids amply filled the long back seat. Three Negro men, a mule-skinner and two textile warehouse workers with lint in their kinky hair, sat dumbly on one of the side seats. Cliff espied the vacant seat across the aisle from the three men, and hurriedly walked to the back.

Sighing, he sat down, relieving his aching feet. To avoid staring at his fellow passengers across the aisle,

Cliff turned his eyes to the front. He read the sign above the windshield:

WHITE PATRONS SIT
FROM THE FRONT
COLORED PATRONS SIT
FROM THE REAR

"Why is it," Cliff thought, "that people don't understand that sign? Why doesn't the farmer sit down back here? Doesn't he understand that the law, according to the sign, permits him to sit here if no other seats are available in the front, just as the law permits the Negro to sit in the front if the back is filled?

Basing his argument entirely on the sign, Cliff was logically correct. He did not detect in his pure logic a practical contradiction. But Cliff was not interested in practicality. Pure logic was too beautiful to be sacrificed on the altar of merciless, ugly logic of practicality. "If people would only stop and think!" he thought, jerking his head with confident finality.

Cliff's mind wandered. His mind wandered, and he pondered upon the lofty concepts of justice, love, and the equality of man before God. He pondered on these things, and he was exceedingly glad. The yellow bus lumbered, rattling, along the asphalt street to the university.

Finally, the bus came to a stop. The air brakes hissed. Daisy, a mulatto student, came aboard. The Royal Crown grease on her hair mirrored a futile effort to straighten the kinks. Her ignorance of her natural beauty caused her to smear cheap, crimson lipstick on her sensuous, pink lips. The lipstick was smeared in the corners of her lips. Her wool-knit sweater, which was too small, was pulled up slightly in front revealing a dingy, pink slip.

Cliff watched her with interest. He read the racial stigma into her prematurely wrinkled forehead. As the bus driver shifted gears, she stumbled and almost fell. Regaining her feet, she got a better hold on her books. The bus went around a banked curve. Swaying with the bus, Cliff noticed that she accidentally brushed against the farmer. The smiling farmer reciprocated by pressing his buttock gently against hers. "What a disgusting situation!" Cliff thought.

(Continued on page 16)

"Little McCarthywatha"

by Cecil Smith

With apologies to the illustrious Junior Senator

LONG ago, according to India lore, when Smile-in-the Face was Chief of the tribe of Uncasam in the west and when Mal-in-kow was chief of the Bear tribe in the East; there was a war between them termed by many "cold as spring water." Smile had reason to believe Mal had sent evil spirits among the trusted braves of Uncasam. This caused many brown brows to furrow. Little McCarthywatha, a young leader, from the clan of the Brew-makers, had already frightened many headmen along the Potomac with his strong medicine. He now took up his favorite Tomahawk called Komm-mit-hee and went forth to ferret out the evil spirits. With Komm-mit-hee, Little McCarthywatha scalped many evil spirits. Among the spells Little McCarthywatha cast were Two-Thirds-Truth, Half-Truth, and No-Truth-at-all. In lodges through the forest little papposes and old squaws were frightened by these potent spells. They looked diligently under pot and log for evil spirits. Many men wise in the ways of the forest, hid for fear of being taken for evil spirits and scalped.

Two totemic clubs furnished the chiefs of Uncasam—one known as the Elephant Society and the other as the Jackass Club. McCarthywatha was of the Elephant Society; he found many evil spirits among the Jackass Club. Little McCarthywatha sang many chants around the evening fires and made many smoke signals from the heights. Declaring himself the instrument of good spirits, McCarthywatha even sought evil spirits among the war party of Uncasam.

During a pow-wow with Zwickoma, a war chief with many scalps at his belt, Little McCartywatha said "Ugh, you not fit to wear the feather or war paint of Uncasam." This affront led to bigger pow-wows between the Big War Chief, Son of Steve, and McCarthywatha. There was much chest beating around that council fire. Braves high in the council lost face. Indeed, many were blank faced. Much was the commotion in the lodges of Uncasam. Finally a wrinkled greyhead from the clan of Maple Syrup stood up in the Great Council of Ninety-Six and said Little McCarthywatha was very small—as small as Dennis the Menace. Some nodded; some didn't. Many thought Little McCarthywatha was wounding too many members of the tribe while catching evil spirits. Six of the council grunted a lot and burned the fires long concerning Little McCarthywatha, while he danced and emitted loud war whoops. This respected six said the Great Council ought to put Little McCarthywatha to the ordeal known as Sin-Sure. This caused Little McCarthywatha to ruffle his feathers and say the six greybeards were silly young squaws in the clutches of the evil spirits. Sparks fell from the clash of words. It would soon be the turn of the Jackass club to control the Great Council. They said they would soon take the paddles from Little McCarthywatha's birch-bark canoe as well as his tomahawk named Komm-mit-hee. . . .

Part Two: On Ethical Relativity

More on Moral Truth . . . and Men

II. Content of the Argument

Ethical relativity has been defined in four postulates: (1) Moral standards vary from society to society in both content and in meaning; (2) the unique moral notions of each society are instilled into each generation without those individuals possessing any selective capacities of their own; (3) man has no inner discrimination of moral truth other than that superimposed upon him by society; and (4) because of these three conditions, man has no moral standard that is universally known and binding. A universal standard may exist, according to this formulation, but man has no access to it for practical purposes.

In the preceding issue of this periodical, the logical and methodological errors of this formulation of the theory were shown. But postulates (1), (2) and (3) are statements about man's behavior that are drawn from the experiences of thinkers. They are used as premises on whose truth postulate (4) depends. Even if the syllogistic reasoning were structurally valid, which we have found it is not, the theory would still have to stand the test of verifying its premises, because they are founded upon empiricism, come within the scope of man's empirical studies of human relations, and must therefore square with the contemporary understanding of human behavior that psychology and sociology have set forth.

To examine the accuracy of the first postulate from an empirical framework is the purpose of this section of the paper. The other postulates of the two premises will be examined in subsequent issues. If the premises are found to be untrue, then the concluding theory of morality must be classified in the mind as neither proven nor binding upon the conscience for acceptance. Each of the three postulates of the premises will be examined separately by the appropriate understandings now enjoyed by behavioral science.

Postulate I: *That moral standards vary from society to society in both content and in meaning.* In order to understand the postulate, the words "content" and "meaning" must be defined. The content of a moral dictate is the literal statement of the dictate before it has been applied to concrete situations. The meaning of a moral dictate is the significance of the literal statement for action as it is perceived by the actor. Meaning is the application of the content to concrete situations. Assume, for illustration, that a universal dictate is "That the highest good should be provided for the greatest number of people." This is the content of the dictate. One application of the dictate, i.e., one meaning, might be that every human being (defined as every individual classified biologically as *Homo sapiens*) should be provided with all of the physical necessities for pleasure in this life. But another meaning of the moral dictate might be that every human being (defined the same as before) should first be provided with the intellectual, aesthetic and spiritual qualities needed to adapt him to an altruistic ethereal heaven in a life after death. Still another application would be that yams and fruits are to be provided only for South Sea natives belonging to the Mundugamoor tribe, because all other animals called *Homo sapiens* are not human beings, due to the "fact" that membership in the Mundugamoor tribe is an absolute necessity for being a human being. In all three applications or meanings of the dictate, the content of the dictate has remained constant. The only thing that has varied has been values and conceptions of reality. This particular hypothetical dictate depends upon the actor's value of "the highest good," and therefore is not characteristic of morals in general, for it appears that moral dictates usually carry within themselves the values necessary for application. However, reality connotations in which the values are to be applied may vary universally, thus making possible variations in application of values to practical living.

Postulate I depends upon an identical perceptual experience of reality by actors from two different societies, and upon their evaluation of the same act in two different ways. The variation between the content and the meaning of a moral dictate may be very great. In this case, the postulate

as a whole is disproved. The following alternative is established by the preceding paragraph: Either postulate I is true or the statement that reality-conceptions differ and morality-applications differ within either a constant or a variable moral content, is true. They both cannot be true together. They cannot be false together. This is to say that, if reality-conceptions vary, moral content may or may not vary. This portion of the paper seeks to prove that reality-conceptions vary. Then, morality content may or may not vary.

There is good reason to think that both individuals and societies possess and live within their own idiosyncratic "reality" contexts as perceived by them. Many experiments exist in the literature which seem to support this proposition. However, due to many kinds of limitations upon the thoroughness of this paper, only a very few salient ones will be cited here. Further support for this proposition can be drawn from any comprehensive treatment of recent experimentation in the field of human behavior.

The first experiment to be cited in support of this proposition is the work done by chimpanzees at the Yerkes Laboratories of Primate Biology at Orange Park, Florida, in 1945. Their findings demonstrate the concept that each individual member of the Primate Order of the Animal Kingdom must *learn* to perceive the exterior world through his eyes. His is not born with the raw faculty to "see" the exterior world "as it is." Two chimpanzees were housed in a completely dark room from birth to sixteen months of age, during which time they were exposed to a lighted lamp daily for feeding purposes only for two forty-five second intervals. When tested for visual perception at the end of that time, they showed extreme incompetence, recognizing nothing that they had experienced by touch and taste unless they had touched or tasted those objects first or before-hand. This remained true for some time, until gradually competence was acquired. All tests performed during this first trial showed no recognition of objects in their experienced field until they had been correlated with other kinds of familiar sensations. When the other chimpanzees were exposed to greatly varying amounts of light during the dark period, highly significant co-variances occurred between previous exposure times and later visual ability under constant conditions. Another variation of the experiment consisted of raising a chimpanzee under normal light conditions for seven months, finding him in excellent condition for seeing at that time, then subjecting him to a sixteen-month period of absolute total darkness. His health remained excellent during that time and normal exercising of other parts of his body were kept the same as during the light period. When returned to daylight again he had lost all ability to "see" objects in his environment, not even recognizing his feeding bottle, which he had been using during the darkness.

Another empirical incident to illustrate that perceptual patterns must be learned before effective use of the organ of sight can be employed, comes from the testimony of a man who had recovered his sight after three decades of blindness. He describes his feelings thusly:

"When I could see again, objects literally hurled themselves at me. One of the things a normal person knows from long habit is what *not* to look at. Things that don't matter, or that confuse, are simply shut out of their seeing minds. I had forgotten this, and tried to see everything at once; consequently I saw nothing."

These observations indicate that perception does not automatically take place, but that it must be learned, made habit, and related to other experiences. Such an understanding, however, is contrary to the popular idea of naive realism, which holds that we see "what is out there" automatically and "like everybody else." One very important idea to note about the seeing man's self-observation is the way he says individuals *select* what they see on the basis of what they are looking for. This should be remembered when Postulate II is considered.

Conceptions of reality become correlated with those conceptions held by others. This is absolutely necessary if individuals are to have meaningful and harmonious interaction with one another. Of the many factors in operation to achieve this consistency two are most important: (1) status-role relationships in the social structure, and (2) the acquisition of culture, particularly through language, as a result of membership in the social structure. One experiment should suffice in each case. The role of language in determining what is seen by the perceiver is well illustrated in an experiment conducted by Carmichael, Hogan and Walter in 1932. A figure was designed, consisting of two articles connected by a straight line between their closest edges. Copies of this figure were exposed to two groups of subjects, labeling the copies for one group "eyeglasses" and the copies for the other group "dumbbell." The subjects of each group were asked indi-

vidually to reproduce the figure (shown them earlier and then taken away) from memory. This was done along with other drawing problems. The individuals exposed to the "dumbbell"-labeled figures tended significantly to draw, not a straight line between circles, but a realistic dumbbell. They widened the line between the large ends to form the bar and distorted the figure in other ways to make it conform to their visual conceptions of dumbbells. The individuals exposed to the "eyeglasses"-labeled figures tended significantly to draw, not a straight line between circles, but a convex line between ellipses, thus drawing a "realistic" picture of actual eyeglasses rather than the figure itself. The word stimulus had thus defaced the original perception and the memory of it as reflected by the subsequent memory copies.

The effect of culture upon reality conceptions held by individuals is illustrated by an experience of Eugene and Ruth Hartley:

In conducting a study in a Southern community, the authors asked a white child for directions to a particular house. "Oh, just walk up the road a piece; it's the third house on the right," were the instructions. The third house on the right was an unpainted shack, could hardly have been the house sought. Further inquiries revealed that the house was the fifth, not the third, house on the right. Two of the five houses, however, were occupied by Negro families and were not perceived by the child in the way that houses of white people were perceived. In the child's organization of his perception, the Negro homes did not exist as houses.

A rich illustration of the way the patterns of culture within a given society vary with respect to reality-irreality connotations is a comparison of the Arapesh conception of garbage and left-overs from the table with our own conception of the same particles. In both cases, refuse food that has been partially eaten is carefully destroyed, either by burial or by burning or some other means. But to the Arapesh, these left-overs, which have touched the mouths of certain people, are dangerous fetishes for those persons, because if these particles are taken to a sorcerer, the pronouncements of the sorcerer against the persons will be realized. Thus, witchcraft is made possible by refuse. In our own society, however, refuse from the table is believed to carry "germs," and therefore subject to spreading disease among the populace. The same objective act is not the same subjective act for the two reality-connotations.

The distinctions made by some peoples, the early Hebrews for example, between wives and concubines is another excellent example of the cultural definition of reality held by peoples. The wife may be defined as a peer of the opposite sex who shares a relationship with the husband of both rights and responsibilities — rights such as sexual intercourse, emotional support in time of crisis, cooperation in economic gain and the development of offspring, and other rights which become responsibilities for the other actor. The concubine, however, may be defined as a legitimate object of sexual pleasure without significant status and without impinging rights and responsibilities. It is frequently observed that such a set of definitions form part of the reality systems of peoples. It forces the observer to separate adultery from legitimate extra-marital sexual intercourse. Among these peoples, jealousy does not arise between the wife and the concubine, unless the husband bestows the rights and privileges, including the status, of the wife also upon the concubine. The situa-

(Continued on page 18)

"Did you notice that genuine imported cashmere sweater?"

Counterpoint

by Granville Sydnor

On Odes and
Odd Jokers . . .

INTO THE CANTEEN with eyes cast down, ambled a tall, modest-looking senior. He walked in a straight line past the three pin ball machines up to the black-topped counter. Hesitantly he leaned forward over the counter blotched with small puddles of water and mumbled, "Coffee."

The young man picked up one of the spoons, swirled it in the sugar, then let it bounce loudly on the counter, but when eyes turned his way he immediately stopped. The senior doctored his coffee with an ample supply of sugar and cream, turned slowly and carefully steered his way between the tables to a booth where he had placed his books upon entering the room and sat down. He raised his eyes from his coffee which had slightly steamed his glasses. He peered over the transparent frames, without movement of head he shifted his eyes from table to table.

After stirring his milk-coffee for a few minutes, he pulled from his cluttered notebook *The Selected Works of T. S. Eliot*, sighed and placed the book with back flat on the surface of the table. He leaned directly over it reading with an intense expression on his face while moods of the poem played about his mouth.

With a disrupting clatter students poured through the door swarming over the room; shouting loudly for service. Eliot immediately disappeared and the notebook resumed its usual pregnant appearance. Sedately and with considerable poise, he sat stirring his coffee. His solitude was shattered by the rush to fill the vacant seats. One of the three who grabbed the vacant seats asked, "Seats taken?"

"No."
"May we sit down?"
"You may if you wish."
"Got a cigarette?"
"Yes."
"Well, can I have one?"
"Yes."
"What'cha taking?"
"Victorian Literature, Ethics, History of Social Thought, German, Shakespearian Tragedies, and Comparative Religion."

The conversation switched from the senior. His friend turned his attention to the talk of the other two at the booth. One of the students who had not entered into the conversation with the senior, asked his friend, "What's at the show?"

"Monroe!" his friend replied from the opposite side of the table.

The borish look betrayed the senior's wish for the restoration of T.S. and the removal of the intolerable wasters-of-time. He drew a cigarette from his pack, flipped his lighter and inhaled mildly, carefully blowing the smoke at a large light globe above his head. He stifled a yawn.

"Brother, that babe is stacked like a brick outhouse!"

Again the senior's friend attempted to start a conversation with him.

"What church do you go to?"

"Huh, uh—I go to the Presbyterian."

"I didn't know you went. Hell, I thought you were one of those off brand radicals."

Mixed with the conversation being carried on by the two was the undertone of the others at the table.

"I think that the average individual in our society feels a need to recognize a force beyond himself, this force is his God."

The listener twirled his key first clockwise then counter-clockwise. He straightened out, making a perfect hypotenuse with the bench by resting his rear on the edge of the seat and casting his eyes ceilingward.

"Think they'll have a comedy or somethin' like that?"

"I hope they got a football review."

"Huh, what're you talking about?" requested the twirler.

"What I mean is simply that one's knowledge of the metaphysical is non-

(Continued on page 19)

"Solitary Sentinel"

On the Alabama coast near the fishing village of Bayou La Batre, a gigantic, moss-draped oak dominated the countryside from atop a small Indian mound, stretching two great branches upward in a broad V.

Chieftain:
supplicating, sheltering,
with massive arms in twin loftiness
for centuries held.

Time and tempest,
bold sun and lashing,
rain-drenched hurricane
have greyed
and bearded
that unconquerable body.

When a child,
unfulfilled,
those stately limbs bent under red
hands,
but now these have returned to dust,
and tribesmen sleep
unmolested
shrouded in earth,
warmed by tendrils entwined
in bones bleached white;
At peace,
content,
in vigil maintained
by eternal warrior.

—HARRY PALMER

MATHIS WALLACE

Sports Review

by Wallace Watson and Harvey Adams

BASKETBALL . . .

A full slate of returning starters, a talented crew of freshmen, as well as an experienced bunch of upper-classmen replacements meant an optimistic forecast for the Terrier basketeers as they waded into a 25-game schedule against Lenoir-Rhyne in Hickory December 1.

By now Coach Joel Robertson's quintet has at least six of those 25 under its belt and the veteran Terrier mentor is beginning to find out whether his pre-season predictions were accurate.

Yes, he did predict a successful season. One could hardly blame him, either, in view of the outstanding material which he had gathered and drilled on the hardwoods at Andrew's Field House. And shortly before he began his ninth season at Wofford, he prophesied that his charges would chalk up a better-than-average record in the 1954-'55 season.

For the first time in his career here, Robertson had the starting five of the last game of the previous season on hand to open the new schedule. Along with those old vets, he had drafted seven versatile freshmen and had on hand a few other veterans of last year's team.

Captain Paul Reinartz, 6-6 center from Jacksonville, Fla., with the snazzy hook shot and the dead-eye free throw, will be the man to watch as he leads his teammates into the season, which includes 11 home contests. Robertson calls the lanky center his "most improved in the last two years," and is looking for big things from him.

Two juniors from Spartanburg were slated to begin in the guard slots again this season. Dennis Mathis, a sparkplug of the team with his fancy floor work, will team up with Harry Wallace, who was last year's leading scorer with an average of 18

points per game, as they work the backcourt.

Another local lad, 6-2 Donnie Fowler—last season's most valuable player—is working the forward positions along with Craig Templeton, the New York Sophomore who ranked among the nation's small-college leaders in free throws with an average of better than 80 per cent.

Junior Ray Eubanks, freshmen Jim Baily, Noble Vaughn, Joe McDonnell, Del Combs, Jack League, and Gene Suttlemeyer, and Junior-College grad Flynn Barbare make up a dangerous Terrier bench—dangerous to opponents as well as the starters, whose top births they will threaten.

Next game of the season will be number seven—at Georgia Teachers College in Atlanta. After Christmas they will return home for the January 3 date with High Point College.

REID

FOOTBALL . . .

THE Wofford Terriers had a very successful football season, despite the fact they were predicted to be on the bottom of the Little Three and at the cellar level in the State. They not only won the Little Three by beating Newberry and Presbyterian, but they won a decisive victory over Furman in their season final, which gave them a record of 8 wins and 2 losses. Incidentally, their record of 8-2 was the best in the state during the 1954 season.

A team full of spirit, determination, and "guts" enabled our Terriers to do such a good job on the gridiron in 1954.

Never will the students and followers of Wofford forget the victory over Furman in Greenville on November 20th. Wofford beat Furman by three touchdowns and one extra point. From the first whistle to the last whistle our Terriers played Furman off their feet with bone-jarring blocks and tackles. Too much credit can't be given to the whole team for that victory, for I know well it was truly a team victory.

Playing without the services of two regulars, the Terriers' reserves did a fine job in the pinch, as they did all season.

GOBOLUS

I know of many handicaps the Terriers had, but they won the tough ones and had tough luck in losing two very close ones.

In my opinion, this was a great ball club, and I'm sure many agree with me that it won't be forgotten for many years to come.

The services of one who put forth untiring effort was our great trainer Warren "Floogie" Ariail, who spent every afternoon of the season getting our boys ready for our lengthy practices and all important ball games. The team owes "Floogie" a great deal of thanks.

Last but not least, I would like to mention a few boys who were responsible for our highly successful season. Backs Joe Hazel, B. B. Stevens, Charley Jones, and Dick Hussey combined with linemen Alf McGinnis, Lee Ford, George Rice, Bob McCully, Weyland Burns, Phil Gibson, and Jeter Hammond to give our Terriers one of the best teams in the school's history.

For a job well done, Wofford is very proud of its Terrier footballers.

RICE

Turn the Other Chic

Duke *Archive*

by Dennis Marks

Turn About
Is Fair Play . . .
Or is it?

THE elevator man at 207 East 53rd Street swallowed an incomplete yawn and sullenly stepped into the elevator after Mrs. Edith Holbrook.

"Mr. Holbrook is upstairs, Ma'am. He came in about an hour ago."

She tossed off a "Thanks" and stepped out onto the fourth floor. The elevator man's mouth opened wide, searching long and hard for his lost yawn, as the doors slid closed. Her heels rang hollow in the small hall and then were quiet as she opened Apt. 4A and came to her own rug. Pushing the door behind her with a little more force than usual, she turned toward the rooms, a picture of poise, she knew. There was no one to see her. She drew in a deep breath, held it for a moment and exhaled slowly as she started into the living room.

"Hello, darling. I heard you come in. I'm having a Martini, want one?"

"That would be nice, Ralph dear. Make it strong, will you?"

She stood in front of an eliptical wall mirror and carefully removed her hat. One of the hatpins scratched her hands.

"Damn!"

"What did you say, dear?"

"Did you have a nice trip?"

"Not bad."

Of all the times to start to bleed! Damn! She ran her tongue along the back of her little finger and dropped the hat next to her coat. "Have you got that drink yet?"

"In a moment."

The glasses tinkled musically. He should be more careful, the clumsy idiot. . . .

"Here we are!" said Ralph, and extended a glass that was too full in her direction.

Her eyes told her she would spill some off the top. She took the glass and tilted it to her lips, and she spilled some off the top. The liquid ran down the sloping sides of the glass and the stem became slippery in her hands. She put down the drink on a glass-topped end table, and sat down herself.

"No," Ralph said as he crossed his legs, sipped, and put down the glass, "the trip was not bad at all."

The scuff slippers on his feet dangled precariously while he loosened his smoking jacket.

He took another sip. "This is good," he said.

Mrs. Holbrook stared at him. Why doesn't he wear shoes like normal men?

"Ralph, I want to talk to you," she said.

"Yes, my dear?" Ralph said, and he picked up the *Times*.

"No! Not while you're reading about Wall Street. I want you to listen to me!"

"I'm listening to every word, my dear. It's all very interesting."

"Will you put down that paper? This is ——" she hesitated, "quite important."

The paper was folded in half and dropped on his lap. She paused, perfectly, she thought. "Philip Ainsley and I . . . have been . . . seeing . . . each other lately. . . ."

Ralph took out a cigar and tapped it on the box. It made a louder noise than he had expected.

She bit her lower lip and went on.

"He has become quite . . . fond . . . of me."

Ralph flicked the table Ronson. It didn't light.

"And I . . . of him."

"I like Philip. He's a good boy." He tried the lighter again. It didn't light.

"These past weeks while you were out of town, I spent all of my time with him. We . . . get along . . . quite well. . . ."

Ralph pressed the shiny lever several times; nothing.

Mrs. Holbrook's voice rose and started to tremble.

"Will you put down that machine and pay attention to me. This is the most important moment of my life."

The last she yelled.

"You sound serious, my dear."

"Serious?" she threw her head back and laughed—loud, throaty, unnaturally violent laughter. "And why shouldn't I be? I'm in love, Ralph, my dear, dear husband. I'm in love with Philip. For three wonderful weeks I've had Philip all to myself. We've had a marvellous time."

He flicked the lighter once more. No luck.

"Must get some fuel," he said.

"Oh, God! How can anyone be so cold? Don't you know what I'm saying? This is your wife. I've just told you I'm in love with another man. Is that too far above you? Or should I come right out and say, 'Ralph darling, I've been sleeping with Philip Ainsley. Do you mind terribly?' For God's sake do something, just don't sit there!"

"Cigarette?" he said.

"You think you're being funny, don't you? Well, have a great big laugh on me, Ralph, because I'm going to top you. Do you remember that gun you gave me for a present last year? Oh, there's something I'll never forget. Why on earth did you ever buy me a gun?"

"It's very difficult to pick a present for you, my dear. You have so many

hings. . . ."

"Yes, so I have. And now, thanks o you, I've got a gun, and at the resent moment it's pointing right as our heart!"

"That's a bit melodramatic, Edith."

She smiled, pleased. "Yes, isn't it?"

She wet her lips. "None the less, Ralph, the gun is mine, and that neans I won't hesitate to use it. You-l have to hear me out now, won't ou?"

"I was going to listen anyway," he outed. He picked up the *Times* and pread it open, covering his whole pper target.

That paper again!

Edith pulled the trigger and the oud report sent her quaking against he far wall. Ralph put down the aper. There was a small hole in its pper left hand corner. "Look, my lear! You've knocked the *Fit* out of he paper. Now it just reads, 'All the News That's —— to Print.' I would ave called a good shot, but you also icked my hand." Of all the times o bleed! Damn! He ran his tongue long the back of his little finger.

A tall man in servant's garb opened he far door. "Did you call, Madam?"

Edith, fully recovered, snapped naughtily, "No, of course not! Go ack to work."

"Very good, Madam."

The clicking of the closing door rackled in her ears. She spoke quick-y. "Philip and I are going to be mar-ied. You will have to grant me a livorce because I won't live with you ny more. I'm going to be very hap-y with Philip because we love each ther."

"Are you through?"

"No, darling, but you are!"

"I meant, are you through speak-ng?"

She delicately dropped the pistol nto her purse.

"Good. Then I've got something to sk you. Did Philip say he'd marry you? In actual words, I mean? Did e say the words, 'I will marry you?' Adding his own, no doubt, inimitable words of endearment. That's all I want to know."

"Of course he did," she snapped. "But he didn't have to. I know he wants to marry me. Yes, he did . . . actually say . . ."

"Think hard, my dear. Think hard."

"Stop trying to trick me! I know what he said!"

She was becoming confused. Of course Philip wanted to marry her! The very idea was absurd that—but did he say it? Did he really use the word 'marry'? Certainly! . . . Perhaps . . . Oh, why must everything be so difficult?

"I'm going downtown and see him right now," she said. "I don't suppose you'll go out, so I'll call you from his apartment. That shouldn't be too hard for you to understand, is it?"

"Then you'll stay down there with him tonight, I guess. That's it, isn't it?"

She picked up her coat and tossed it over her arm. Her purse swung on the other wrist. Her eyes were slightly swollen, and her hair was disordered. Nervously she moistened her hands on the sides of the perspiring Martini glass and then smoothed down some of the loose strands with her damp palms. She walked to the door gracefully. She didn't seem to be in a hurry. "It won't take me long," she said.

"Oh, by the way," said Ralph as she started out. "Bring in some lighter fluid, will you?"

The door slammed subtly.

Ralph's arms were heavy. His head ached slightly. He sighed softly, picked up the phone, and dialed a number. The filtered voice on the other phone said, "Hello?"

"Hello, Philip, this is Ralph. I've

"The pencil sharpener seems harder to crank since Professor Snarf moved it up front."

just gotten in town."

"That's fine. Have a good trip in?" The voice was young, bright.

"Yes, everything has been all right. I'd like to find out how everything went with you?"

"You mean your little 'deal?' Worked like a charm. Your wife is a dear. A trifle neurotic, but that didn't bother me too much. I've had a deal of experience with the ladies, you know. Now tell me. How was your trip with Miss Stewart?"

"I had a most enjoyable vacation. Very restful. Tell me, Philip, did you ever tell Edith you'd marry her?"

"Oh, hell, no!"

"Well, she thinks you did!"

"That's jumping to conclusions. Honest, old man, I did just exactly what you said. I kept her company, made love to her, didn't let her have a minute to herself. She loved it—frankly, so did I."

"She never once thought about me, or my trip, or guessed about me running around with Stewart, eh?"

"Wasn't even suspicious. I didn't give her time." Philip sounded bouncy, vigorous. "Say, any time you want to put me on to something like this again, I'm all for it. Some chorus girl, perhaps? A cousin you're having trouble with? An old maid aunt?"

"Sorry."

"Oh. That's all right. I'll find something. But what's all this about marriage? Good Lord, we can't have ——"

"It seems Edith is in love with you, and she claims that you are going to marry her. Came in here a few moments ago and told me the whole thing. Now she's on her way down to you. She's going to ask you to your face. What are you going to do?"

"I've never had any trouble with women before. I'll just be as blunt as possible and tell her that marriage is out of the question."

Oh, that ought to go well with Edith right now! She'll just love to hear that!

"I think you're right. Deny you ever made any such promise. Don't let her get a chance to talk. Since you . . . know . . . her as well as I do . . . almost . . . you should be able to say just the right thing. But don't let her talk. She might get you to say something you didn't mean to say."

"All right, Ralph. I can handle it. Is there anything else I ought to know?"

Edith has a gun No, that wouldn't be right. He can handle himself. He's handled her before. Enjoyed it, he said. I didn't ask him to like it! Edith can get hysterical on occasions, but shoot a man? Never. And yet . . .

Ralph's little finger poked through a hole in the upper left hand corner of the New York *Times*. He wiggled the pink tip where *Fit* should have been.

"What paper do you read?"

"Huh?—oh, the *Herald Tribune*. Why?"

"Not important."

"Say, my bell just rang. I'll bet that's the little dear now. Are you sure there isn't anything else you want to tell me? . . ."

The gun.

"Why, why—yes. Yes, there is—"

In her present condition it's difficult to say what she'll do. She's never been denied anything she wanted. Never once in the world! Philip is the only person who knows about Miss Stewart. Philip is the only one. Philip is ——

"Philip, I want to send some flowers to Miss Stewart. The usual address. I think African violets are in season, so get a corsage; add a dozen roses. Have them delivered at 7:30 tonight, will you?"

"I'll take care of it as soon as I get rid of your impatient wife. She's about ready to tear down the door. Call you later. 'Bye!"

Ralph put down the phone. He took a cigar in his lips. The Ronson flared up at the first touch. He smiled. "I must have been pressing it too hard," he said as he blew a huge cloud of smoke up towards the ceiling.

Prejudice

(From page 6)

When Daisy reached the back Cliff squirmed uneasily as Daisy eyed the empty seat beside him. She leaned against the shiny post provided for standing passengers. Laying her head back, she closed her eyes.

The Negro gardener carefully folded the newspaper that he had been reading. Turning to the maid on his right hand, to whom he had never been introduced, he said, "The NAACP is furnishing a lawyer for Jefferson's defense."

"Who is the NAACP?"

"The NAACP, lady, is the group of good people that's going to help us get our rights."

"Sure 'nough," another maid joined in without invitation.

"I'm sure Jefferson killed the white man. He'll get what's coming to him," said the third maid.

"Well, at least," said the thoughtful maid in the corner near Cliff's seat, "he's getting a trial."

"What do you think about it?" the gardener asked Daisy, as he leaned forward to touch her wrist.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Daisy apologized obviously startled out of a daydream. "I didn't hear what you were talking about."

"A pretty girl like her ain't interested in murder. They're usually the victims, not the judges," the first maid said gleefully.

"Leave the girl alone," the thoughtful maid said sternly. "Can't you see the girl's tired? Here, honey, sit down," she added, patting the seat beside Cliff.

Quizzically, Daisy looked, first at the maid, and then, at Cliff, who petrified, sat as still as a sphinx. The talk ceased. The other Negroes looked on with intense interest. Cl

arted to get up, but he checked mself. "Why should I stand?" he ked himself. "I have," he thought, legal right to hold my seat."

Daisy grew bold. Suddenly, she t down. Cliff and Daisy, white and ack, male and female, glared at one ıother. Cliff knitted his brow. Daisy lt triumphant. She turned away, ıd then, glanced at Cliff provocavely with a sly smile.

"If I get up," Cliff thought, "I'll citly admit that I shouldn't sit here. ut I have a right. Why should I linquish it? I won't move. But hat if I stay put? What will all these people think? What if my iends see me? Besides, it's not right r white and black to sit so close in ıe South. It's not natural. She's sulting my self-respect!"

Daisy sat still. She ignored him. nplacably, she sat gazing at, withıt seeing, the Pepsi-Cola bus-card ove the window across the aisle.

"Please get up," Cliff directed rmly.

"Keep your seat, honey, you have ıst as much right to it as he does," ıe thoughtful maid said.

"My god, girl, don't you underand the sign up there?" asked Cliff logically. "Now, for the last time, et up!"

Daisy sat quietly. The bus motor ummed. Cliff looked out the winow. The bus was moving nearer the niversity. Relieved, he pulled the ord, and immediately stood up. The us stopped. He hurriedly stepped to ıe sidewalk.

Cliff ran. He wanted to get away om the bus. He sprinted across the ampus. He was late for the tourament. Walking slowly, now, and reathing hard, he entered the room which he had been assigned to ebate. He sat down at the shinypped table beside his debate parter.

The judges looked at him impaently. The chairman announced the eginning of the debate: "Today, Nender College, the affirmative team, will debate Morehouse, the negative team, on the timely topic: Resolved that the Federal Government, through legislation, abolish racial segregation."

Cliff walked briskly to the rostrum. He combed his hair with his fingers trying to regain poise. Pulling the notes from his pocket, he arranged them:

"Mr. Chairman," he began, "Honorable Judges, Worthy Opponents, and ladies and gentlemen, my colleague and I have the opportunity today of discussing with you the question of racial segregation.

"The twentieth century has been beriddled with unique problems which have never been faced by any people in history. The impact of an increased population, industrialization, and the accompanying demand of poverty - stricken, non - caucasian peoples throughout the world for a voice in the determination of their destiny has compelled this nation, and especially the South, to take a closer look at their attitudes toward people of different color. All thoughtful and forward-looking people of the South are reconsidering parochial attitudes in the light of liberty, equality, and justice.

"We of the affirmative shall strive to present the impartial truth on the highly emotional question of racial segregation. We shall show you the injustice, the blindness, and the inequality that needlessly oppresses a great people. . . ."

An image of Daisy passed Cliff's mind.

———

Co-ed: I will stand on my head or bust.

Phys. Ed. Instructor: Just stand on your head. We don't expect too much.

"I must tell a convincing story—I told him my father owns a big horse ranch."

Ethical Relativity

(From page 10)

tion is obviously changed when, as in our society, *all* sexual intercourse outside of the marriage institution is defined as breach of the marriage rights and responsibilities.

To summarize the indications of the preceding observations, it becomes apparent that (1) individuals within a given socio-cultural environment probably hold, each of them, their own unique conception of reality which seem to vary in minute ways from those held by others; and (2) these unique conceptions of reality become correlated with the conceptions of others in the subject's society through language and other elements of culture, and through other social factors such as dependence upon others. A general picture of reality exists in each configuration (which accounts, possibly, for the *appearance* of culture-bound moral content to some observers), to which individuals agree in varying degrees according to internal dispositions. Reality-conceptualization is thus related to culture and society.

Referring to the alternative situation of the beginning of this examination of the first postulate, the following hypothetical syllogism is stated:

FIRST PREMISE: If conceptions of reality can be found to differ among and between peoples, then it cannot be said that moral conceptions necessarily differ in content.

SECOND PREMISE: Reality conceptions have been found to differ among and between peoples (according to the evidence presented in this paper).

CONCLUSION: Therefore, moral conceptions do not necessarily differ in content though their applications in practical living may differ.

Thus, the first postulate has been found to be unacceptable on empirical grounds. The second and third postulates, and a summary of the sources of these errors, will be examined in the next issue of this periodical.

(To be continued)

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Giver

(From page 5)

passed inside.

"Good morning, Mr. Jones. How are you this morning?" The usher shook hands warmly when Mr. Jones had removed his gloves.

"Fine, just fine, thank you." And Mr. Jones took off his overcoat and hung it in the vestibule. Then he moved down the aisle to his usual seat.

After a few minutes, during which Mr. Jones spoke to several people the organ began to play and the opening hymns were sung. Then the collection plates were passed. With a feeling of deep satisfaction, Mr. Jones put in his special Christmas envelope. After all, twenty dollars was a lot of money. He was very attentive to the sermon, and when the service was over, passed quickly out, pausing only to put on his coat, and to shake hands with the minister.

How pure white the world was. The step of Mr. Jones was a little lighter as he walked back along the way he had come. The policeman was gone from the corner and a dark figure appeared to be squatting against the store front.

Crossing the street, Mr. Jones walked briskly toward the trolley stop at the far end of the block.

The old Negro looked after the retreating figure for a long moment. Then his hands, which had been outstretched, palms upward, came slowly down to rest on the stumps of his thighs. Slowly and sadly he shook his head. "Didn' eb'n look down," he mumbled.

He pulled the ragged remnant of coat tighter around his thin body. Looking after the retreating figure again, he once more shook his head despairingly. Then he placed both his palms down into the dirty slush on either side of him, and began to push his little cart up the street in the opposite direction.

Counterpoint

(From page 11)

existent. Since this is true, why not acknowledge the existence of a force and yet not be concerned with it . . ."

"Maybe they'll show part of the 'Tech game."

". . . then this would free man for a consideration of improving his environment, culture and ethics, and he would be serving his God by serving his fellowman."

"How 'bout givin' me Carolina and seven?"

"Damn, you want more than the cards."

The Twirler wrinkled his forehead slightly, his eyes drifted from the fly walking on the ceiling back to the yellow dot of paint on the light globe.

"What do you call that kind of religion?"

"I guess one could term it religion based on humanitarianism or on ascetics. Then too, you see, my desire to help man has caused me to turn to channels found in formalized religion. Frankly, I doubt that one could give it a name. Possibly we could call it Schweitzerianism."

"Let's shoot a game."

"Table's taken."

The senior stared inquisitively through his glasses at the Twirler, who seemed vitally concerned with the arc made by his key chain.

"Shall we not term this philosophy of religion pragmatism combined with a good deal of unpure determination and instilled into Presbyterianism?"

"What are you getting at?"

"Well, to me it seems obvious that man should concern himself with this world and attempt to solve problems which prevent man from obtaining the 'Good Life'."

"Brother, about time we got a cut in there."

"Yeah, he makes me sick."

"In place of the supernatural I believe man should construct a religion based on morality, ethics and sound culture."

"Uh-huh, sounds fine."

The senior drank slowly from his cup, placed it back on the saucer and dropped the half-smoked cigarette into the sandalwood shaded coffee. For a few minutes he sat silently watching the white papered cigarette turn to a sodden butt.

"I think I had better go to Comparative Religion."

"Thanks for the cigarette."

"You are quite welcome, I enjoyed a most enlightened conversation."

The senior stood. Carefully he picked up his notebook, sliding Eliot up near the rings. He walked straight to the door with head almost erect. Nodding to a few straggling students he pivoted on his right foot and walked out.

The twirler with a wise-owl expression turned to his friends, "Odd joker, isn't he?"

———

She: I played strip poker last night.
Her: High stakes?
She: No, just panty-ante.

———

The bus driver charged the lady full fare for her son. He had on long pants. At the next corner the small boy only paid half-fare. He had on short pants. Then a college girl got on and didn't pay anything. She had a transfer.—Jumble.

———

She: I nearly fainted when the Harvard fellow I was out with last night asked me for a kis..

He: Baby, you're gonna die when you hear what I have to say.

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An infant was awakened from peaceful slumber in a hospital. Looking down at his raiment, he yelled to the occupant of the next crib:

"Did you spill water on my diaper?"

"Naw."

"H-m-m-m. Musta been an inside job."

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COMPLIMENTS
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"World's Best"

On Religion Today

(From page 4)

foreign to him. His life is a continuous series of adjustments which, though never perfect, are usually adequate.

Now we see that the object of our interest has just encountered an obstacle in his life's journey which presents a difficult problem for him. His personality is not strong enough in a particular area to handle it. He becomes frustrated. He can not find a good solution even though one is at hand. Gradually he becomes desperate and his behavior is strange. Two men in white jackets come finally to lead our individual away.

Now let us look at a broader segment of humanity, called "society." Here we see almost the same process unfolding before us as we saw when watching the individual. We see society beset with problems on every side. Usually solutions are found for these problems, but at other times society breaks down under the strain. We notice with especial interest that as a society disintegrates it manifests behavior which is similar to that of the man we were observing before he broke down. How can this be? Perhaps society has its "personality" which is also subject to functional illnesses. Individuals resort to defense mechanisms in a threatening situation. Does society also use defense mechanisms? Might not such an explanation account for epidemics of racial prejudice, isolationism, nationalism, and conservatism? We are struck by the fact that each of these symptoms and their causes peculiarly parallels mental health break-down in individuals. Defense mechanisms are useful *if used sparingly* because they act as emotional shock absorbers. But if society's *over*-use of these mechanisms is analogous to an individual's over-use of them then the prospect for the future looks more than gloomy for society from the psychologist's point of view.

Let us examine just one symptom —that of the mass migration to the churches in America. "Well, that's good, isn't it?" most would say. It may be, but examine the situation more closely first. Some people react to severe personal stress by seeking to escape from the responsibility of the situation and by putting the responsibility on to something or someone else. What is the subconscious motive causing us to run to the churches and to the revivals in greater numbers than ever before?

We apparently think that by putting the blame for our blunders elsewhere (on the Communists, for example) and by pulling the cover of religion over our heads, that eventually all will turn out well. This is what is commonly known as having "faith." Have faith that we are "saved," that God has a light complexion, is a God mainly of Christians and Americans, is a God that counts the hairs on our heads, and a God who grieves every time some misfortune befalls us and we are bound to have that "Peace of Mind" which everyone is scrambling for. If one just closes his eyes and mind, clenches his fists, and has faith, h

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ill be ushering in hell, but it will eem like heaven to him.

One analyst of the causes of this nass migration of Americans to the hurches today predicts that within venty years people will become ware of the futility of running to ide in the lap of religion. And with nis realization will come such a reulsion against the church and gainst religion that all of our moral ains will be lost almost overnight. This prediction, incidentally, was nade from the pulpit. But let us not other ourselves too much over such alk and if we happen to hold a reponsible position, or happen to be alled upon to make a speech, let us lways do and say the "safe" thing. One does not achieve a position of esponsibility unless one does play it safe." And what does it matter if y the time the position is attained he last spark of idealism is dead?

V. *What Do Our Findings Seem To Indicate?*

Others may have quite different experiences which would show today's religion in a more favorable light—I hope so. I am led to conclude, however, that:

1. Though churches serve a useful function, it seems that now this function is being perverted in that it has (a) constantly discouraged social research and progress, fearing a shift in the role of the church; (b) stifled thinking and encouraged the following of emotions; (c) befriended intellectual authoritarianism while strangling intellectual democracy. In short, I am suggesting that true nobility may arise more often in spite of, rather than because of church influences.

2. The church's structure is so conservative and reactionary that a well-informed, intellectually honest preacher (where they exist) would be lucky to remain more than one Sunday in any church.

3. Churches are frequently the tools of vested interests whose motives are something less than altruistic. Industries, for example, have a reason to generously support their local churches. The mill worker needs to be preoccupied with church affairs and thoughts of reward in the hereafter, for then he is not so likely to see that the operators are largely the cause of his substandard existence. Evangelists work excellently in this capacity. Yes, the vested interests are clever, for they know that ministers are human (too human sometimes); and once introduced to the material luxuries of life (a $40,000 home perhaps) can the minister be blamed for making a special effort not to trample on the tender sensibilities of the powers that be? A few frank statements may mean the end of that beautiful home. It has happened before.

4. It is widely conceived that the church is a stabilizing influence in society, and that for this reason the intelligentsia should not criticise it. I hold that the stability has unfortunately been uneven—that stultification in moral and intellectual growth has not been paralleled by inhibition of technological advances. Hence we are in the position of moral-intellectual infants who are in possession of a technology which ought to be in the hands of moral-intellectual giants. It is frightening to realize, but true, that this gap between our moral-intellectual and technological development is increasing with every day that passes. There is absolutely no easy way out of our predicament. One of two choices is open to us. Either we immediately declare a partial moratorium on technological development and turn all our energies toward growing up morally and intellectually or we can continue putting patches on the old boiler and hope it won't blow up until after we have departed. This is the actual, somewhat frightening situation facing us now.

IV. *Personal Credo*

Though as an individual there may be little one can do, that which is done ought to be done thoughtfully and deliberately. For purely expedient reasons I refer to myself as an example of the type of response one person is making to the situation. In the matter of vocation, I decided flatly against an occupation which would seem to further unbalance the scales on the side of material technology. At the present time, progress in the physical sciences means defeat. Instead, I decided in favor of one of the social sciences—an area far more rich in its potential to bring genuine, lasting human happiness. In the matter of religion and church, though I saw what was happening in the church more clearly with each passing day, bolting the church seemed unwise, for I felt that more could be accomplished by working within the established organization than by isolating myself from what seemed to be the source of the trouble.

Though it is still true that "we know in part" and that "we see through a glass, darkly," (I Cor. 13:9, 12) I am reasonably sure that until we expand our loyalties, start thinking in terms of a world view and stop thinking only in terms of our club, our church, our state, our nation, and our *religion* we will not go much farther than our present stage of development. Furthermore, as long as the broad chasm between our ideals and our actions continues to exist we might as well forget about ever achieving any degree of individual mental health and happiness. And the only way we can even hope to achieve a reasonable degree of agreement between ideals and action is to bring religion, science, and society into harmony, *not merely peaceful coexistence.*

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WHERE PEOPLE SHOP
—TO SAVE—

Reprinted from February 1950 issue of ESQUIRE

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"I'd marry you in a minute Herby—but what could I tell my friends?"

———

"Billy, get your little brother's hat out of that mud puddle."

"I can't ma, he's got it strapped too tight under his chin."

———

A girl standing on a street corner wearing a low cut V neck sweater was approached by a Wolf.

He asked: "Is that V for Victory?"

Replying, she said, "No, it's for Virtue, but it's an old sweater."

"Do you want to sell that horse?

"Sure, I want to sell the horse, the farmer replied.

"Can he run?"

"Can he run? Look," thereupo slapping the part of the horse some times used for that purpose, and o trotted the horse at full speed, run ning just as prettily as could be.

Suddenly the horse ran full spee into a tree.

"Is he blind?" the young fello hurriedly blurted.

The farmer thought even quicke

"Hell, no," he drawled. "He ju don't give a damn."—*Spectator.*

Girl: I think it's positively disusting the way those fellows in the ouse across the street give a show very night before they go to bed.

Roommate: But looking down om the window I don't see anyiing. . . .

Girl: I know, but put this chair n the desk, get on it and lean way ut to the right and tell me what ou see.

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Ode to Education

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See where I am.
Getting knowledge,
Going college,
Doing some work,
Little home work
(Very glum work.)
I should of stayed in bed!

Volumes scanning,
Essays planning,
Doing research
(Search and research.)
Books perusing,
Ponies using,
Mind am losing.
What a crummy existence!

But am making
Use of waking
Time for hugging,
Chug-a-lugging.
Doing wooing,
Getting stewing,
Cash am strewing
All over the joint!

Culture gaining,
First class training,
Going get B.A.
(Which is to say:
Batchelor Amour
Axtracurriculor,
Alcohol and maybe more.)
There's something else?

—JESTER

"That's a pretty dress you have on."

"Yes, I wear it only to teas."

"Whom?"

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Piffledinker noticed the machine while he was waiting for the downtown express. "Your weight and your fortune for one cent," read the sign. "Bushwah," murmured Piffledinker. He stepped on the scale and inserted a penny in the slot.

The card he got read, "Your name is Piffledinker and you weigh 148 pounds."

"It can't be," marveled Piffledinker. He tried again. The second card read the same: "Your name is Piffledinker, and you weigh 148 pounds."

A sandy-haired young Irishman was standing near by. "Please," called Piffledinker, "let me treat you to this machine. It's something unbelievable." The Irishman got on the scale. His card read, "Your name is O'Flaherty and you weigh 126 pounds."

Piffledinker couldn't get over it. Once more he tried it himself, trembling with excitement. This time his card bore a different message: "You damn fool," it read, "you missed your train."—*Spartan.*

———

Third Grader: "Teacher, kin I leave the room?"

Teacher: "No, Bobby, you stay right here and fill the inkwells."

———

Then there were the two red corpuscles who loved in vein.

Writers . . .

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THE JOURNAL

January 14

Merry Christmas and

a Happy New Year

—JOURNAL STAFF

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BE MY VALENTINE
JARRETT

The Journal

Vol. 78, No. 3
Feb., 1953

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* * *

PHOTOS BY SAM ATKINSON

The Queen

—*by* Reggie Thackston

How 'bout that, Max . . . ?

HEY, Max, c'mere. I got something to tell you. You know that girl I was talking to after the game yesterday? well, she came by after lunch today and you know what she was driving? A red Buick convertible. No kidding! My eyes almost fell out. Well, she called me by name. I don't remember telling her what it was, but she sure called me by it and told me to get in. I didn't know what to do.

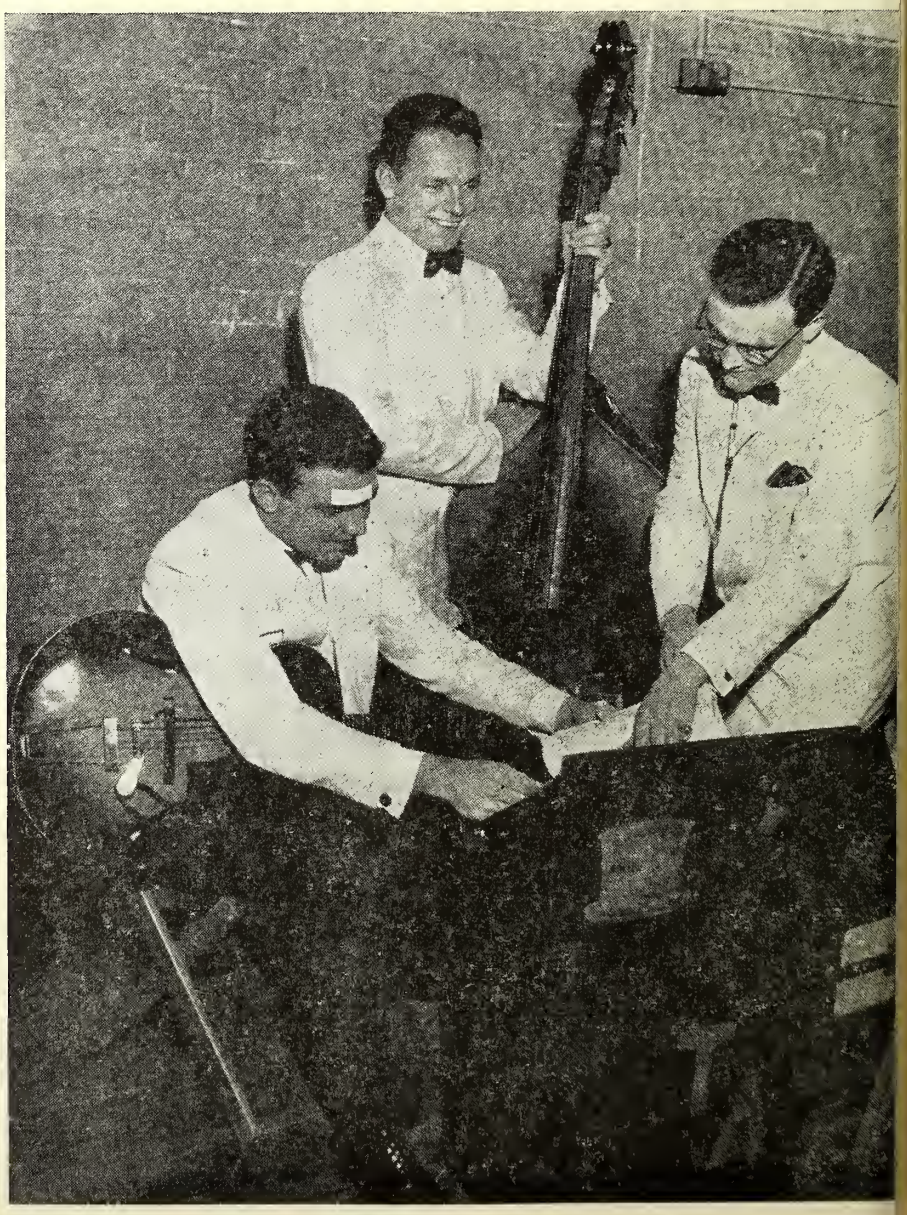
I guess when I saw Jack I didn't need to think. You know Jack. He's the one who's always goin' around bragging about all his women and what they'll do for him. Well, I couldn't let this chance go by. I jumped in the front seat beside the girl and she drove off. You shoulda' seen the look on the boys' faces when we drove by. They were all standing around gaping at us like I was the horse and she was Lady Godiva. She might as well been, 'cause she had the top down and had on a low-cut sun dress. She looked just like a picture, the way her hair was blowing, and I sat back and waved like I was a war hero or something.

Anyway, she drove out toward the lake and I was all mixed up. I didn't remember if she had told me her name or not, but I sure wasn't going to ask her what it was, 'cause she might have told me, and I would have been awful embarrassed.

Anyway, we got to the lake and she said the first word since I got in the car. She said she wanted me to do something for her. Boy, did my mind wander, and I didn't try to stop it, either. She went on to tell me how nice I seemed to be when she talked to me after the game. She said some other nice things about me and I didn't mind at all. We talked for about fifteen minutes sitting there in the car looking at some ducks and the lake. We talked about everything under the sun. I let her lead the conversation 'cause she was the one who came by for me, and anyway I guess I was sorta out of breath just sitting there looking at her. She sure was a queen.

We finally got around to me, or rather she did, and she asked me questions like did I have a girl and things like that. I ain't no fool so I told her I was free as a bird. She talked about me some more. I was beginning to think I was quite a guy, the way she talked.

Then I asked her about her standing with the opposite sex. Then she said what was on her mind. I almost dropped my teeth when she said she was married and her husband was in Japan. Guess what ran through my mind? Then she said she would like for me to date her sister who's new here and don't know nobody. How 'bout that, Max. Max! You ain't listening.



Left to right: Fowler Hollabaugh, guitarist; Joe Price, Bass; Bob Loryea, Director

The Aristocrats

—*by* Warren Derrick

The Sweetest Music In the Carolinas

"The man that hath not music in himself, and is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treason, strategems, and spoils; let no man trust him."

Thus sayeth the mighty Shakespeare, who, had he been present during many of the College's social functions in the past two years, would have undoubtedly declared with astonishment that among the virtues of a Wofford man, trustworthiness must surely head the list. For I think it can safely be said that there isn't a student on the campus who hasn't experienced a slight tingling feeling inside when the College's small band of musicians strikes up the refrain to "When Those Saints Go Marching In" or when the romantic bars of "Tenderly" fill the atmosphere.

This "small band of musicians" to whom I referred is, of course, the group of fourteen strong who call themselves the Terrier Aristocrats. The history of these "Aristocrats," who get their name from the white dinner jackets which they don, dates back to the month of October in the year 1953. It was in this month that a talented group of fourteen musicians were banded together by a mutual desire to "play for the sake of playing."

The idea to form such an orchestra was begun by Mr. Sam Moyer, who directs the Tuneful Terriers, and Bob Loryea, who was, and still is, a member of the Glee Club. These two gentlemen decided that it was high time Wofford was blessed with a little instrumental music as well as its famous vocal renditions. So they began searching for qualified musicians to fill the bill. This proved to be no problem at all and in no time a group of fourteen handsome, talented, and inspired young men were playing together for the first time.

After about a month of hard practice the group was ready to perform. One of their first performances was for the Spartanburg Policemen's Ball where they proved to be a great success. Since then the band has been busy practicing and filling their many requests.

Outside of their appearances at many of our social functions, the Aristocrats have performed for a number of high school and college dances, and numerous shows at the Spartanburg Memorial Auditorium.

The present group consists of three trumpets, five saxes, two trombones, drums, a bass, guitar, and a piano. Bob Loryea, who has been wielding a sax for eight years, is still doing a wonderful job occupying the spot of director. He, along with Mr. Moyer,

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Conclusion On Ethical Relativity

—*by* John Penick

Including Report on Prof. Doby's Testing Experiments

PART III

CONTENT OF THE ARGUMENT

(Concluded)

THE form of ethical relativity under consideration has been defined in four postulates: (1) Moral standards vary from society to society on both content and meaning; (2) The moral demands of the society are superimposed upon each new generation without these individuals having a selective control over the beliefs that they will accept; (3) Man has no inner discrimination of moral truth in his personality other than that acquired by learning under control of the society; and (4) Because of these three conditions, man has no moral standard or standards that would be universally binding upon his evaluation of behavior. A universal standard may exist according to this formulation, but if it does, man has no acces to it for practical purposes.

The logic and method of this argument have been found invalid structurally. The first postulate used to defend the moral philosophy has been found unacceptable empirically (or on the basis of controlled observation). But all of the first three postulates are used to defend the ethical theory inherent in the fourth postulate. Even though invalidation of the first postulate automatically discards the entire argument logically, the condition is still open that the content of the second and third postulates might in the future restrict the disproof of the first postulate. Also, certain popular misconceptions of human behavior must be dispelled that have grown out of early elementary theory, now revised. For these reasons, disproof of the second and third postulates will be attempted before the conclusion to this paper is drawn.

The meaning of the two postulates should be made unequivocably clear. They are the psychological assumptions used to support the general theory. The learning or the discrimination of moral concepts (and their application to practical living) are one of many forms of human activity. By this is meant that the learning of the golden rule in all probability operates in the same way as does the learning of how to catch a baseball. The recognition of a good or a bad quality in an exterior object involves the same process that the recognition of a door of a car does. Because of this, general behavioral theory is applicable to these empirical postulates. Postulate 2 is the necessity of postulate 3, and vice versa. They imply that (1) the exterior world presses itself upon the individual so strongly that he cannot resist, and (2) that the individual has no capacity to select and discern content independent of the control of the exterior world. Complete behavioral passivity with the absence of all activity is necessary to support the conclusion. If the implied word *complete* could be deleted, then both activity and passivity could exist in the same situation. This, however, is not the meaning or the intention of these two postulates.

Postulate II: *That the local moral demands of the society are superimposed upon each new generation without these individuals having a selective control over the beliefs they will accept.* Either man employs no inner selectivity in learning, or he appears to employ some inner selectivity in learning. Both can neither be true nor false together. The proof of the latter automatically disproves the former. The empirical demonstration of probable inner selectivity in learning will produce a contradiction against the first alternative, and the second is then proven.

It appears that much inner selectivity does occur in learning. For example, it is widely observed that men tend to see mirages on the desert when suffering under intense thirst and heat. It would be difficult to explain this perceptual experience without resorting to an idea of internal alteration of experience to help satisfy internal needs. The same holds true of visitations and fantasies of schizophrenic patients on the psychological rather than the physiological level of need systems. In the second part of this paper a blind man who enjoyed a restoration of his sight discussed his early perceptual experiences. He said that he could not see anything meaningful until he had selected and eliminated certain components of his experience. This implies that man could not see subject matter without inward selection and interpretation of experiences. If the

exterior world presses itself uncontrollably upon the individual, enabling him to choose what he will "take in," perception would be meaningless.

One experiment will be cited to demonstrate this internal selection of content by individual man. It is an axomination, among other things, of the role of bias in learning. An experiment was designed and administered by Doby and McCormick at Wofford College in 1952. A large class of beginning students were exposed to an eighty-question test on sociology, the answers to which had been standardized by the opinions of top authorities in the field. Students were told to answer the test either T, F, or DK, meaning true, false, or I don't know, respectively. Bias was defined as the percentage of wrong answers by a given student on the pre-test. It is clear that these answers indicated preconception concerning the stimulus questions. Answers of DK were clearly an admission of ignorance and general impartiality (though pure impartiality does not exist in reality probably, like the idea of a vacuum).

The answers to sixty of the eighty questions were fully taught, while the other twenty were only partially taught in the lectures as a check upon the effect of instruction in reducing bias. Exactly the same test (but with a re-arrangement of answer sequences) was re-administered at the end of the semester. It was found that students bringing bias into the pre-test situation learned only *twenty percent* of the missed questions correctly. But with students relatively free of bias about the questions, giving DK answers on the pre-test, over *eighty percent* of these questions were learned correctly. These results were highly significant. And, amazing as is may seem, performance on intelligence tests were negatively correlated with accurate learning results in biased situations, but was effective in unbiased ones.

It appears from these results and those found by other researchers (regardless of certain controversial theoretical issues related to the experiments) that man does exercise a very great deal of self-directed selectivity in learning content. Content learned includes moral conceptions, so that learning theory is applicable. All that was needed to discount the second postulate of this formulation was the possibility of the existence of inner selectivity in learning. Therefore, the other alternative, that man possesses no selectivity, has been disproven.

Postulate III: *That man has no inner discrimination of moral truth in his personality other than that acquired by learning under control of society.*

The distinction between this postulate and the second has been made clear. One deals with the press of the social world on man, while the other deals with the lack of press of man on the social world. If some inner selection of learning content can be shown to be possible, as it has been, then it is also shown possible that the resulting power of discrimination exerts a *content influence* upon learning, in harmony with pre-existent dispositions toward certain content in preference to others. This power of discrimination, then, introduces the *effect* of content before learning through the selection activity. This does not, however, necessitate the pre-existence of substantive content itself, but only a *predisposition toward* certain substantive content. This predisposition, it could be maintained, constitutes an inner discrimination of moral content without requiring the observer to leave the empirical world. Then let *inner discrimination* be "a pre-disposition to select and accept certain content in preference to others under identical external conditions." This means that, in order to establish the inner discrimination of moral content, it is not necessary to subtract out the influence of society and culture upon behavior to see if anything is left (because that would require a vacuum for the behavioral field, and we have shown previously that subjectively-preconceived reality content is necessary for the application of a moral imperative). It is only necessary to hold social and physical forces constant and to vary internal conditions to see if a significant change in behavior occurs. If it does, then inner discrimination for behaving man is shown to exist. Either it exists, or it does not exist (as postulate three claims). The proof of the former rejects the latter, and the third postulate is disallowed.

Only one of the many available experiments will be cited to support this contention. Working in 1954 under contract for the United States Air Force, Dr. Theodore Mills of Harvard examined a contention of Simmel that the three-person group tends to segregate into a rather stable pair relationship and an isolated third party. He found that the pair relationship develops a persistent and apparently interdependent role structure. The object of Dr. Mills' study then became to specify under what conditions the pair structure remains persistent and under what conditions it tends to dissolve. A dissolution is said to occur when the isolated third party joins or is accepted into the pair relationship to change it back to a triad. The significance of this work becomes intensely apparent when one considers that much of man's activity and learning occurs in three-person groups such as the young family, the small Air Force crew, and the intimate peer group.. Understanding of the three-person relationships would also help in understanding minority group coalitions and so on in general social theory.

The experimental design called for test groups of two trained actors and one naive subject each, engaged in analyzing together a characterization in a play. During the course of the discussion, one of the actors of the group sides with the naive subject

against the other actor to form a coalition. A temporary friendship relationship is established as well as mutual moral and intellectual support. This constitutes the pre-test sequence. Then, gradually the colliding actor changes his opinion and begins to oppose his former ally vehemently. Thus a critical situation is constructed to reveal the behavior of the naive subject with respect to the stable pair relationship. His behavior will be the function of many factors of which Dr. Wills was able to abstract several. This is the deprivation sequence.

Categorically, three general responses are possible to the critical situation. *Aggression* constitutes adamant and persistent resistence to the antagonistic coalition. *Escape* constitutes withdrawal from the room or persistent attempts to change the subject matter beyond recall. *Cooperation* constitutes changing views, admitting error and being accepted into the pair to reform the triad. Only cooperation was considered as a response producing dissolution of the pair structure. Escape and aggression were considered resistance to the pair structure.

Subjects to be subjected to the critical situation were classified according to three independent variables; status on the college campus, need for dependency upon others (originally need for accomplishment, but rejected because of too small a sample), and need for self-enhancement. Only persons of significant extremes in these variables were used. The status rating of each participant in each group situation was made explicitly clear to both the actors and the naive subject in a pre-experiment pretended discussion over a questionnaire. The selection of high and low motivations was done primarily on the basis of Thematic Apperception Test Responses scored according to the McClellan system. The naive subjects were then subjected to the test conditions.

The results were contrary to expectations. Persons with the lowest social status and strongest needs for dependence upon others provided the strongest resistance to the coalition obtained. Though Dr. Mills' results are complex and explanations even more so, he has abstracted the following general conclusions relevant to the present problem:

"(1) Members of the coalition being willing, the structure is most apt to dissolve when the isolate is of a relatively high social status and has a relatively low need for self-enhancement.

"(2) The structure is most apt to persist, even becoming increasingly rigid, when the isolate has relatively high social status status and a strong need for self-enhancement."

Limiting our discussion to this conclusion, we have social factors held constant, including the immediate social structure, social status, and dynamic factors. An internal need for self-enhancement is varying, and with high social status constant, conformity occurs when the need for self-enhancement is low. Resistance occurs when the need for self-enhancement is high.

It is thus observed that internal needs are an important factor in accepting content pressed upon the individual by the social world. It has been long known that personality needs are the product, among other things, of social experiences. But, from the argument set forth on the second postulate of relativity theory, each individual perceives and conceives these experiences in his own unique way. Preserving the interpretation that the effect of variable per-

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LITTLE MAN ON THE CAMPUS . . . . by Dick Bibler

"I've never had a student work so hard to pull down an 'A.'"

Banardage

—*by* Cecil Smith

WINE TALK . . .

CLAUDIUS SAT enjoying the warm Italian breeze. A slave came into the garden bringing cool wine and fruit. Rufus was due any minute. He would be hot and dusty after the five mile ride from the Capitol.

As he rode along the Via Flaminia, Rufus was looking to a few restful days in the country away from the hot city. He remembered how Claudius had retired from the city—with its heat and mob—some years ago. Claudius had become a quiet thoughtful man busying himself with managing his large estate and thinking—mostly thinking. Every so often Claudius would invite him out for a short visit. Rufus brought with him the turbulent world of politics and empire. Claudius contributed to this *cénacle* of two a dreamy speculation of things more profound and wider than what to do with the mob and how to manage an empire.

Claudius rose as Rufus strode in.

"Greetings, politician."

"Greetings, philosopher," said Rufus, "or should I say sophist?"

They both laughed and sat down to enjoy some of Rufus' choice wine. After the usual inquiring about families and health, they both fell silent. The sun was getting low, lessening the heat to some degree. The wine was just strong enough to make one convivial.

"Those quarrelsome Orientals are at it again. We had a row about it yesterday in Senate. It seems some petty ruler is kicking up a fuss on the coast of Asia Minor, around Phoecea, I think. He got a little careless and sank one of Marcus Livius' merchant galleys. Otherwise we would never have heard of it. Now that money-grabbing Livius wants to send a whole damned legion over there to get that paltry little beggar. You remember Marcus, don't you?"

"Yes," said Claudius.

"Well, he has the whole scurvy lot of grasping merchants up in the air shouting about the safety of the Empire and all that sort of Tommyrot. All they're really interested in is those trade routes which are making them so filthy rich. And mind you, they are a presumptuous lot to be such a recently rich crowd of nobodies. They've got a third of the patricians of Rome in their debt already. I thank all the gods that be that I'm not in their clutches."

Claudius listened thoughtfully while Rufus deprecated the rising merchant class.

"Rufus, have you ever thought about what men were like a thousand years ago?"

"H-m-m-m, yes, vaguely. There was some chap back there who had it all divided up into ages. Hexus, Jesiod, or something like that. . . ."

"Yes, it was Hesiod who lived seven or eight hundred years ago. He said at first there was a Golden Age, which was wonderful, then a Silver, a little worse, then a Brazen, then a Heroic — you know Troy and the Greeks, and then an Iron Age. Hesiod lived in the Iron Age, and he thought it was the worst possible age. Everybody, he said, did little but work and starve to death."

"Do you suppose it was really that bad—what do you think he would have to say about our age.?"

"Well, it would depend on his vantage point. If he were a galley slave, he wouldn't think much of it!" said Claudius with a chuckle.

"He must have been personally bitter or cynical to deprecate his own time so."

"He isn't by himself, you know," said Claudius.

"Between Hesiod and us, Greece rose to magnificence and fell. And what is she now?" said Rufus.

"She left us a lot."

"What? I think this business of learning Greek is a silly affectation. And Great Jupiter! these Greek philosophers! with their systems, mysteries and mysticisms, and what have you. They're tearing down the moral fiber, corrupting our morals. Have

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ON READING THOMAS WOLFE'S

"You Can't Go Home Again"

Life is but a sea of waves
Tossing and rolling into many different moods and shades.
It is calm and peaceful.
It is violent and restless.
It is gentle and placid,
Reckless and cruel.

Like an undulating wave,
Life rolls in the sea,
Encountering in its destiny
All the sensations of depressions and ecstacy.
Oftentimes it kills,
Still other times it saves.

Then like us, it dies—
Too often prematurely—
Running too quickly toward
Some distant shore—
Desperately searching
To find what lies in store
Beyond the rock crevasses of sea-cliffs—
And like us, it is destroyed—
Sinking into the sands of time—
A forgotten wave—
Never to crash again on the shore—
Only to disintegrate into the air and earth.
Wandering too far from home—
You can't go home again.

—BOB PENNY

ARUNDEL - Castle of Dignity

—*by* Bob Penny

I STOOD by the dusty, wind-swept road and looked upward at the sagging, ivy-covered gate proclaiming the title of the once proud and majestic plantation—"Arundel," a castle of dignity.

I turned and walked through the gate, forgotten a half-century by man, and on up the winding drive, sheltered by rows of blooming magnolia trees. A slight breeze blew from the south, and with it came the essence of the flower, so synonomous with Southern heritage. I rounded the last turn in the long, winding drive, and there I stopped. Before me stood the ruins of a once staunch and still beautiful plantation house—its stately columns defying time and nature, mellowed by centuries, and the spreading steps rotted with the years.

I stood there, gazing, wondering, musing, and my mind wandered back to the days of yesteryear, to the days when Arundel, the castle of dignity, was in its glory.

* * * * *

THE old plantation bell peals forth and the Negro slaves, down in their cabins, rouse from their sleep. A thin ray of yellow light breaks in the east — dawn, and a robin, perched high in the big oak on the front lawn, shrills its greeting to the new day. A golden sun glides slowly up over the swift flowing river lying to the west. The quiet of early morning is on the water. The big manor house stands white and glistening against the black pines of the forest and the old oaks in the yard. Negroes, chanting their savage, irrevocable spirituals, saunter slowly into the fields, the older slaves trudging slowly, their cotton sacks slung over their shoulders; the little pickaninnies running barefoot, yelling, screaming in their high-pitched voices. The sun steals through the swaying branches of the old oaks and into the upper rooms and wakens the manor folk who lie sleeping and dreaming. The old hound stretches and yawns, then lumbers around to the back door for his feeding by the Negro boys who care for the "Massa's" horses.

The morning grows and the sun climbs higher in the sky and bronzes the overlooker mounted on his prancing, white horse. With whip in hand, he follows the movements of the steaming, humming slaves who work the fields of the white-bolled king.

The bell sounds once again—lunch hour. The field-hands drop their work for a while, but are back by the time it reclangs, thus proclaiming lunch hour over and cotton picking time resumed.

At the manor house, the hot, afternoon sun sends a lull over the quarters. The kitchen slaves prepare dinner in the large, spacious room and yell threats at the pickaninnies who steal the steaming cakes, then run pell-mell out to the stables to enjoy their booty and fall asleep. The old hound, asleep in the shade of the front yard oaks, paws at a gnat, pumps his leg at an itching flea, then falls asleep once more.

The bell, a fourth time—"quittin'

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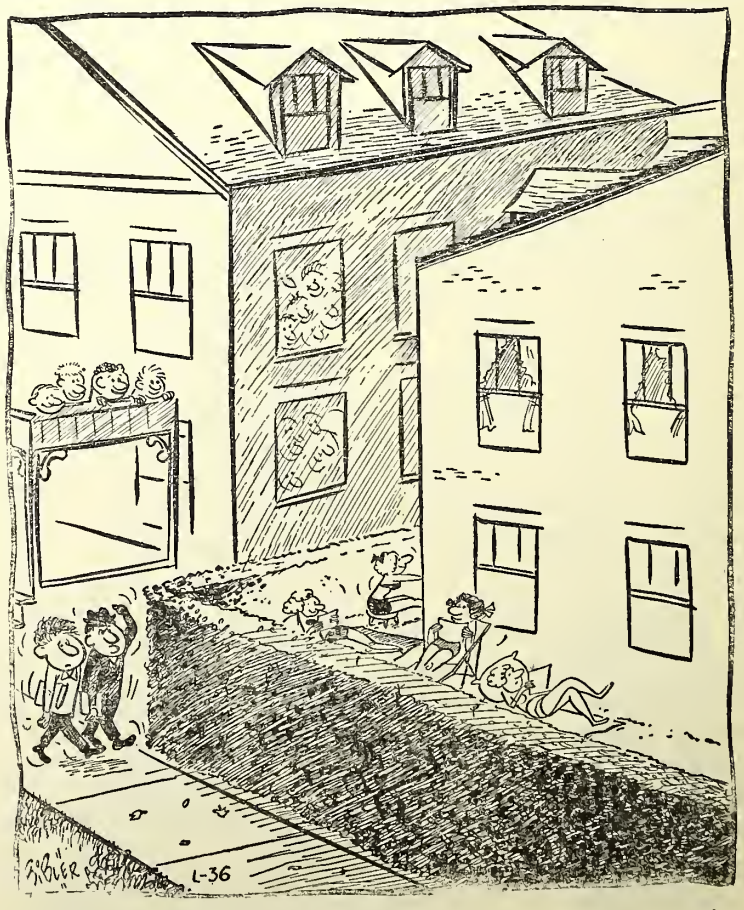
LITTLE MAN ON THE CAMPUS . . . . by Dick Bibler



"I don't know what kinda line th' Sigma Phi Nothings give the rushees, but year after year they seem to snatch away the best boys."

A Chance At Death

—*by* Marcus Huff

"Let's go over to my house," said Billy Preston to his best friend, Bud Galloway, as the two were leaving school.

"Aw, what's over at your house?"

"Nothing, but let's go anyway."

"I want to do something different. All we'll do at your house is listen to those same ole records."

"Well, what else is there to do around here?" asked the sixteen-year-old freckled-face Billy.

"Let's go down town and get drunk," remarked Bud casually.

What! Go get drunk! You talk crazy. You know we don't drink!"

"What's the matter, Billy. You scared? All you are is mama's little baby."

"I've never had anything to drink, but before I'll let anyone back me down I'll do anything for the first time. C'mon. Mother and Daddy are gone off and Daddy has some whiskey left from last Christmas. We'll see who's scared," said Billy.

As the two walked to the Prestons' home not a word was uttered by either of them. When they arrived, Billy said slowly, "Do you still want to do what we said, Bud, or were you just kiddin'?"

"Hell, no, I wasn't kiddin'!" shouted Bud to his younger companion. "Go get the whiskey and we'll see who's got guts and who hasn't."

As Billy walked to the pantry to get the whiskey, many thoughts ran quickly through Bud's mind. When he had suggested getting drunk to Billy he was really kidding, but since Billy hadn't backed out Bud would have to go ahead and drink. Deep inside Bud wished he were somewhere else.

"Here is almost a full bottle of whiskey and two glasses," said Billy as he approached his companion. "Since you are the one who thought this whole idea up, you take the first drink."

Bud snatched the bottle from Billy's hand and nervously poured his first drink of an alcoholic beverage. Then he just sat there and looked at the glass.

"Go on, Bud, drink it," said Billy.

Slowly Bud picked up the glass, placed it to his lips, and choked down the nasty-looking whiskey.

"Now," said Bud heroically to Billy, "it's your turn."

Billy repeated the same act as Bud and the two did this four times apiece. After each glass their tongues got looser.

"You know, Billy," Bud said in a sluggish tone, "you've always been scared of everything."

"What'cha mean, I came over here and drank with ya, didn't I? What the hell else do you want me to do? You name it, 'Big Deal,' and I'll do it."

"Have you ever heard of Russian roulette?"

"Naw, what's that?" questioned the slobbering young boy.

"You go get your old man's pistol, and I'll show you what the hell it is," said Bud.

Without saying a word, Billy wobbled noisily upstairs and returned with a shiny chrome-plated .38 revolver.

"Give it to me," shouted Bud.

After Billy gave him the gun, Bud inspected it carelessly and removed five cartridges from the pistol. Then he tossed them on the floor. There remained only one bullet in the revolver.

"How about telling me what'cha doing!" Billy asked excitedly. "I didn't know that Pop's gun was loaded!"

"Don't get excited," said Bud. "You have to have a bullet to play Russian roulette. Just one bullet. You see, one person spins the chamber. Then he puts it against his head and pulls the trigger. If the bullet happens to land in place, it kills him. If he's lucky and the bullet doesn't land where it will fire, he passes it to the next player. Do you understand now, stupid?"

With the whiskey effect still on him, Billy said, "Well, start the damn game!"

Because Bud was the older of the two, the whiskey did not affect him quite so much as it had affected Billy. Again he thought the younger boy would back out. He himself could not back out now because Billy would tell all the boys he was afraid and he rather be dead than be called "chicken."

Nervously, Bud picked up the gun and spun the chamber with his sweaty palm. Then after hesitating for a few moments, he placed the muzzle against his head. Slowly, he applied pressure with his forefinger on the trigger. "Click," was the sound that came from the deadly weapon.

With a sigh of relief Bud threw the gun at Billy.

"Now, it's your turn, Mr. Preston," he said with a tone of cockiness.

Billy picked up the pistol from his lap and as he he began spinning the chamber, he mumbled, "One in five chances." Shakily, he pressed the pistol to his head. Again the gun responded with a sharp click.

"Now, according to your little game you take the gun again and do the same thing," stammered Billy.

"Let's quit," said Bud abruptly.

"What's the mater, big man, you chicken? I thought you weren't afraid of anything," said the intoxicated Billy. "C'mon. On with the game."

"You're drunk!" shouted Bud. "You don't realize what we're doing. Do you know that there's a bullet in this gun?"

"That's part of the game, Bud," replied Billy. "Remember, you said

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Communism and the College Student

Boston U. *Campus*

By John Edgar Hoover, *Director*
Federal Bureau of Investigation

The remarks of a man symbolizing integrity

You, the college student, whether or not you realize it, are the rich earth which the Communist conspirator hopes to till. Your mind is the soil in which he hopes to implant alien seed. Your subsequent acts are the products whose growth he strives to direct. The harvest which he seeks is the destruction of our democratic processes of government.

What then, can you, the college student, do about Communism? Awareness of danger is the first requisite to combatting that danger. First, then, know your enemy. That necessitates learning what Communism really means, not what its apologists say it means.

How is one to separate truth from propaganda? I can only say, "Set yourself the task of developing a free mind—a mind which seeks facts." Such a mind accepts neither the minority version nor the majority version; it seeks and considers evidence. It is not satisfied until irrefutable evidence points out the road which leads toward the irrevocable truth.

When you have learned everything possible from the experience of those who have escaped from "Utopia"—where they learned the bitter difference between promise and reality—then steep yourself in the history of America. Go back to the heart and soul of its origins. Read the documents, books, and letters of the immortal giants who, with faith and prayer and idealism, shaped and moulded a form of government which is a continuous expression of faith in the individual. There you will learn that true Americanism is an act of faith—an overwhelming belief that individual man, with God's help, is an intelligent being capable of self-rule. That faith is essential to the continuance of the American form of government.

In its simplest terms, the struggle lies between the spiritual and the material. The Communist seeks to rob you of your birthright by destroying your faith in our republic. The mess of pottage he offers, which is tempting the weak, the shallow, and the short-sighted, is the illusory promise of material security—the security of the slave. The Communist offensive must never be underestimated for that promise has seduced millions of people and the multitude objective is to swing all the peoples of the globe into the Communist orbit. Like the confidence man, therefore, the Communist labors incessantly to get his victims in the proper frame of mind—to "set up the suckers for the kill." Diligently and indiscriminately he pours his corrosive acid of disunity, hatred, and discontent over the worker, the professor, the artisan, the student.

What can you do to combat it?

Communism is the antithesis of Christianity. To endorse Communism is to deny all the tenets of Christianity—the great teachings which have guided our civilization during the dark ages of mankind's long, upward climb toward the light. You can be Christian.

Communism is immoral. The Communist teaches that the end justifies the means. You can live positively. You can promote the dynamic which is essential to the preservation of a free nation.

Communism seeks "fronts." Don't provide protective coloring for subversive organizations by being an indiscriminate "joiner." Ascertain the ultimate objectives of groups which mouth platitudes and espouse causes before you lend the strength of your name to their petitions and their rolls.

Communism feeds on ignorance. Be informed. Never yield to the disastrous luxury of emotional or "fuzzy" thinking. Stick to the facts.

Communism seeks change. It would make the state the master and the individual the slave. You, therefore, need to gain a true understanding of the republic in which the individual is the key. Our form of government is only as good as the people in it. Consequently, it cannot be perfect. But active and intelligent effort has made it function in such a manner that it has been the marvel and the envy of the world. You hold the future in your hands. Be a crusader for democracy.

Communism lives on lies. It corrodes honor, destroys integrity, and subverts all the qualities which combine in an individual to make him, in the truest sense, a man. Wherever there is an honest man, there is an island of strength. Live honorably.

Lastly, Communism wears a cloak of many colors. Learn to recognize those colors, and no act of yours will tend to bring to fruition the destructive harvest which the Communist seeks, and toward which all his efforts are bent.

WILL THEY MAKE IT?

or TALE OF THE COMEBACK-CONSCIOUS CAGERS

—*by* Wallace Watson

ONLY four more regular contests in a season of ups and downs remain for the Terrier basketballers, and they will be out to make up for an early season loss as they travel to Charlotte tonight for the Belmont Abbey tangle.

Two home games—against Presbyterian and The Citadel—and a road trip to Erskine will wind up the regular Terrier play, which will be followed by the Little Four tournament here, February 25-26.

It was a disheartening loss for the Terriers the last time they met the Abbey. That was December 11, in their fifth game of a 25-scrap plate.

The Belmont five was hitting from all angles and led the Gold and Blacks by better than a 25-point margin until late in the third frame, when the Terriers seemed to realize that they were about to drop their fourth in five starts; and so they began swishing the net for a pile of points. It looked like they might have a chance to win their second of the season. They almost did, but not quite.

After that 105-92 loss, the tall lads of Coach Joe Robertson hopped on Lenoir-Rhyne to the tune of 89-76, then, becoming more like a smooth-running machine with every game, began to win more than they lost.

A string of eight games following the Abbey contest saw the Terriers chalk up five wins and a trio of losses, two of them by one and three points, respectively. During that time they cracked the century mark twice in Charleston, once over the College of Charleston, 100-82, and once over The Citadel, 109-74.

Lenoir-Rhyne went down, 89-76, High Point lost, 81-80, and Davidson fell, 81-63. The two close defeats came from Georgia Teachers College, 92-89, and Mercer, 71-70; while High Point made up for its earlier trimming to lick the Gold and Blacks 94-84.

FOWLER

Eight more games have gone on the record books since that victory over The Citadel, and the Terrier comeback story is almost history.

The job of winning the remaining tilts was in the hands of a hard-working coach and his determined and talented crew of Terrier cagers who boasted plenty of height and some accurate shooting arms.

At the halfway point in the season, 6-2 forward Donnie Fowler was the leading man in the point department, averaging 16.75 per game. Six-five Craig Templeton, another forward, and the team captain, Center Paul "Slats" Reinartz, were pressing him with averages of 14.3 and 12.0 respectively. Two outstanding freshmen, Center Jack League and Guard Joe McDonnell, were next with 8.3 and 6.67 averages.

McDonnell, a smooth-working floor man, was right behind Reinartz in free-throw percentage. The captain had a 78.8 average, the freshman, a 77.4.

Guards Dennis Mathis, Flynn Barbare, Harry Wallace, and freshman Del Combe were handling the floor work with McDonnell.

Big Ray Eubanks, a 6-6 forward, was seeing plenty of action under the basket, while William Carpenter, Noble Vaughan, and Jim Bailey, three lanky freshmen who stand 6-6, 6-5, and 6-2, backed up the starters at the pivot slot.

TALE - - -

—*by* Granville Sydnor

A Very "Catty" Story Indeed . . .

"George, he was a fine, dear fellow, too bad, too bad, about that accident."

"What happened to George?" I inquired.

"I cannot rightly say and to think that it happened here on Beacon Hill."

"By George, I surely would like to know what happened to him. He was one of the finest polo players in this area."

Henry rang the small bell in the middle of the table.

"Sir?" inquired the butler.

"Bring the drinks."

"Yes, sir."

The cards were pushed away. Drink and conversation took over. Henry's butler shoved in a small portable bar.

"It seems very odd to me that George would be so affected by a sprained ankle."

"Yes, and the tests showed he was not mentally deranged in any manner."

John, our new cohort since George's accident, was puzzled by all that had been said. "Tell me," he inquired, "does anyone know what happened to George?"

"Some one told me that he had some fantastic tale but I am sure it is but a cover-up," Henry replied.

"Why not ask him over and hear his story," I said.

"Since we are at your house next week, you make the arrangements and we shall forego the whist to hear his story," said Henry.

With promises from me to execute this agreement, the conversation closed.

George was not difficult to find. Since his accident he had spent much of his time in Claude's Tavern. He agreed to come after I promised him that I would mix his favorite drink for him.

The four of us gathered earlier than the usual eight o'clock. We played a few games of billiards, but before eight we had moved to the book-lined den with its friendly overstuffed chairs. The two pipes, one cigar and my chain-smoking had dimmed the light from the one overhead fixture.

At eight-thirty, the butler entered and announced that a Jaguar had been in the drive since eight.

"What the hell do you make of that?" Henry asked.

"Must be George's car," I said. "Shall we go see?"

When we neared the Jaguar, I noticed a tall athletic man bent over, petting a cat and murmuring softly.

"Damn, he must be crazy," Henry said in a low voice.

"George?"

"Yes."

"What the Sam Hill were you doing?"

"Petting a cat."

"What?"

"Petting a cat."

"Why?"

"I felt like it."

"Shall we go in?" I asked.

"The cat has left, why not?" said George.

All of us were puzzled and a little amazed except George, who was very serious and not the least bit ruffled. Back we went to the den where the drinks had been placed on the coffee table in our absence. George helped himself to one and sat down. All of us reached for our glasses and Henry rose: "A toast."

"A toast," we replied.

"To cats," Henry said.

"Amen," said George.

A bit startled we drank.

"Let's drink to that again," said George, who immediately did so.

After a few more drinks George settled back in his chair rubbing his ankle that was bound in a white truss.

"Why this sudden interest in cats, George?"

"You would not believe me if I told you."

"Why not try us and then see."

"You wouldn't believe."

"Here, have another drink," I said.

George gulped his drink heavily, wiping his mouth with a napkin and with no further urging, said, "One night, you remember, John, the Van Height's party."

"Yes, I remember you became rather inebriated."

"Hum-m-m, yes, that night. Well, about 12:30, I decided that it was time for me to leave. I started out the back toward the large back court of the Van Height's when ——"

"Go ahead."

"Ah, you would not be interested."

"We are."

"You won't believe it."

"Go ahead!"

"Wait," George said, "I have in here the story written down. I will give it to you."

He reached into his inside coat pocket, pulled out several type-written pages and threw them on the coffee table in front of me. He walked out without waiting for us to stand.

The others gathered around me. I picked up the papers and looked through them.

"Well, what do you think of that?" Henry asked.

"Shall we read this?" I asked.

"You read it aloud, please."

"All right, I shall," I replied.

One night, August 26, to be exact, I was rather tight when I left the Van Height's party by the back door. My car along with the others was parked in the back court, which extended for a considerable distance in back of the house. I wandered tipsily between the cars looking for my own car. Suddenly, I realized that there were no more cars. Where I

was exactly I cannot be sure.

I wandered about in the dark stumbling through the trees and falling over some small bits of underbrush and stones when I fell into a large open ditch. I realized when I landed that I had badly sprained my ankle and that I would not be able to get out of such a deep ditch without help."

I waited for about an hour but heard no one. Having brought a partly used bottle with me, which had luckily not been broken in the fall, I decided to have a few nips and sleep there until morning. After resolving this I pulled out a cigarette and lit it. I noticed by the flame of the match a large open culvert just ahead. Being a little under the weather, I decided that I might as well spend the night there. Slowly, for my ankle ached, I pulled myself to the entrance of the culvert which must have been four feet or so in diameter. Fearing that there might be rats inside even a dry oue, I lit a match. Two yellow eyes peered straight at me. Then as the match burned higher I noticed an enormous cat with broad shoulders. He was gray with black stripes; the match went out. I reached up and scratched his head.

"Move, you stupid cat," I said.

"Do you know whom you are addressing?"

Being a little tipsy at the time I was not too struck by the cat's speech.

"Huh?"

"Do you know whom you are addressing?"

"No, who?"

"I am Thomas, leader of all cats in and around Beacon Hill."

"Well I'll be damned, is that so?"

"Please, no profanity."

"You sound like a Yale man."

"No, sir; I am a graduate of Cat-holic University."

"You mean they've got you converted. Lord, I knew they were after converts, but cats—h-u-um."

"I believe you are speaking about your church, the Roman Catholic."

"Yes, I was referring to that."

"Well, Cat-holic in the true sense of the word means universal; therefore, we are Cat-holics. "We, that is all cats, belong to the same church, graduate from the same school. This has helped eliminate misunderstanding that used to exist."

"Oh, hell! I must be drunk."

"A revolting thought but quite possibly true. You *homo sapiens* are nice fellows but you have some extremely odd customs and cultural factors."

"What do you mean?"

"No offense meant but it is true. Your large bombs! Can you imagine a cat who would destroy himself with his own paws? You wage war, you fight. Why, we have decreed that from now on if a cat feels in a playful mood he shall use only paws and not claws. Now if you would structure yourselves as we have, then you would be able to cope with your scientific advancements."

The cat's conversation was very learned and extremely interesting; I was more than willing for him to explain.

"A little lower—there, pur-r-r-r," he said.

"Go on, explain how you arrived at your society."

"First, the sages of the cats gathered many years ago to bring out a world philosophy upon which cat understanding and peace would be built. Cats from everywhere—Ming, Manx,

LITTLE MAN ON THE CAMPUS . . . . by Dick Bibler

Persian, Angora, Siamese, Cheshire, and others, some with family histories a mile long and others who were not well-bred, came. With such a divergency of breeds it is easy to see that there would be a divergency of philosophy. The Manx, for instance, had strong beliefs in an odd bit of philosophy. They believed that there are but two existences, the past and the future and since the past is known and was constructed by their foresires then it was very laudable.

"Now the Cheshire representative was a fat, old cat known as George. George believed his cats were to be the rulers of the world. Catilism is an economic bond that would destroy the world and force all nations to be patterned after the parent nation as far as customs, religions, and other cultural matters go. The frontier alley cat was there with his philosophy which, oddly enough, had the strongest carry-over to our modern philosophy. He believed that the important thing in life was survival and in order to survive a cat must progress as far as possible in the social and financial order.

"Even from these sketchy bits of philosophy you see that this conference was composed of cats who had but little agreement in their philosophies. Because of the variance in philosophies they decided to discard all previous philosophies and devise a new philosophy which would have the preservation of the cat race as its main theme."

"Odd they would be able to agree on anything," said I.

"They had *fear* motivating them."

"What?"

"Poison claws and fleas, horrible forms of warfare which would soon destroy the cat race and all cats with it. So you see, we were forced into an agreement. We decided, therefore, that in order to reach an agreement we must do away with all forms of established philosophies and start from scratch. This, of course, took months before they all agreed.

"Everyone gathered back at the conference table with anticipation after the momentous decision. They had been instructed to attempt to abolish all of their previous philosophies.

First, it was decided by all that the will to live was the strongest motivating influence in a cat's life, since the first concern of a cat is to take care of his own needs before concerning himself with other problems. This meant of course that a cat is by nature selfish. Now in his selfishness he did many things he would not do if he were purely altruistic."

"What does all this mean?"

"Let me continue and then this will all be clear."

"Now we decided that the main needs in life must be furnished to every cat in order to have complete understanding and, therefore, it was agreed that every cat must be given food, sex, and a universal religion, which meant that in the brotherhood of worship fear would be eliminated."

"Lord, what a system."

"Inconceivable," he said.

"Certainly is."

"Further, we decided that if a person wished to live he should be willing to respect this right for all cats. It was decreed, therefore, that one must do nothing to anyone else that he, himself, would not care to have done to him. This gives a logical foundation to what you call the Golden Rule."

"Tell me, how did you solve the sex problem?"

"Just like a man to concern himself with sex. We outlawed it!"

"What! What a horrible life!"

"You don't see what I mean. I was speaking figuratively. What we did is make sex accessible at all times to anyone by not having any social regulations. This prevented the drive from causing trouble by having it so excessible."

"You mean you have polygamy?"

"You have monogamy; how barbaric!"

"Now another interesting problem that we overcame is the doing away with races or the non-recognition of races."

"Really."

"Yes, you see we have created true equality between cats by having developed in our philosophy that selfishness is in-born in cats, as I have stated. Once we recognized this, it was decided that since we all wished the same basic things in life that we should grant these rights to others and receive them from others."

"Odd, but it seems to make sense. The will to live! Seems I've read that somewhere."

"Possibly, but from your conduct as *homo-sapiens* you evidently do not believe in this philosophy enough to live it."

"Wait, I forgot, what about Albert Schweitzer?" I said.

"Oh, yes, a great man! We have made him an honorary cat," the cat said.

"Another thing that to me seems interesting is that where this philosophy was developed and placed into society through our educative system, the cats of the world became united in two generations," he said.

"Hum."

"No, probably would not work in the human race," the cat said.

"Why?"

"Cats have since time *in memoriam* been mainly concerned with being happy."

"What?"

"Yes, just being happy. After all, what else can a cat desire in life other than happiness?" he said.

"What about fame, fortune and the like?" I said.

"That's selfishness," the cat said.

"But you said that you cats are all selfish. . . ."

"Now wait! I said that we cats have acknowledged the existence of selfishness in every cat and have built and based our own philosophy on that, plus the will-to-live theory. We have developed the idea of a non-selfish existence by eliminating the

things which cause cats to desire individual gain rather than cultural gain. All is gained for society," he said.

"And you think that man could never be like this," I asked.

Through the end of the culvert came the first faint rays of the sun. For the first time I could clearly see the cat. He was bigger than any cat I have ever seen. He sat with his front and back paws under him an dhis tail curled under his stomach. His eyes were all but shut and he had a rather whimsical expression. He rolled over and stretched, his forepaws in front of his head and his hind paws back of him. Slowly he brought his paws together. Finally he placed first one paw out spreading and drawing it in, then the other paw out.

He turned and ambled towards the other end of the culvert.

"Wait."

He turned and looked at me.

"Come back here."

He stared at me, which is rather unusual, since not many cats will stare in a man's eyes.

I stuck out my finger and he touched it with his nose like most cats will do.

Haughtily, he turned and walked out while I laughed.

"What an odd story!" said Henry.

"Crazy as hell!" said Henry.

ARISTOCRATS

(From page 5)

certainly deserves the credit for establishing the dance band.

I think it can be said without any hesitation whatsoever that this group certainly rates along with the football team and Converse as one of Wofford's most cherished establishments. Here's hoping that in the future the Aristocrats will continue to shower us with "the sweetest music in the Carolinas."

ARUNDEL

(From page 10)

time." The slaves, chanting, humming, singing, trudge slowly from the fields of labor, while the sun retreats into the west, casting its blood-red reflections over the swaying cotton bushes and the still waters of the river. Another plantation day. . . .

"HELLO, son! What you doin' way out here?" the gruff, cracked voice of the caretaker awakened my thoughts and daydreaming.

"Me? Oh, I was just thinking, looking."

"Better run along. Night's comin' on, storm too, looks like."

"Yeah, thanks; thanks a lot."

I turned and walked away. The air was chilling now . . . a wind was blowing the leaves gently in the great oak trees . . . the sun had set . . . another day was done.

Junior suddenly glanced up from the magazine he was reading.

"Hey, Pop," he said, "What's a sweater girl?"

"Er-ar," stammered his father, "a sweater girl is a girl who works in a sweater factory. Where did you get that question?"

"Never mind the question, Pop," replied Junior. "Where did you get that answer?"

* * *

Question: "What's the best way to keep a horse from frothing at the mouth?"

Answer: "Teach it to spit."

LITTLE MAN ON THE CAMPUS . . . . by Dick Bibler

Ethical Relativity

(From page 8)

sonality needs is a measure of the effect of internal conditions, it is observed that inner discrimination exists as previously defined. And the third postulate is disproved.

Part III

Conclusion of the Paper

The logic and method of this argument in support of ethical relativity have been rejected. The empirical assumptions of the first three postulates have all been rejected as formulated. They have been rejected because: (1) they must be stated in their all-inclusive manner in order to support the moral philosophy, and (2) as so stated they have been generalized beyond a point where empirical knowledge supports them. The conclusion of this analysis of ethical relativity is that: *At present, the theory cannot be and is not binding upon the conscience of the empiricist for acceptance. Also, moral philosophy is free either to accept or reject relativity ethics, according to its own predisposition and not dependent upon empirical science one way or the other.*

With respect to the sources of these errors, it might be said that two general ones exist: *Psycho-analysis* under Frued and Adler, and *associationism* under such men as Watson and Guthrie. The associationists (in general) required a conception of man as an always passive being in order for their conditioned response learning to be the only form of learning that may occur. When they conceived such a man, it seemed to follow that man's morals were completely culture-bound and ethical truth was then unattainable. But as science reformulated its general theory of human behavior, an old behavior theory had to be modified, and with it the philosophical assumptions and conclusions based thereon. The same holds true for the psycho-analysts. With them, man had a monistic internal need, usually thought of as a generalized sex drive, though sometimes formulated as a need for power or security or self-consistency. This need, if carried to its full fruition as man wanted, would disorganize society. Man was thus in inevitable conflict within himself, caught between the desires he felt and the arbitrary restrictions placed on him by society. These arbitrary restrictions (morals) were idiosyncratic with respect to a given culture, and possessed no genuineness or reality of their own. They were only necessary evils in human life, and mental health consisted of circumnavigating them as much as possible. But as science grew, new theory to satisfy data was made necessary, and the older one became modified.

This paper is an attempt to aid in spreading knowledge of these modifications that have already begun to take place. Howard Becker states, "Anyone will admit that the destruction of an erroneous theory is a service to science." The author would like to add that it is not only a service to science, but is also a service to mankind, the world and its Creator.

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BANARDAGE

(From page 9)

you ever heard any of that gibberish?"

"Yes," answered Claudius.

By this time the moon was rising high. They had become drowsy with their talking, and they decided to delay further chatting until the next day.

They spent most of the next day walking over the estate looking at the grapevines and olive orchards. Late in the afternoon they again sat down to enjoy some cool wine and talk. Eventually Claudius broke away from Rufus' spirited politics.

"You remember we were talking about what things were like a thousand years ago?"

"Yes, very well," said Rufus.

"We were also talking about how Greece came and what she left. Did you ever think about how it might be two thousand years in the future?"

Rufus paused for some time. He was scarcely used to such faraway subjects.

Finally he replied, "I'm thinking, but I can't seem to envision the world in the distant future. Perhaps it will be about the same—a little bigger." Then very pensively Claudius said, "I wonder what they will think of us, of Rome. We were talking about about us.

"Rufus, after I retired last night, I thought about our talking. I thought about Greece. Then I tried to think forward. I pondered a long time until I was frightened. Time is so big."

Rufus stirred uncomfortably and

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lems here and now to worry about."

"Finally," Claudius said, "I went to sleep and dreamed. I don't remember what I dreamed except that it was all very foreign and strange. I do remember I saw some unfamiliar writing. It seemed to be poetry. It was this:

"Here where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But stay! these walls—these ivy-clad arcades—
These mouldering plinths—these sad and blackened shafts—
These vaque entablatures—this crumbling frieze—
These shattered cornices—this wreck —this ruin—
These stones—alas! these gray stones —are they all—
All of the famed, and the colossal left
By the corrosive Hours to Fate and Me?"

The two men sat in silence. The moonlight played through the foliage of the small garden. Claudius felt a slight touch on his arm. It was his youngest child, a little girl. She pointed to the half-moon and said inquiringly, "Father, will it always be up there?"

Hattie (in bank): "I want to put this heah money in the bank."

Bank Teller: "Hattie, where did you get all that money, have you been hoarding?"

Hattie: "No, sah, I gat that money taking in washing."

Chance at Death

(From page 11)

that it takes only one bullet. Well, we're playing just the way you said. Take the damn gun and try your luck again!"

Amazed at Billy's boldness, Bud took the gun, spun the chamber round and round. This time everything seemed a little quieter. Bud could only hear his heart pounding and the sound of the chamber as it rotated around.

The two previous times only the boy with the gun seemed to be afraid, but now Billy also dreaded to see Bud raise the gun to his head. Time was sobering the two youngsters up, and reality was gradually creeping into their minds.

Bud placed the gun to his head and slowly squeezed the trigger. It seemed like hours before he heard the click. Perspiration covered his face as he took the .38 from his head. Hesitating a bit, he gave the gun to Billy without uttering a sound. All he did was stare at the shiny revolver that could have so easily killed him.

Billy took the gun as if it were a china doll. With his head down, he slowly looked up at Bud and said, "I can't do it any more, Bud. I'm scared. A little while ago I didn't care but now something's happened. I'm scared as hell. I know that you've had one more turn than I have, so I'll leave it up to you. If you insist, I'll take my chance at the game for a second time just as you did, but I don't want to."

With a sigh of relief Bud relaxed in his chair. "So Billy gave in," he thought to himself. "I should make him go on with his turn but I'm scared myself."

"I knew you were chicken. Naw, I won't make you do your turn, but I should. Just to see what would have happened spin the chamber just as you would have done. Then point the gun out the window and pull the trigger."

Billy took the gun and spun it rapidly. Eagerly the two walked over to the window and opened the screen. "Now pull the trigger," said Bud, "and we'll see if your one in five chances would have come through."

Billy inserted the pistol through the window and with a jerk he pulled the trigger. Both boys jumped back from the window as the .38 went off. Dumfounded, Bud and Billy turned and looked at one another. In the split-second that the two heard the gun, death seemed to have passed through them. Both of the boys broke down in tears. Neither seemed to care whether the other saw him crying. They both felt the same way.

In a sobbing voice, Bud turned to Billy and said, "Let's go hear those records again, Billy."

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A young man and date pulled over to the side of the road.

She: You're not gonna pull that "out of gas" routine, are you?

He: Naw, I use the *hereafter* routine.

She: The *hereafter* routine?

He: Yeh. If you're not *here after* what I'm *here after*, then you'll be *here after* I'm gone.

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Pika: I hear the administration is trying to stop drinking.

SAE: Is that so? First thing you know they'll be trying to make the students stop, too.

* * *

An elderly man approached the little boy and asked: "Tell me, young man, do you have a fairy god-father?"

"No," replied the little boy, "but I have an uncle we're a little suspicious of."

* * *

Little boy: Teacher, I don't have an eraser.

Teacher: Use the little girl's behind.

* * *

It was one of mother's most hectic days. Her small son, who had been playing outside, came in with his pants torn.

"You go right in and mend them yourself."

Sometime later she went to see how he was getting along. The torn pants were lying on the chair. The door to the cellar, usually closed, was open and she called down loudly,

"Are you running around down there without your pants on?"

"No, Madam, I'm reading the gas meter."

* * *

Little boy, watching a milkman's horse: "Mister, I'll bet you don't get home with your wagon."

Milkman: "Why, sonny?"

Little boy: " 'Cause your horse just lost all his gasoline."

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They had been sitting out in the garden together for two hours. Finally he became desperate and leaned over and kissed her. Immediately she began to shriek.

"Stop it, please," he begged. "I'll promise never to do it again."

"You fool," she answered, "I'm cheering!"

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South Carolina's Progress

South Carolinians have been conscious of progress in all directions in recent years.

The story in a "Ten Year Progress Barometer":

	% of Increase
Population	11.4
Per capita income	128.0
Buying income	143.0
Retail sales	200.0
Capital invested in manufacturing	118.0
Value of products in manufacturing	126.0
No. of wage earners in manufacturing industries	15.0
Amount of wages paid in manufacturing industries	136.0
Value of farm products	118.0
Postal receipts	124.0
No. of telephones in use	203.0
Sales of electricity	173.0
Total bank resources	232.0
Capital in banks	151.0
Deposits in banks	239.0

It has been said in years past that there existed in South Carolina a better balance between industry and agriculture than in any other part of the country. And this continues as increasing industry is accompanied by an awakening as to the agricultural possibilities of the state, the diversification of its products and the conservation of the state's natural resources of water and timber.

Primarily a sound and stable government is responsible for the state's solvency. And there are two factors underlying this economic stability. First, is the financial basis of the State Highway Department, secured by the gasoline tax, which cannot be diverted. Second, is the 3 per cent sales tax pledged to educational purposes. Transportation and education, the services making the greatest demand upon public funds are provided for in South Carolina more definitely than in any other state, with which we are familiar.

South Carolina is not one of the larger states in area, but between the sea and the crest of the Blue Ridge Mountains it has just about everything in soil and climate the most discriminating prospector might contemplate.

And in power, transportation and communication South Carolina has arrived. The South Carolina Research and Development Board is to be congratulated upon its presentation of the state's story of progress and resources.—*Duke Power Magazine.*

LITTLE MAN ON THE CAMPUS . . . . by Dick Bibler

"I believe we pledged the Leroy Van DuPont chap since you were here last."

CRAFT'S
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2. W. Main at Forest
3. N. Church at College

A woman went to a doctor to complain about her husband's delusion. "It's terrible, Doctor," she said. "All the time he thinks he's a refrigerator."

"Well," consoled the medical man, "that isn't too bad. Quite a harmless delusion, I'd say."

"The delusion I don't mind, Doctor. But when he sleeps with his mouth open, the little light keeps me awake!"

* * *

A young man was looking for an apartment—just a small place large enough to lay his hat and a few friends.

* * *

Instructor to student who is half an hour late to school: "You should have been here at nine o'clock."

Senior: "Why? What happened?"

Women Drivers

Women are better drivers than men, says an insurance company. Now that can't be true; all the masculinity of a man arrays itself against such a statement; it is absurd, ridiculous, of course. Men excell in all matters, naturally.

Now that I have done my best to uphold the dignity and skill of my brethren I make a humble bow and admit that the insurance company proves its case:

"If there is any doubt in your minds, ladies, that you're better drivers than men, just ask the country's second largest auto insurance underwriter.

Women—at least those under 25—are better drivers than men, says this company, and it's spelling it out in dollars and cents.

On January 1 an average reduction of 35% was made in the price of auto liability insurance offered to women drivers under the age of 25 in New York State, and 40% in California because they're such good drivers. It plans to make similar cuts in other states later.

The company bases its insurance premiums largely on the accident rate of its customers. Its figures show young women drivers have fewer accidents than young men drivers and thus should get a lower rate.

For fathers who may have thought raising daughters was more expensive than rearing sons, it will mean a substantial saving.

A Brooklyn, N. Y., father, for example, who drives to work, but allows his 19-year-old daughter to drive occasionally, is now paying a family rate of $220.20 a year for liability insurance — $10,000 and $20,000 bodily injury coverage and $5,000 property damage. Starting January 1, he'll pay only $132.60. But his neighbor will continue to pay $220.20 if he has a 19-year-old son.

For young women in Brooklyn who own cars it will mean an even greater reduction. They now pay $310.40 a year. The new premium will be $132.60.

Married couples under 25 will not benefit from the new rate differential between young men and women drivers. If they have a child, they now qualify for the family rate, which is lower than that paid by an individual youthful owner of a car.

Auto insurance costs more in Brooklyn, Bronx and Manhattan than in any other area in the country. On the West Coast, a San Francisco father now pays $97.60 annually for liability insurance if his 19-year-old daughter drives occasionally. After January 1, he'll pay only $58.60.

The actual dollars and cents savings will vary according to make, model and year of car, the kind and amount of use to which it is put and where it is used.—*Spectator.*

And the one about the THREE STORKS. . . .

Papa Stork: I had a very hard day's work; I delivered 43 boys, 26 girls, and 6 sets of twins.

Mama Stork: I had a pretty busy day, too, I delivered 29 boys, 15 girls, and 4 sets of twins.

Baby Stork: I didn't deliver anything today, but I sure scared the hell out of a high-school girl!!

* * *

"Mommy, Mommy," bawled the little girl, "Daddy just poisoned my kitty."

"Don't cry, dear," replied the mother sympathetically. "Maybe he had to."

"No, he didn't," screamed the heartbroken child. "He promised me I could."

He's a Square . . .

HE HASN'T TURNED IN HIS ARTICLE FOR THE APRIL ISSUE

DEADLINE — MARCH 8

SUBMIT ALL CONTRIBUTIONS TO:

DAVE LASHER
115 Greene Hall

TRAV MEDLOCK
204 Greene Hall

The Scotchman awoke one morning to find that his wife passed away during the night. He leaped from his bed, ran out in the hall, and called downstairs to the cook: "Mary, come to the foot of the stairs, quick."

"What is it?" she cried. "What is it?"

"Don't boil but one egg for breakfast," said the Scotchman.

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Void.

In the void a Mind
Active, live—
Infinite, yet finite—
Total energy massed in pure potential force.

Energy visualized projected
As matter, molten.
So it was as thought,
But formless.

There must be form!
Explode the mass!
The thought was the act.

Masses hurtling in pattern in space.
From masses came masses,
Circling, cooling, solidifying.

Came a new image—
Matter with volition!
Life appeared, weak, groping.
And the best of each creature was assimilated by the Mind,
And appeared in the next.
So came man.

But yet there are flaws.

Would that the keen intesmal eye of mortal mind could speed ahead,
Plumbing the depths of centuries unborn.
Alas, it cannot be,
For ever slowly time unfolds its pages.
We must wait.

—Harry Palmer

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Alum: "I hear one of the brothers died. How did it happen?"

KA: "He fell through a scaffolding."

Alum: "What was he doing up there?"

KA: "Being hanged."

* * *

Two little girls were busy discussing their families.

"Why does your grandmother read the Bible so much?" asked one.

"I think she's cramming for her finals."

WALLACE D. DuPRE

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Maid: "You're just saying that to make me jealous."

* * *

"Shay, lishen lady, you're the ugliest dame I ever saw."

"Well, you're the drunkest man I ever saw."

"Yeah, but I'll be sober in the morning."

* * *

"Too bad, pal, my hen got loose and scratched up your lawn."

"That's O.K., my dog ate your hen."

"Great! I just ran over your dog!"

* * *

The ice man smiled as his glance fell upon the sign: "Please drive slowly. The child in the street may be yours."

* * *

"Don't you go with Toots any more?"

"No, I couldn't stand her vulgar laughter."

"I never noticed it."

"You weren't there when I proposed."

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APRIL

THE JOURNAL

The Journal

Volume 78, Number 4
APRIL, 1955

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DEAD LINE FOR MAY ISSUE IS APRIL 18

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COMMENTS....

—The Spectator

THE recent flurry in the New York Stock exchange suggests that we prepare and fortify ourselves with accurate information as to the strong, sound, encouraging factors which make this vast nation so progressive and rich.

"The lessons to be learned from the tragic '30's are that we must keep alive within the framework of our economy the spirit of initiative and ingenuity as well as provide incentives for the assumption of risks, for these are the pillars upon which our system has been built and without which it cannot survive.

Despite a prolonged depression and a world war, with subsequent critical international tensions, in the last quarter of a century there has been substantial economic and social progress, practically all of which came in the last decade and a half.

Marked gains have been made in our standards of living since 1929, as indicated by an increase of 60 percent in per capita real income during this period. Today nearly 60 percent of the families own their own homes, as against 48 percent in 1929. About 98 percent of the homes are serviced by electricity, as compared with 75 percent in the earlier period. Mechanical refrigeration is now in 90 percent of all housholds, while twenty-five years ago only 4 percent had this modern facility. The number of telephones per one hundred people is now over 30, or double the proportion of 1929. There are now around 125 million radio sets in the United States, twelve times as many as twenty-five years ago and more than in all the rest of the world combined. The number of television sets in this country is estimated at 35 million, while there were none a quarter of a century ago. Since 1929, the number of passenger cars per one hundred persons in this country has increased from 19 to 28. Three fourths of the world's passenger cars are in the United States. The amount spent for recreation this year is estimated at around $15 million, a threefold increase over 1929.

Not only are the American people well equipped with facilities that make for more pleasant, comfortable living, but also substantial sums have been invested in protective coverage. The amount of ordinary and group life insurance held by the American people is placed at over $285 billion, or nearly 3.4 times as much as a quarter of a century ago.

Nor has the progress during this period been confined to providing material benefits to the people. Work-week schedules have been reduced by more than 10 percent. Educational opportunities have been availed of to an increasing extent by a large proportion of our population. During the past quarter of a century the number of high school graduates has doubled and now constitutes 42 percent of our adult population, as against 13 percent in 1929. The enrollment in our institutions of higher learning has increased from 1.1 million to 2.5 million, while the number of college graduates has increased 2.5 fold in the twenty-five year period.

One of the strongest forces compelling the economy to provide for pressing needs is the vigorous population growth. In the last quarter of a century the number of persons in this country has increased by about 42 million, or equivalent to the current population of France. In order to provide for the growing population and a modest increase in housing space in keeping with rising living standards, it is estimated that additional dwelling units averaging a million annually would be needed for the next six years. The flow of cars is rising at a much faster pace than the development of highways, which are built for about 30 million cars but are forced to accommodate over 55 million. Technological progress has been unparalleled. Expenditures for scientific and enginering research this year amounted to around $4 billion, or four times as much as for the entire decade of the 1920's. Our scientists are blazing new trails with unlimited horizons. In our dynamic economy, industries are on the march. This is a sign of healthy growth. The migration of people within the country is the greatest in history. Mobility of population contributes much to the dynamics of the economy, creates markets for new homes, and builds new communities. The extent of this migration movement is reflected in the increase during the last decade and a half of 36 percent in the number of persons living in the suburbs, as against a gain of only 14 percent in the central cities. Sheer necessity has forced industries to speed up rehabilitation work stemming from depreciation and obsolescence of plant and equipment in order to cut costs to meet rugged competition. Pressing challenges are met by science and ingenuity. For instance, the threatened exhaustion in a comparatively short time of our fuel and water supply by the tremendous demand of our utilities for electric power will be relieved by atomic energy.

As indicated, there are strong upward pressures by fundamental forces that are driving business forward. The industries and firms with vision and aggressiveness have made long-range plans to capitalize on the beckoning opportunities in risk-taking ventures. These plans are based upon projections that center around population growth and technological development.

(Continued on page 15)

Some Ideas About Sex Feelings

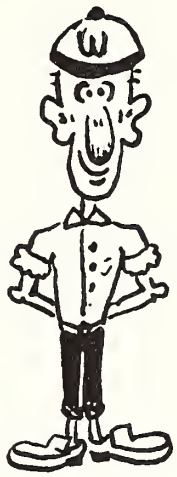
—by John Penick

THE PENICK REPORT

It is widely recognized that people are intereted in sex, both as a subject of thought and as an area of experience. The reason why this interest is so strong, so prevalent, and so persistent, has long been in my mind. The problem of this paper is to attempt to account for this popularity. To follow why I think people are interested in sex matters, the misleading term "sex drive" must be examined, and then an analysis of the sex pleasure itself to discern some factors involved must be made. With these factors, we may be able to understand the strength and persistency of sex interest in man. By sexual behavior I mean behavior related to, associated with, directed toward and included with heterosexual coitus. To simplify the discussion, I will omit such distortions of normative sex behavior as homosexuality, masturbation and bestiality.

The Sex Drive

The average man and many scientists tell us that man, along with the lower animals, is born with a "sex drive"—whatever that is. The use of the term makes it sound like some labyrinthine "essence"—no less ambiguous and metaphysical than the medieval notion of a "Holy Spirit." Because this animal drive is so sweepingly mysterious and thrilling, it is said to govern much of behavior. For many psycho-analysts, it is an instinctual impulse to relieve general tensions through stimulation of the



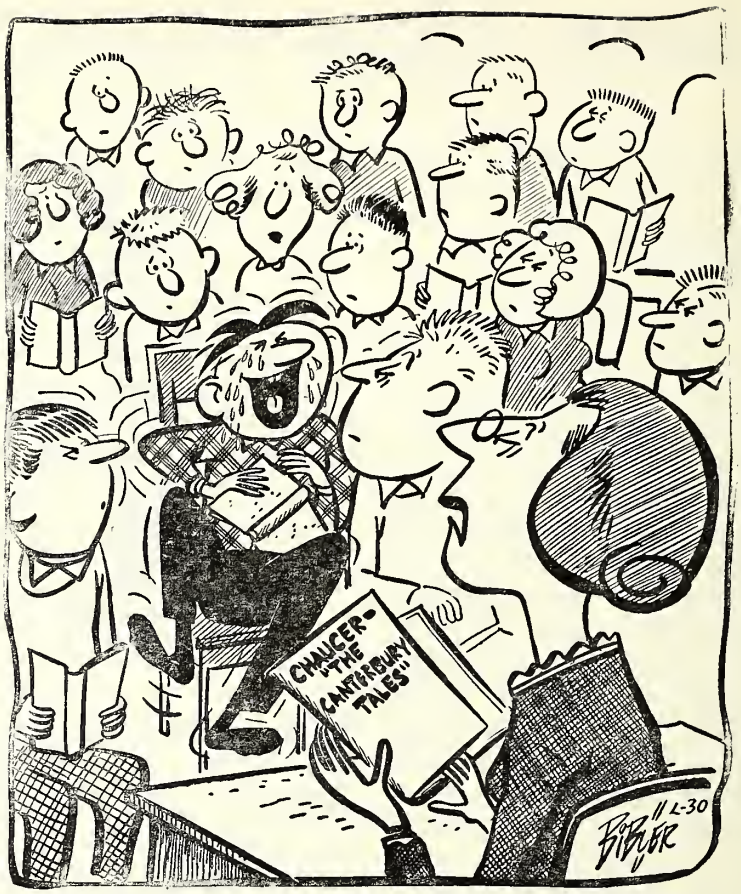
genital and other organs in specific ways under specific conditions. This means that man has inherited through the genes a mechanism for arousal of this drive whenever we find ourselves in specific situations that are the cues for drive arousal. The resultant pleasure reaches its highest fulfillment in the act of coitus, and becomes the only real pleasure that man experiences, the o t h e r s being merely derivatives of this one. For other scientists, the sex drive is the quest for the pleasure derived from certain kinds of genital stimulation, which techniques a r e learned and which pleasure must become experienced in rudimentary form before the drive is aroused.

This sounds fine at first. But troubles arise when we ask a few simple questions, such as: (1) what good is the idea of instinct? (2) what have we explained by saying all pleasure is sexual? (3) what is the feeling of pleasure that is so *specific?* A drive is an arousal to act in ways thought to be effective in producing an object of worth to the actor. Before we can have a sex drive, we have to have a promised pleasure that instigated the drive and gives it direction. The sex pleasure is spoken of as a *particular* pleasure, different from other pleasures if any others exist. I think all would be hard pressed to describe clearly to the satisfaction of others what this thought-to-be-specific sex pleasure is, or to account for the infinite variations in kinds of expression and pleasure everywhere observed. (See for one empirical instance the great variations in artistic expression of different artists' feelings on sexual matters. Each artist describes his sexual experiences differently. Does this indicate a *constant* sex pleasure?)

To say that sex pleasure is instinctually determined and that the sex drive is instinctually aroused has many drawbacks, chief of which is its inconsistency with anthropological evidence. The reader is referred to only one of many fine pieces of research for empirical data: Margaret Mead's *Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies.* The almost complete lack of heterosexual differentiation of roles, temperament, feelings, and so on in two of the societies, contrasted with a complete reversal of these aspects (from what they are with us) in the third society, makes the term sex instinct meaningless for description. It must be granted that the physiological structure of the organism to act in intercourse and to experience sensations in the central nervous system, are determined by genes and dependent upon environmental nourishment, etc., for maturation. But this does not determine the action of the higher organisms, nor does it determine the meaning of the experience for the organism. The physical body only makes experience possible; it does not determine what the experience will be instinctively.

The acid test of my objection to the use of the term "sex drive" (while I insist upon certain physical tensions which are experienced without direction in themselves) resides in the question: *where do we draw a line between feelings that are sexual and feelings that are not?* Feelings experienced in heterosexual coitus would usually be considered sex feelings. But what about helping girls out of cars? Are the related feelings always sexual? What about naming boys from one set of names and girls from another? Does this always produce sex feelings in the namer? What about giving women physically easier employment while men operate steel mills? Is this differentiation of employment on the basis of genital differences always producing sex feelings? If distinguishing role expectancies on the basis of sex differences is a sex act *of itself* and always, then these actions are sexual in nature. The position is pushed to absurdity when we ask what a man desires when he wants to make love to a woman. Is he only striving to give her easier work in the business world, or to help her out of a car, or to name her from a feminine rather than a masculine set of names? I hardly think so. Rather, he is driven to experience some of the pleasure he thinks results from heterosexual coitus. Somewhere between the employment of women and the act of intercourse, we have to draw a line on what is sexual behavior and what is not. But as to where, your guess is as good as mine.

Many psycho-analysts make no distinction at all between sexual and non-sexual pleasure, and thereby beg the question. For them, all pleasure of the living is sexual in nature. If all pleasure is sexual, why call it sexual? Why not just call it pleasure and be done with it, for that is all that has been said. For them, life cannot be described outside of sex, and sex cannot be described outside of life. Kalamazooish behavior is behavior which is kalamazooish. Because A is identical to B, and B cannot be understood outside of A, all that has been said is that A is identical to A. What kind of description is that? They have explained everything and nothing simultaneously.



"Are you reading ahead in the assignment again?"

It is because of such difficulties as these that I have been led to reject for my own thinking the idea of a specifically defined "sex drive," aroused by a specifically defined "sex pleasure." I cannot discern what is "the sexual" about it. Obviously, the entire physical organism is aroused in coitus, but what gives it its experienced meaning to the actor? I believe what people call "sexual feelings" are actually not one specific physiological feeling, but are a combination of various feelings operating at the same time, having various social, psychic and physical components interacting upon one another. If this be true, then the term "sex drive" is meaningless except as a catchall phrase for this complexity of factors.

The Pleasure of Coitus

The bodies of male and female *Homo sapiens*, with their differences and similarities, comprise the foundation upon which "sexual pleasure" is based. The structure and functioning of the human body is important, both because of neural stimulation involved, and, from the standpoint of a partly unstructured situation, because of potentialities which nature places upon lovers *for making of the situation what they please*. The suggestivity of various gestures, responses and physical feelings is very potent in setting off evaluations and interpretations of experience.

The subjective physical contributions to coitus pleasure might be sum-

marized in part as follows: (1) Alterations of skin texture, men becoming harder and women softer. (2) Expansion of penis and vagina to maximum size. (3) excretions in oral and vaginal cavities. (4) Invasion of the female body by the male penis. (5) The engulfment of the mate's body by appendages. (6) Stimulation of central and automatic nervous systems by bombardments of subjectively experienced energy, produced by the upset in the positive-negative ion balance on the surfaces of the neurons. (7) The climax, consisting of mutual excretions of fluids into the vagina through highly sensitive membranes, creating the subjective experience of overwhelming stimulation. (8) A state of intense physical relaxation in the male and relatively sustained tension and excitement in the female. (9) Accumulated tensions, due to monotony and gametophyte production, relieved, and the viscera somewhat restructured.

An enumeration of the physical process does not describe the *meaning* of the experience for the subjects involved. Each of the above physical conditions is either a general or a specific *suggestion for meaning* to the experiencer. Each is a symbol of something. *The meaning of the symbol is attached by the associative processes in the brain, according to the accumulated set of values and needs the person has acquired through a lifetime of other kinds of experience.* Further, an infinite number of different ways exist for expressing these general conditions stated above. Those ways chosen by the actor depend upon the actors attitudes toward coitus, his symbol-and-value systems, his role-conceptions learned from society, his habits of perceiving and expressing feeling, and the personal needs that he hopes to satisfy in the act. He will interpret the actions according to these needs and values. Thus, his own personality and the responses of his mate according to her personality, are the determiners of the meaning and expression-form of the coitus act.

The structure of personality is primarily a social product. Symbols are formed in the conceptualizing child undergoing socialization. They become relatively standardized with those of others around him out of necessity, though uniquenesses sometimes persist. His values are determined largely through preferring those things which will be made pleasant for him and avoiding those which will be made unpleasant. This standardization of values to culture is further accelerated and made accurate by the language transmission of them.

His role - conceptions have been clearly defined for him, according to what society thinks they should be for a person of his status in life. Though slightly idiosyncratic, they are among the most social standardized elements of his personality. Habits must become related to these given role models, allowing a personal expression of roles.

The symbols, values, role-models, and habits are largely the unique acquisition of the social forces around him. His persistent association and evaluation of action in terms of the "society within him" constitute the psychical forces at work. Out of it, he builds a notion of what he is like. He evaluates himself in terms of how able he is to mold conditions to his wishes, how much in agreement he is with himself on goals and values, and how good and beautiful he is with respect to values and beliefs he has learned.

A system of psychological tensions or needs emerge, which are desires for certain things of a dynamic behavioral nature. If he has done something bad he feels guilty and wishes to be hurt for it. If he achieves great things, he can earn the love of those he values.

So he acquires needs for achievement and abasement through life. Values determine objects of desire in needs. How these objects are to be obtained depend upon role models and habits. His evaluation of himself creates very personal needs related to himself alone, and these needs are the most sensitive in his personality. Needs of childhood tend to resist being weakened or becoming extinct. A main reason for this is their experience in both pleasing and painful situations in early childhood. Needs acquired early in life are confused with respect to pleasure and pain because of the immaturity of the reality-systems and reasoning faculties, so that the occurrences of the needs as behavior do not promise either always pain or *always* pleasure in the future for the young infant. They are relatively diffused and powerful.

Thought has led me to reject the idea of one need driving personality. I shall operate on the assumption that there are many needs which man derives from his experience in a physi-

(Continued on page 16)

THE TWENTY - THIRD PLIGHT

Professor ——— is my teacher, I shall not pass; he maketh me to show my ignorance.

He leadeth me into traps; he destroyeth my ego.

He sendeth me to the board for his amusement.

Yea, though I study to the wee hours of the morn, I do no better; for he rattleth me; his smirk and his jokes, they irk me.

He prepareth a lengthy assignment in the presence of the class.

He gradeth with much severity; my average is low.

Surely, he and his lectures shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in his class forever.

—Tommy Furse
Richard Fredland

STORM

—*by Granville Sydnor*

Can't seem to keep it away from the shore . . .

THE day broke clear except for a few foamy-white clouds. A nip of early spring cold remained near the lake causing shivers to run over the few lonely fishermen standing by their boats and cars. Each took turns running their trailers in the water and floating their boats off the rigs while the others helped. The steady blue of the water going out of the inlet was broken by the capped three-foot waves almost high enough to keep small craft from their duties. Except for a few large terns and gulls spinning and gliding, the sky was now clear.

Several hundred feet from the others stood a middle-aged man and his early teen - aged son lugging their equipment into the small run-about. They backed the rig until the water of the lake lapped at the back tires of the car. The boy took his shoes off and waded into the cold water, shoved the boat with great effort, almost falling as the boat glided off the rig.

"Feel like christening the boat every time she leaves the rig."

"Well, son, sometimes we shall do that."

The man from his dry perch gave the winch a few turns bringing the boat beside the rig where his son could reach it.

"Sometimes I think it's not worth the effort," said the man.

"Well, it's me that gets my feet wet."

"Take the painter and pull her up on the shore."

The boy tugged at the rope and obediently the trim craft followed. The green and white molded plywood boat was trimmed for perfect balance, making it speedy as well as safe.

"Son, shall we troll, cast, or bait fish?"

"Let's troll up the shore till we hit the cove, then drop there and see if the crappy are going to bite before night."

The man climbed on the cowl and walked back on the racking over the two seats, steadying himself with his hands on the gunwales. He turned and filled his ten-horse motor full, and primed her. His son rolled his pants a few more notches and shoved the boat out. The boat slipped silently through the water and slowly came to a stop about twenty-five feet from shore. With an oar he pointed the boat out towards the main body while his father fired the engine.

The boy fixed the lines, handed one back to his father and dropped his own over the side. They trolled up the lake out of the inlet. Hitting the middle of the lake they noted that it was suddenly calm. The roar of the outboard motor silenced all conversation and none was attempted. They pulled up by an old tree stump about six miles away from the launching site. The boy leaned forward over the cowl and dropped a thirty-pound piece of train railing over the side. The rope fed through his hands rapidly, feeling warm on cold flesh. His father whipped the stern painter over the old stump and the boat came to rest in the middle of the small inlet.

The boy changed the lines from lures to Golden Eagle hooks. The man put the minnows over the side and fastened the line around the middle seat.

Baiting their hooks with newly seined minnows, they settled back for a quiet morning of fishing.

Both were silent and no fish were caught. The sun was fast nearing the zenith and blazing down with Texas fury. The boy sighed.

"Don't scare the fish."

"What fish?"

"Must be here somewhere."

"I should have taught you patience long years ago."

"I got that but the fish have more."

"When I was your age or younger my dad use to make me fish without a hook."

"May have taught you patience, but I bet you went hungry."

"Speaking of hunger, pull the anchor up and let's go over to the island for lunch."

With a few heaves the boy pulled the anchor up and placed it in the bottom of the boat. The lines were pulled in last and the hooks placed in the minnow bucket. The boat chugged to the island. The man heaved the boat motor up about 20 feet from shore; she glided into the still water of a small lagoon-like beach.

"Let's seine here next time, Dad. Look at that school of minnows."

"A bass quick, get out a surface plug! Yes, that one. Put a little lead on it! Yes. Now cast right there. Good shot!"

"Strike! Strike!"

"Give him line. Let him run. What's he weigh?"

"Here dad, you land him."

"No, pull him easy. This way. He swallowed the hook. Watch that line. Keep it tight. Watch! Now pull. Pull in! Easy. He's running. Give him line."

"Dad, it's a black bass. See him break?"

"You got him, now pull easy. I'll get the landing net."

The boy followed the dancing tip of the rod. Water broke, fins flashed in the sun. He tugged, pulling the heavy bass into the shallow water. His father ran out about knee deep making little sound. He dipped the

net into the water until the rim touched the bottom of the lake. He held it so it would not drag in the sand.

"Work him this way. Quickly! Get him while he's tired. He may be gathering strength."

The boy worked the line so it was running over his dad's shoulders and then as he reeled in the line dropped beside his father's knees.

"Dad, he's going to throw the hook."

"No! I've got him. He's in the net. Hold the line a little tight."

The man ran out of the water. His son dropped his fishing rod. They stood looking at the fish.

"Let's measure him."

"Get the scales and ruler from the tackle box."

"A little over nine pounds."

The two trudged up the sandy bank, but the man turned and strung the fish and tied him to a small willow branch.

"Won't he get away?"

"No, son. Let's eat."

After a brief lunch cooked over a drift wood fire the two returned to the spot near the tree trunk where they had fished that morning. Still no luck. The afternoon vanished into a dusk that only Texas knows. The two lone figures lit the Coleman lantern and fastened it on a pole sticking out from the side of the boat. Still no fish. A soft breeze blew in from off the broad sweep of lake, shaking up slight waves. The two persistent figures fished on, outlined in almost solid black by the light of the lantern. The quiet putt-putts of the other boats returning drifted across the lake in the gathering wind.

"Ready to go, son."

"Guess so. Gee, dad, sorry you didn't get something.

"It was worth it, son."

The light breeze had grown into an almost tumultuous blast, the moon was hidden by large, black clouds blotting out all of the long stretch of water ahead of the small craft, which was chugging towards the launching site. Using the lantern as a leading light they headed homeward at full throttle. The boy stood up near the cowl holding the lantern on the right so his father could see the shore line. The heavy blast of wind was hitting the boat across the left side. She plunged and rose in the swell. Spray splashed the boat. The boy tossed a preserver back to his dad while he carefully fastened his own "Mae West."

"What a blow!"

"What?"

"Can you see?"

"What?"

"Can you see?"

"Yes!"

"The docks about three miles down the lake to the right, Dad. See the light!"

"What?"

"Can't seem to keep it away from the shore, son."

"What?"

"Can't seem to keep it away from the shore."

"Head out! Head into it!"

"Can't. Can't turn the prop!"

The blast shoved the boat shoreward. It twisted and turned. The large waves banged the portside carrying the boat toward the rock shore. The man yanked hard on the rudder. The boat swung slightly port-wise and outward. A wave pushed it back. It rushed shoreward.

"What'll we do!"

"I'll try heading it out again. It's too late to try to run for the inlet. I guess we'll have to ride it out."

(Continued on page 17)

LITTLE MAN ON THE CAMPUS . . . By Dick Bibler

"As you see, Miss Latoor, when you come in late you disturb the whole class."

I Believe

By John Penick

(With apologies to William Blake)

In original sin:

Little Jack Horner sat in his corner
Eating his Christmas pie.
He stuck in his thumb and he pulled out a plum
And he said, "What a good boy am I!"

In the fall of man:

Humpty-dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty-dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

In man's need of Christ:

Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn;
The sheep are in the meadows
And the cows are in the corn!

In man's eventual redemption:

Little Bow Peep had lost her sheep
And didn't know where to find them.
Leave them alone and they'll come home
Wagging their tails behind them.

In man's miserable disorder:

That little pig went to market,
But that little pig stayed home,
And that little pig had roast beef,
But that little pig had none.
And this little pig said "Wee! We! Wee!"
All the way home.

In God's omnipresence:

Mary had a little Lamb;
His fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went;
Her Lamb was sure to go.

In the Church's need of science:

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her poor dogs a bone;
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dogs had none.

In Christian martyrdom:

Black sheep, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full:
One for my Master; one for my Dame;
And one for the little boys who cry in the lane.

In co-existence

With Russia and China:

Jack Spratt could eat no fat;
His wife could eat no lean . . .
And so between them both
They licked the platter clean.

In the brotherhood of man:

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

In the Kingdom of God:

Hickory-dickory-dock!
The cat ran up the clock . . .
The clock struck ONE:
The race was done.
Hickory-dickory-dock.

MR. EGO

—by Bill Costas

Product of the wealthy but a follower of the poor . . .

It was hot and humid in Tony's. The blades of the fan hanging from the ceiling whirled lazily, only slightly stirring the thick air. The old man sitting on a bar stool near the end stared absently into his glass. Flies buzzed around his head. He only sat. A fat waitress with coarse, stringy hair was wiping glasses on the other side of the bar. It was two o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon.

"Jenny, what does a bar remind you of?" the old man said.

"Just like hundreds of other bars I've seen in my day!" she answered flatly.

"No, Jenny. A bar is an animal that sleeps during the day, digesting the victim that is in its belly. And with the first signs of night, it awakens and eagerly prepares itself for another victim. . . . Ready to pounce upon it and devour it."

"Yeah," she said, a little more interested. "I never thought of it that way. Tony sure socks 'em. He's an animal, all right. Hey, Governor, you musta went to college. You ain't like these other bums and juice-heads that hang around here. You got class."

"Thank you, my dear girl. I assure you Mr. Ego appreciates your kind and thoughtful compliments as much as I. Don't you, Mr. Ego? Of course he does! Now, Madam, be so kind as to serve Mr. Ego and me a bit of Scotch, eh?"

The old man shifted slightly on his stool, crossed his legs smoothly and thrust his left hand into the pocket of a well-worn tweed coat that was once fashionable and expensive. A deep sigh escaped his thin lips as he nervously fingered the few coins in his pocket.

"Yes, I had the misfortune of attending that institution of wealthy young brats called Pontford."

The waitress leaned forward on the bar, shifted her rear end for a better approach on the Coca Cola crate, stifled a yawn with a grimy hand, and asked, "Seems to me, Governor—now I ain't trying to be personal—but if you been to college and your old man had money like you say, what the hell you doin' down here?"

"Jenny, I am a product of the wealthy, but a follower of the poor. I am poor, so I belong with the poor, though it's no one's fault but my own and another man's." With that he shrugged his shoulders and asked for another drink.

"Their fine homes, cars, good whiskeys are the products of the sweat and toil of the common man, Jenny."

"You sure are bitter against the rich, ain't you, Governor?" Jenny said as she started a new approach on the crate.

"Not bitterness, Jenny, but pity. Yes, I can honestly say I pity those poor ulcerated fools who are breaking their flabby backs to become wealthy. Why? Money will put their names on the Social Register, it accents the importance of their names, and puts a bluish tinge to their blood. It makes them prominent. It will give them a key to the fairest clubs. So they believe! They are contemptible, egotistical despots!"

The old man was getting drunk. His eyes glistened with the tears he was holding back. He quickly downed the drink Jenny brought him, sighed deeply and stared despondently into the emptiness of his glass and of his life.

"Tell her the rest of it, why don't you? Tell her the rest of your troubles." The thoughts drifted through his mind like stale cigarette smoke. "Tell her of your own worthlessness. Tell her of a girl you once knew and married so long ago. Oh, so long ago! Tell her also of a pompous old man who thought more of what his club members would think of such a dastardly act than of the happiness of his own son. Maybe she would like to know why he disowned and disinherited you. Madam, the answer is in the question. Her parents had a funny-sounding name, but more important, they were not in the Social Register. But of course those are insignificant factors—of course they are!" The old man chuckled cynically to himself. He continued his musing. "But I defied them. Yes, I married her. It almost killed my old man—that was the juciest bit of gossip the vultures in Boston had had in a long time. Tetley's son marrying a nobody!" But the joke's on my old man. He went to all that trouble for nothing. Too bad he didn't know. Maybe he would have repented and sent some flowers. . . ."

He gazed at the amber colored liquid and smiled. His bitterness had left him.

"A toast, Mr. Ego. Raise your glass high! To one of the noblest of all arts—Drinking. A tribute to that glorious institute of higher drinking! OLD DRUNKARD! I drink to you. Drunkest of all schools, I pay thee homage."

The old man mumbled on, lost in the depths of despair.

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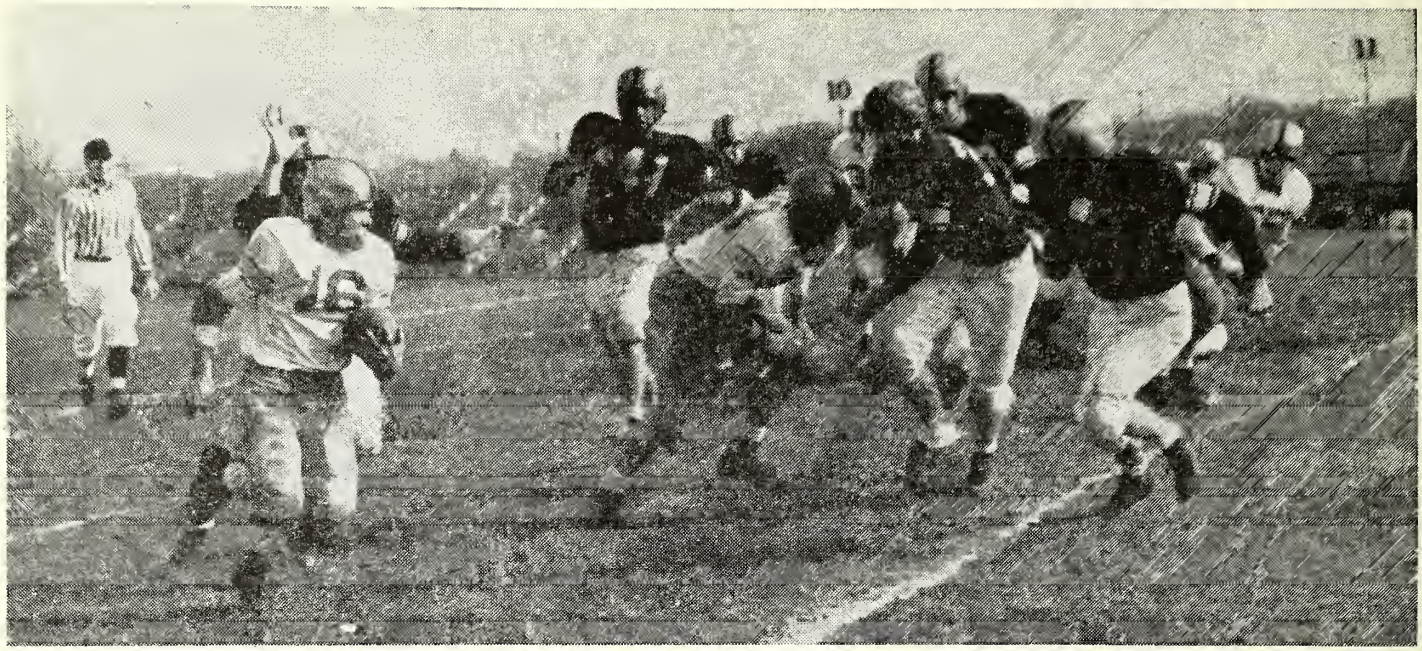


—Atkinson

Gold vs. Black

—by Wallace Watson

A TWO - HOUR - LONG head - butting session between the Terrier Golds and the Terrier Blacks not long ago furnished grid fans with plenty of excitement and gave hope to a coach and some stout-hearted kids.

The place was Snyder Field; the time was Friday afternoon, March 11; the coach was Conley T. Snidow, head Wofford grid coach, who was thinking about his next session; and the kids were the crippled children who receive benefit from the Crippled Children's Society.

Yes, the Civitan-sponsored event did net some donations that will make young lives happier. And it also showed a few things which can easily be interpreted as hopeful signs for the Terrier gridders in their 1955 season.

That '55 edition of the Gold and Black football outfit has some big shoes to fill after last year's successful season, which saw a mere four points keep the Snidow-men away from a perfect won-lost record. Still, they posted an 8-2 tally, which rated them among the best in this section of the country.

After a grueling six-weeks' spring practice period, the head mentor—as well as assistants Jim Brakefield, Bill McCarren, and Bob Fraley, were fairly well pleased with the outstanding spirit shown by the squad and the amazing "coverage" it had seen. That Friday afternoon game made things look a little better still. Of course, there were plenty of mistakes, plenty of weak points, but the overall play of a scrappy Terrier ball club showed that it has what it takes to win 'em!

They will definitely miss a trio of important ball players of last season. It will take a rougher-than-average tackle to come close to filling the gap which Bob McCully left in the line, and not just any center can step into the shoes of rock-hard Lee Ford. The same goes for the halfback spot left open by Little All-American Joe Hazle. But the answer to the important question—"Who?"—may lie in some ball players who played their hearts out in the intra-squad game.

It wouldn't be easy to single out any one man; almost all of them were playing their hardest. George "Lucky" Lawrence played havoc with the Gold defense as he chalked up an average of over nine yards per carry, and little Frank "Pee-Wee" Greene found himself to lead his Gold team in rushing. His 5.5 yard average was just inches better than that of Eddie Reed, an extremely dependable veteran.

Defensively, there was plenty of hitting along both lines. Veterans Jeter Hammond, big George Rice, and Jackie Sexton played their usual sharp games, with several newcomers and freshmen looking extra good.

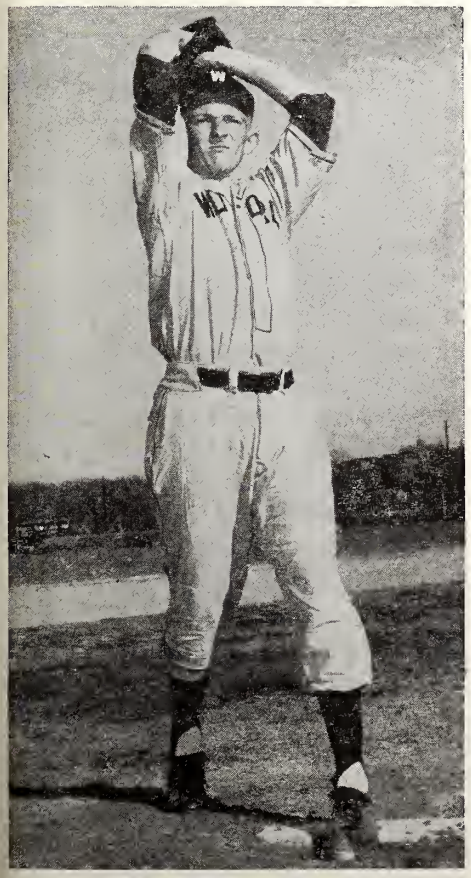
Injuries slowed down or kept out of play a few important players—including old-timer quarterback Charlie Jones, halfbacks B. B. Stevens and Dick Hussey, and veteran guard, Alf McGinnis. By next fall, however, they should be in top condition along with the rest of their teammates, and all of them together could produce one of the best records in this school's history. Only time will tell.

Spring Sports

—by Tom Summers

One of the most popular seasons of the college year now has descended upon the campus which contains the sprawling oaks and the Twin Towers. Until May 14 there will be full spring sports activity being carried on by the four major Terrier spring squads, and on many afternoons during the forthcoming weeks student sport fans will be spectators to an abundance of intercollegiate matches.

Coach Red Coleman returns again this year to guide the fortunes of the Terrier net squad, which is composed of six capable letter-winners. Seniors Frank Goodale, Cecil Smith, and Allan Hoffmyer led their mates in winning their opening match of the season on March 18 against Furman in Spartanburg. Goodale, last year's winner of the MVP trophy, heads the list of returnees, which includes junior Jim Bailey, and sophomores Dale Warner and Lee Mays.



McINTIRE

Approximately twenty men answered Coach Bill McCarren's initial call to try their talents out on the cinders this year. Due to lack of experience and depth the tracksters of last year underwent a fairly dismal season, but the prospects for this season tend to give the Terrier tracksters a chance to chalk up a good season's record. Among the seasoned vets who return this year are Sam Maw, Bill Baskin, Donnie Fowler, Harry Wallace, Johnny Ward, Jack Sexton, and Eddie Reed. There will be two home meets on Snyder Field this year in contrast to the school's having no home matches last year. P. C. poses as the first foe of the season on April 2 here on Snyder Field. The following two meets are out-of-town affairs, as the Flying Wofforders tackle Citadel on April 16 and Mercer a week later. On April 30 Coach McCarren will bring his squad back to home territory for a duel meet with the arch-rival Furman Purple Hurricane. Clinton will be host to all of the collegiate squads in the state on May 6 and 7, and Wofford will be represented for the second year in a row. The season will be completed on May 14 with a match against Emory in Atlanta.

* * * * *

Last year Wofford boasted of having the top diamond record in the state—Coach Jim Brakefield and his talented nine posted a 12 won and 5 lost record. This year the Terriers will be somewhat handicapped due to the loss of their entire starting outfield of last year, but a host of returning infielders will do much towards balancing the squad. The effective hurling twosome, Don Reeder and Tom McIntyre, are setting their sights for another successful tour of mound duty. Newcomer Dick Hussey will add a considerable amount of defensive and slugging ability to an experienced infield, which is composed of Russ King, Dennis Mathis, and Ben Koon. The catching department is in the hands of able receivers, Walt Sessoms and Jack Smith. The season gets under way on March 25 here as the Terriers take on the Lenoir-Rhyne Bears. The remainder of the schedule reads as follows: March 30, Catawba, here; 31, Lenoir-Rhyne, there; April 2, Citadel, here 13, Catawba, there; 16, Citadel, there; 18, Furman, here; 20, Erskine, here; 22, Davidson, there; 26, Davidson, here; 29, Newberry, here; May 2, P. C., there; 5, Furman, there; 7, Erskine, there; 10, P. C., here; and May 12, Newberry, there.

The 1955 golf squad faces a tough fourteen match schedule, and five returning linksters return from last year's team in order to improve on last year's record. Jack Hawkins, Vance Brabham, Marcus Huff of hole-in-one fame, Bob Fraley, and Ralph Moore will form the nucleus of this year's golf team. Early in the season Hawkins was holding down the number one slot, but Brabham and Huff were giving Hawkins a stiff battle for the coveted position. Furman offers the Terrier linksters the first match of the season here on March 15. The other matches are: March 17, Citadel, here; 25, P. C., here; 29, Clemson, there; April 1, Davidson, here; 12, Newberry, there; 15, Furman, there; 19, Clemson, here; 22, P. C., there; 26, Davidson, there; 29, Newberry, here; May 2, South Carolina, there; 3, Citadel, there; and May 5, 6, 7, SI Tournament in Athens, Georgia.

FARM PROBLEM

—by Richard Howle

Elephants or Mules??

THE activities around the 150-year-old farm of John Smith were in full blast. The mules, who had been the most outstanding animals for twenty years, were busy at their task of plowing corn and wheat fields. There were hundreds of pigs wading and wallowing in their muddy pens. Thousands of chickens flitted and fluttered in the summer sun.

The farm for many years had not been in perfect harmony. The pigs were asking for better facilities. They were tired of living in mud and eating the "slop" that the other animals did not want. The chickens had well-built houses, and were fed two or three times a day. Instead of mud, they had soft straw nests to lie in. This made the pigs envious of the chickens and therefore they were dissatisfied. The farm policy provided for equal facilities, but there were few signs of them.

Three of the pigs began organizing in order that they could go to the mules and demand better facilities. They had mentioned the matter to them before, but the mules did nothing about it .

"I think we ought to be just like the chickens," said the leader.

"That's right," added another.

"We've stood it long enough," declared the other.

"Those mules won't do anything we ask them," stammered the leader.

"Maybe we oughta make a change," said another.

"What kind of a change?"

"Well, uh — uh, how about elephants?"

"Elephants!" exclaimed the other. "Whoever heard of elephants on a farm?"

"Well, they've had them here before," answered the leader. "And they gave us equal facilities."

"How can we do it?" asked one of the pigs.

"Just be patient," answered the leader.

About two weeks later, the "5-star" circus came to town. And, much to the surprise of the pigs, there were some elephants with the circus. The circus animals were kept at the Smith farm. Every day the elephants walked around the farmyard. The shooting of water from their trunks thrilled the other animals.

"I like elephants," shouted one chicken.

"We do too," exclaimed the others.

The mules happened to notice that the popularity of the elephants was growing among the chickens and pigs. The elephants were concerned about the farm.

"This farm's in a mess, said one of the elephants. "Those mules ought to be run away from the farm."

"We ought to be able to do it," added another.

The chickens and pigs got together and began talking about the matter of elephants. However, there were some who objected to elephants. They wanted the mules to stay on the farm.

The popularity of the elephants grew so strong that the animals came to a decision. "We want elephants! We want elephants! We like elephants!" they said. And the elephants took over. The mules lost all their prestige because of their sudden laziness.

Immediately, the elephants began cleaning up the farm. The chicken snakes, that had been eating the chickens, were exterminated one by one. The chickens had tried for a long time to get the mules to fight the snakes, but they would not fight very hard.

Meanwhile the three pigs continued fighting for better facilities.

"Let's go talk to the elephants," suggested the leader.

"They promised to clean up the place," added another.

"Yes, we want to live like the chickens, and I know they'll help us," said the other.

The pigs went to the barn to talk to the elephants. They told the elephants about the way they had lived for many years.

"We'll see what we can do about it, you pigs—I mean, gentlepigs," declared one of the elephants. "It will require some serious thinking."

The chickens heard about the action being taken by the pigs. Tension mounted high among them and they looked upon the pigs as a group of demagogues.

"Pigs are pigs," they declared, "and they ought to be pigs."

The elephants were in a difficult position. "Maybe we ought to ask the mules to help us," said one of the elephants.

"They won't be able to do anything,' responded the other. You know how they feel about pigs."

"We'll ask them, anyway."

And so the mules and the elephants met together and began discussing the problem. Finally, a decision was reached after many months of angry debates: "We feel that pigs and chickens ought to be equal," the statment read: "We want unity and we feel that pigs and chickens can get along without any trouble."

The decision hit the farm like a bolt of lightning. The chickens shouted, "We've got enough manure in our own yards, and we don't need the pigs' manure. We're chickens and they're pigs."

Most of the pigs were disappointed too. "Just as sure as we live with

(Continued on page 15)

The Man

—by Joel Stone

Princeton
Nassau Lit

"You're drunk as hell, Peter."

"The hell I am. I am not drunk. Cold sober. I never get drunk." He stood up on his toes, smiled grotesquely, and rolled his eyes: "I'm just tip—sy, that's all."

"The hell you are," said George. "We should have stuck to the bridge game. I don't know why we let you start. You do the same damned thing every time."

"I—" he hiccupped loudly, "—hate bridge. Not my game. Never win. Why, do you know, George, my wife plays a better game of bridge than I do? Something a man shouldn't stand for. And I'll be damned if I will! George, I will never—my word of honor as a man, George!—I will never play bridge again. Never, never, never. My—" he hiccupped again. "—word on it." He offered his arm and shook hands with George, his jaw locked determinedly. "Settled. Forever and a day. We must always settle these things like men, George. Very important. I shake your hand and you shake mine and we're men again. Nothing so important as feeling like men. It's even good for the soul. Now get me another drink, old fellow."

"Are you crazy? You'll be on the floor soon, as it is. You're not touching another drop."

Peter drew himself up fully and looked coldly at George. "We're men, my dear fellow. I just shook hands with you on it. Pour me a drink."

"Don't be an ass."

"Will you get me a drink?"

"No."

Peter looked stunned for a moment and then burst out laughing, drawing himself up double until he had to hold on to the chair beside him. "Ha! So you tricked me. You're not a man after all, George. I knew it! I knew from the first time I saw you. You don't fool me, George. You're a woman, a positive woman." He reached one arm up and drew a diagonal in the air, speaking very deliberately. "I am crossing out our handshake, George, wiping it out! Leave me! Get thee to a nunnery. George, and let me talk to a real man." He turned to me. "You! What's you name?"

"George," I said.

He twisted his face in a rage. "Ow-w-w-w—another one? My God, aren't there anything but Georges in the world? Damn the Georges! They make me sick! I suppose you won't get me a drink either?"

"Well, I think you've had just about all you can stand, don't you?"

"Dammit, no!" he screamed. "I'm man enough to know when I've had enough. I'm no woman, you fools!" He clenched his fists and glared at us.

Joyce came into the room.

"You're disgusting, Peter. You get so damn stinking every time. If you can't hold your liquor better than a woman, you ought to stop trying. Every time you drink you flit around like a bird and then you start arguing like a damned fool. Why don't you go to bed?"

Peter looked around at us and smiled sickly. "Like my wife, gentlemen? Isn't she a lovely b — ch?" He turned to her. "You know something, Joyce? If you weren't my wife I'd seduce you. I'd even rape you in an alley."

LITTLE MAN ON THE CAMPUS . . . By Dick Bibler

"She's getting up off the sundeck now . . . Whose turn to phone her next time?"

"You're disgusting, Peter. You ought to find yourself a bathroom somewhere and vomit."

Peter smiled stupidly. "You're a regular charmer. Yes you are, Joyce. Now let's make believe you're not my wife." He bent forward and kissed her on the neck. She did not move but looked over his head with annoyance until he stood up.

"Go to bed, Peter. You always make such a damned fool of yourself when you're drunk."

Leering at her, he sat down in the chair. "I won't. I shall pass the entire night in this chair. I won't budge."

"Well," she said tiredly, "I'm not going to argue with you. You've made an ass of yourself as it is. Just sit there until you collapse. Only don't call me then. You can wipe it up yourself." She turned to us. "Are you coming?" We can't finish it up three-handed."

"All right," said George.

"I'll stay here for a while," I said. "He looks pretty tight. Does he always get this way?"

"Always," Joyce said monotonously.

"Well, anyway, you two go along and play gin. I'll be out in a little while."

"All right." They went out.

"Thanks, old man," said Peter. "And you are a man, I can see that. Now, pour me a drink."

He was shaky, although he sat stiffly in the chair. I thought that another drink would flatten him.

"Do you think you feel well enough, Peter? A quart is a lot of liquor."

"Yes, yes, of course I feel well enough. I feel fine! I could dance if I wanted to. I could sleep with my wife if I wanted to. Get me a drink."

"The last?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean."

"All right," he said, leaning back, "the last."

I went into the next room and poured a weak cocktail from the bar. George and Joyce were not there and the last bridge hand was spread out on the table. I returned to Peter and gave him the drink. He took half of it down with one gulp and hiccupped.

"How are the card players getting along?" he asked. "George'll lose his shirt if he doesn't watch out. My wife's a b—ch at gin, too."

He took down the rest of the drink and sat quietly for a few minutes. Then he began to move his head round and round, blinking his eyes. He sunk his chin into his chest and stared at me.

"I have a headache, George. A rotten headache."

I got up and took the glass out of his hand. His head was rocking from side to side and he looked sick. I took hold of his arm. "Come on, Peter."

"Where?" he asked blankly.

"Into the bathroom. You'll feel all right when you vomit it up."

He backed into the chair. "I don't want to vomit. Dammit, there's nothing more disgusting than vomiting. It makes me sick."

"You're going to feel sick as all hell unless you get rid of it," I said.

"I don't want to get rid of it," he said. "I liked it when I drank it and I like it now. And I'm not going to feel sick."

I stood behind him and propped him on his feet. He refused to walk and leaned all his weight against my arm. I began to push him toward the door. He stood up straight and turned around.

"Dammit! Stop pushing me! You're just like a woman, George. Now stop it and let me do my own walking. I'll vomit for you, but stop leading me around."

"All right, but walk." I propelled him into the bathroom and Peter stood over the toilet. He opened his mouth stupidly and looked down at the bowl. He was pressing his forehead with the palm of his hand and was shivering or trembling. He forced a cough once or twice and closed his eyes.

"That's not the way," I said. "You'll be standing there all night like that. Put your finger down your throat."

He put his finger into his mouth.

"Down!" I said.

He forced it down his throat and shuddered.

"Farther."

Shaking all over, he began to cough, the finger still in his mouth. He stood bent over the bowl, choking and his pale face dripping perspiration. For a few minutes he remained that way and then looked up at me. "No use. I can't." I pushed his head down again and shoved the finger down his throat. He coughed constantly and drily, spitting white now and then, and trembling all over. Pressing his palm against his forehead, he moaned and cried out. He looked up at me once, sweat and tears pouring down his red, strained, face, his lips distorted in a grin. "See what a great man I am? I can't even vomit." He shuddered and went back to the bowl. After a while the red liquid came spurting out and he choked and gasped until there was nothing coming out. I sent him back into the room and cleaned up When I joined him in a few minutes, he looked up at me sheepishly.

"Thanks, old man," he said.

"I did make a fool of myself, didn't I? I always do. I'm such a complete ass, it's a wonder people bother with me any more. Joyce doesn't. Neither does George. Can't blame them really. You just don't know me long enough. Still, I'm very grateful to you."

"How do you feel?"

"Better. Still wobbly, but I'm not drunk any more." He buried his head in his hands. "I don't know why I always do the same damned thing, time in and time out. I always make

such a complete ass of myself. But I start drinking and then I keep thinking that with just one more drink I can tear the world apart." He looked up at me. "I feel so damned strong then, George! I could take any b—ch and thrill her guts out of her. I could stand up and shake hands with anybody."

He was silent for a few minutes. Then he said, "Hear that?"

I listened and heard a car pull out of the driveway. "Yes. What about it?"

"That's George and Joyce," he said. "I know by now. First they go upstairs for a while and then they go out for a drive."

I sat staring at him and he leaned toward me and spoke. "You know what it's like, George? To sit here for hours and know that you're helpless? Hear them when they come back and strain your ears to catch a word that you know will kill you. Wait till they come back, George, you'll see how much fun it is to listen. But you're helpless. You can't fight them, George, they're too low. They don't know what it is to be gentlemen, George, like we know it. They're so damned low!"

I got up and walked to the door. "I think you ought to go to bed, Peter. Good-night."

He leaned back in his chair as I was closing the door. "I guess I'll have to drink alone tonight," he said.

COMMENTS

(From page 2)

Now and then we observe the Socialist trend, the Government should own and operate certain industries. I need not point out that the Communists in our country have long planned to have the Government take over the electric power business because electric power is the lifeblood of industry. If you control the power it is a short cut to control of all industry, and Communism will have won an easy victory.

Someone has said that the Government now collects fifty-two percent of Corporation profits and up to ninety-one percent of the income of some individuals. That being so, what man is so foolish as to want a lot of politicians and bureaucrats to operate industries in the name of the Government? Wouldn't you rather collect 62 percent, without investment, and without risk, instead of dreaming and enjoying fantasies of Government-operated business?

* * *

"What's th hurry?"

"Just bought a textbook and I'm trying to get to class before the next edition comes out.

FARM PROBLEM

(From page 12)

chickens, we'll have to lay eggs," they claimed. "We want to be pigs, not chickens!"

The elephants saw that there was still disunity among the animals.

"Please be patient," they said. "Just take your time and let things work out the best way possible."

The three pigs were very exuberant. "At last," they shouted, "we have gotten the decision that we have worked for. Let us continue to help the pig go forward."

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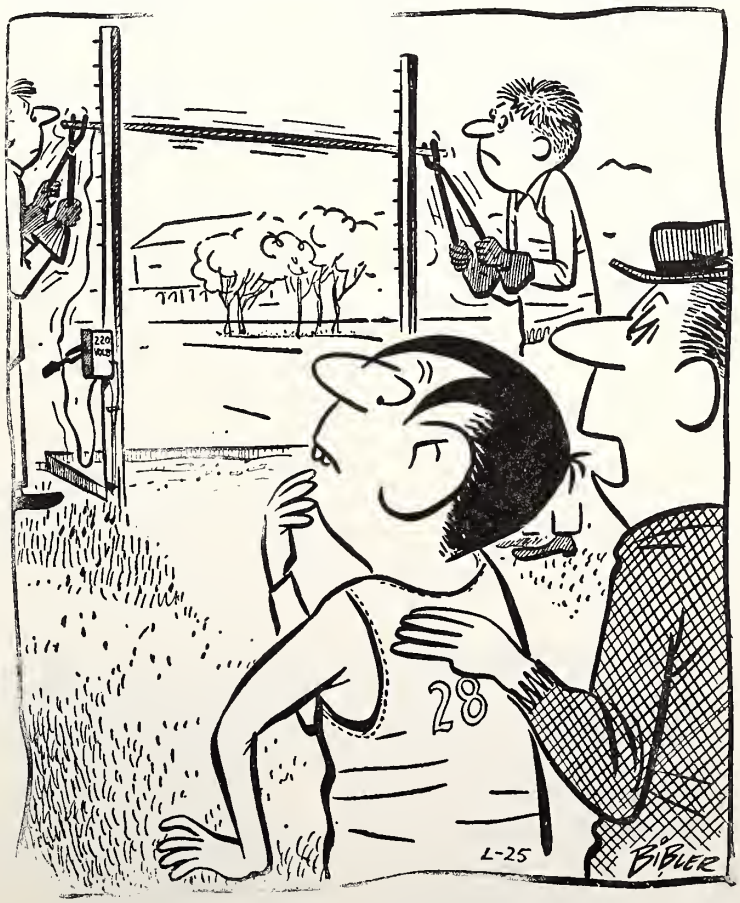
LITTLE MAN ON THE CAMPUS . . . By Dick Bibler



"Now, this is the peg you've had so much trouble clearing."

SEX FEELINGS

(From page 5)

cal and social world. Of the many that Murray listed, I have drawn twelve for demonstrative purposes.

NEED SATISFACTION IN COITUS

Need Type*	Possible Source of Satisfaction in Act
Achievement	Accomplished submission of mate in climax.
Dominance	Mastery of mate's will and body by action.
Exhibition	Demonstration of attractiveness and potency.
Autonomy	Conquest of mate to self-will: sense of mate's submission—"freedom."
Counteraction	Trade of caress for caress, action for action.
Harmavoidance	Protective suggestion of embrace, and oblivion to fear.
Defendance	Caresses sugg. of protection; strength against harm shown.
Abasement	Conquest of subject's body by the mate's action.
Affiliation	Sense of "belonging" to mate.
Nurturance	Caress & penis-invasion, sugg. of breast feeling, etc.
Aggression	Violence done to body and emotions of mate.
Rejection	Coitus-preoccupation, sugg. of rejection of "ugly world."

*From David McClellan: *Personality*, p. 408.

I do not maintain that all of these needs exist or are strong in every person. They will exist, and in strength, in proportion to the kinds of experience the person has had through life. But *he will perform the coitus act in such a way as to satisfy these needs for himself*. For example, if he has a strong need for aggression, he will be very violent to his mate, trying to hurt her and ravish her in every way possible. If he has a strong need for nurturance, he will try to cuddle her as a baby cuddles its mother, and his caresses and invasion will be of a tender, intimate nature. If both of these needs are strong in the person, the coitus expression will vascilate between violence and tenderness, depending upon the degree to which one need has already been satisfied in the act and upon the meaning of the immediate responses of the mate to him.

Close examination of the list of needs will show that they are equally applicable to both men and women in our society. For example, the need for achievement in woman is satisfied in having brought an active male to submission during his sense of impotency and pacifism after climax. For the man it finds satisfaction in the caused orgasm of the woman. Men are abased in the sex act by the "pleasure-hurt" of the ejaculation, with ensuing peace which strips them of potency temporarily. Women are abased by the invasion of their body and the ensuing "pleasure-agonies" of orgasm. Women dominate men with their beauty and seductiveness; men dominate women with their conquest of women's bodies. Needs for aggression are commonly expressed by both men and women by scratching, squeezing, biting, etc.

However, with the close affinities of the needs of men with the needs of women, and their varying sources of satisfaction in coitus, it must be observed that the bi-sexual differentiation of roles throughout our society conditions two generally different temperament types. Woman's place is culturally defined as being "in the home." Her achievements must be in areas of sacrificial giving of herself to the happiness of her husband, to the child-birth, and to child-nurture processes. We find in Western woman a general tendency toward masochism, or the need to be hurt, perhaps a symbol of accomplishment in the home. Man, on the contrary, must "make something of himself in the world," by cultural definition. He must force submission to this will in business, politics, and the like.

We find in the male a general tendency toward sadism, or the need to hurt someone else as symbolic of accomplishment in the outside world. It is one of the beauties of Western sex life that the masochism in the female finds satisfaction in the sadism of the male, and that the sadism in the male finds satisfaction in the masochism of the female. Along with this runs a parallel in the social system: men are to be aggressive initiators (sadistical), while women are to be submissive followers (masochistic). Though deviancies sometimes occur in the form of homosexuality, the social system is the major source of harmony for temperament expression in both dating relationships and the coitus act itself. If the explicit role definitions for men and women were reversed, while society were conditioning them in the way they are, a major source of conflict and social

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disorganization would occur: personality traits would be disharmonious with role expectancies, and the work of the society could not be done. This, thank God, is generally not the case. If the woman can be hurt in coitus, she is made happy, generally speaking. If the man is hurting her in coitus, he is happy, generally speaking. Exceptions do not disprove the principle. When lovers act this way, they do not hate each other, but do violence and receive it in order to make each other happy. This, when other things are taken into account, is one of the major sexual pleasures in Western society.

Conclusion: Why Sex Matters Are so Popular in America

The thesis of this paper has been that the coitus act is a projective medium: it is an unstructured situation which lovers mold into conditions satisfying the psych-social needs that they have. Their traits determine the degree to which they are able to satisfy each other, so that an exclusion process is in operation in selecting sex partners. Values of one lover point up the ways of acting and looking of the other lover that are important and attractive to him. If these appearances, embraces, etc., allow him to project his need-satisfactions into them, he is made happy, temporarily.

The application of this thesis to the original problem of determining the popularity of sex matters is simple. SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS *PROMISE* TO SATISFY ALL OF THE NEEDS AND VALUES OF THE INDIVIDUALS INVOLVED. They never do this in actuality, but often closely approximate complete satisfaction of all the needs. Complete satisfaction depends upon the personalities of the mates, which is always varying somewhat in both of them. As sex relationships produce a varying degree of total satisfaction, sex life itself is pointed up more and more as a panacea, a source of complete happiness in the world. One might thus say that lovers are not just in love with each other, or in love with love, but that they are primarily in love with the temporary satisfaction of all their needs. They are driven to engage in as much and as varying a sexual life as possible in order to accomplish this state of complete satisfaction. They move on in their pilgrimage, even in the face of often persistent disappointment, because they can always manage to project some satisfaction into their past relationships, and these satisfactions hold out great *promise* for the future.

* * *

The reason the Romans gave up their big holidays was the overhead. The lions ate up all the prophets.

STORM

(From page 7)

The man waited until the crest of a wave had passed, then he pulled on the rudder. The boy leaned portward, the boat swung abruptly out into the storm. The two figures in the small boat relaxed. The five feet high waves and gale strength wind allowed it to make no progress. The boat bounded high then fell in rhythmic fashion. The bang on the bottom of the boat was audible to the two above the storm. The motor stopped.

"What happened?"

"Water in the spark plugs!"

The boat headed in again. The waves roared on the close-by coast. The boat was banged by the surf into the rocks. They were jolted back and forth. The boat breached, bounced up the beach and flipped over, throwing the two clear. The equipment was pulled towards the lake by the undertow. The two, badly bruised, climbed around the shore picking up the supplies.

"Grab the boat!"

"What about the motor?"

"It's still on the boat."

They tugged the boat well away from the shore.

"Got most of the equipment."

"Yes."

They stood looking at the boat. Then the rain came and covered them. They started the long walk around the inlet to their car on the other shore.

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A farmer took his son to the county fair. While there, the young boy watched the proceedings with great interest. Finally, he turned to his er to ask:

"Why does that man go around pinching the sows?"

"He's doing that because he wants to make sure he buys good, firm meat," explained the father.

Back home a few days later the youngster called excitedly to his father: "Hurry, Dad, hurry—the iceman wants to buy the cook."

* * *

Scene in an English barroom:

Limey: "Allo, Mary. Are you 'aving one?"

Mary: "No, it's just the cut of me coat."

Girl: Sometimes my father takes things apart to see why they don't go.

Boy: So what?

Girl: So you'd better go.

* * *

A traveling salesman ran out of gas one evening on a lonely road and asked at the only farmhouse in sight:

"Can you put me up for the night?"

"I reckon I can," said the farmer, "if you don't mind sharing a room with my young son."

"Good heavens," gasped the salesman, "I'm in the wrong joke."

* * *

Mrs. R: Is that drunken husband of mine in jail again?

Police Captain: Yes, he is.

Mrs. R: Well, keep him there. I've rented out his room.

* * *

Professor: Are you sure this story is original?

Student: Certainly it is.

Professor: Heavens be praised. That I should at last meet Rudyard Kipling!

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"I hear that Jones left everything he had to an orphan asylum."

"Is that so? What did he leave?"

"Twelve children."

* * *

An inebriated man walked into an elevator shaft, fell four floors to the bottom, stood up, brushed himself off, and shouted, "I said UP!"

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A patient in a mental hospital kept trying to get the attendant to call him by his rightful name, Napoleon the Great.

"How do you know you're Napoleon?" the attendant asked.

"God himself told me," the patient answered.

"Who said I did?" called a voice from the next bed.

* * *

Willy: I never felt so punk in all my life.

Nilly: Do any drinking last night?

Willy: Yes, and when I went to bed I felt fine. But when I woke up I felt terrible. It was the sleep that did it.

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The major menaces on the highways are drunken driving, uncontrolled thumbing, and indiscriminate spooning. To put it briefly: hic, hike, and hug.

* * *

Wife to absent-minded professor: Do you realize we were engaged 25 years ago today?

Prof: Eh? Why didn't you remind me of this before? It's high time we were married.

* * *

Housewife (to garbage man) — "Am I too late for the garbage?"

Garbage man—"No, ma'am, jump right in."

* * *

"I never drink, smoke or have anything to do with women, and tomorrow I'm going to celebrate my twenty-fifth birthday."

"How?"

* * *

Biology student: "Say Prof, why do you check the roll every day?"

Biology Prof (smiling): "I just like to see you boys in lab."

Voice in the Rear: "Yeah, it keeps us off the streets."

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A college freshman was being severely criticized by his professor.

"Your work should be so written even the most ignorant will be able to understand it."

"Yes, sir," said the student. "What part didn't you get?"

* * *

"Did you get home from the party all right last night?"

"Fine, thanks, except that just as I was turning into my street, some idiot stepped on my fingers."

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"You should be able to, you've had enough practice."

* * *

Prof (taking up exam papers): "Why the quotation marks on this paper?"

Student: "Courtesy to the man on my right, sir."

* * *

"Pilot to tower, pilot to tower: plane out of gas; am one thousand feet and thirty miles over the ocean. What shall I do?"

"Tower to pilot, tower to pilot: repeat after me—Our Father who art in heaven ——"

* * *

Girl: "I want some real kiss-proof lipstick."

Clerk: "Try this. It's a cross between an onion and bichloride of mercury."

* * *

Professor: Study hard, pupils. The examination papers are already in the hands of the printers. Now, are there any questions?

Voice from rear: Yeah, who's the printer?

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The Journal

May

55

The Journal

Volume 78, Number 5
MAY, 1955

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MISS MOLLY ARIAL OF CONVERSE COLLEGE
PHOTO BY SAM ATKINSON

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Editorial - - -

Here it is spring again, and time for the last issue of *The Journal.* Time does fly—it seems only weeks since we were working on the first issue.

This year has been a very eventful one for *The Journal.* When I ran for the editorship last year, I ran on a platform of making certain changes in *The Journal.* I believe everyone will agree that it has been changed—for better or for worse. I have tried to carry out my promises and put out a "balanced" magazine — one which each one of you students could find something that you wanted to read. To do this, I have added feature stories, sports stories, cartoons, jokes, and pictures to the regular repertoire of essays, short stories, scientific articles, and poems. I have felt justified also in varying the length of *The Journal* instead of rigidly following the 28-page tradition. This was done partly for reasons of economy, and partly to avoid "stretching" or wasting of space.

During the course of the year there have been some mistakes made in carrying out these plans—however, I think I can safely say that they were honest mistakes. It is, as everyone knows, always much easier to see things by hindsight than at the time when a decision must be made. Of course, that doesn't justify a mistake —a mistake is a mistake any way you look at it. The blame has to fall on those responsible for making them. Still, there is something to be gained from mistakes—and that something is experience. . . . I sincerely hope that those who follow me will be guided by my experiences, and avoid some of the pitfalls that I blundered into.

Before closing, I want to take this opportunity to thank those of you on the staff, and all of you contributors who have given so freely of your time, talent, and effort in carrying out this undertaking. It is really the work of you people who make this magazine possible. Last, but certainly not least, I want to thank Altman Printers for their cooperation and assistance. . . . As for me, I've certainly enjoyed "muddling through."

—D.L.L.

Christianity In Athletics

—by Tom Summers

One of the major forms of entertainment present in our American society today is athletics. This type of activity, in which both the participant and spectator can share, seems to be playing a large role in helping to develop the minds and bodies of millions of people in the United States. There are many aspects of athletics that tend to produce motives for making one desire to take part in the various types of games and sports, and oftentimes there is one phase of athletics that entirely is neglected by many people —that phase, being the influence that Christianity does and can play on athletics.

If the cultivation of Christian principles would be of prime importance in athletics throughout the Nation, then athletics undoubtedly would be able to have a larger and stronger influence on this country. There can be found today many instances where the various types of athletics exemplify negative characteristics of true Christian principles. There is the case of the fame-seeking athlete who will attempt to utilize the efforts and sacrifices of his teammates in order to receive the recognition which he feels that he deserves. His sole objective and desire in athletics apparently is to obtain the adoration of many people. Then, there are the instances where a coach, or even an intramural performer in a college athletic program, continuously displays his unsportsmanlike tactics and conduct by scolding and arguing with an umpire or referee on almost every decision which must be rendered by the arbitrator. This type of bombastic attitude demonstrates the "win at any cost" feeling which some coaches, athletes, and fans possess. The actual application of those morals and the conduct that were set down through the life of Jesus Christ is a necessity if our athletics are to be used as a means of revealing and spreading Christianity.

Frequently shame and dishonor is brought upon our national athletics when the participants in the athletics activities do not realize that their actions, whether they be on or off the athletic field, have such a large influence on the thinking of many youth. Many young people view the actions of highly regarded high school, collegiate, or professional athletes as agencies to construct their own behavior patterns. The eminent athlete who does not take the responsible attitude of attempting to perform in the manner that Christ performed his existence on earth is missing an opportunity to help develop

(Continued on page 18)

"The Two-Inch Fence"

—by C. D. Barrett

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me . . ."

SEVERAL years ago, there was a fence two inches high between Wofford College and a little shanty-town a quarter of a mile away called "Gasbottom." On opposite sides of this "fence," over which the Clinchfield & Ohio clattered to and fro day in and day out, were located two separate and entirely distinct worlds.

One was a world of literacy, spiced with even a smattering of scholarship. Ph. D.'s and "professors," students and even an occasional scholar walked its quiet leaf - strewn pathways, while a time-wizened old academic hall lifted its two arms in benediction over the whole scene.

This was the "world" on the uphill side of the "fence." A picture of the other "world" on the other side of the "fence" left a different impression on the film of the human spirit. Indeed, intrepid insurance men, used to a dangerous debit, were the only outside souls brave enough to cross the "fence" on foot, and few, if any, of them would have dared after dusk.

Dozens of shanties, each indistinguishable except by the number of holes in the roof and the number of laundry shirt-boards where window panes used to be . . . dozens of half-naked, runny-nosed children schooled in little more than how to "chunk" a rock and how to "flick" a knifeblade . . . and dozens of juvenile delinquency problems, which caused the Spartanburg Police Department's "B C" consumption to reach new peaks . . . this was the world on the "downhill" side of the fence.

The two worlds seldom met, except when perchance a hardy *voyageur* from the uphill side traveling on foot happened to take the shortcut to that other "feminine" world across the way where Wofford men are wont to go; and then generally the meeting was held on the terms of the lowersiders, with the Woffordian outdistancing two taxi drivers and a Mary Black-bound ambulance as well as a dozen or so well-flung rocks from the Gasbottom forces.

After only so much of this, the two-inch fence between the uphill world that was (and still is) Wofford, and the valley civilization of adolescent primitives which was Gasbottom grew to be respected; and the two worlds mingled only when an occasional brickbat would fly across the "fence" and smash a Wofford windshield, or when some foolhardy uphill adventurer forgot his compass and lost his way. The two worlds, one black, one white, remained as separate and as distinct as the two colors of their inhabitants.

Into this situation of peaceful, but prejudiced, coexistence came a man with an idea—and a heart full of Christian love. This man — R. D. "Buddy" McGee, Wofford's Director of Religious Activities from 1951-53 —shared with the musical philosopher of yore the feeling that "You may play a tune on either the black or the white keys, but, for fullest harmony, both must be used."

Mr. McGee, with the cooperation of a group of conscientious citizens from both "worlds," put his idea into action. And "Brotherhood Center," which was chosen as the name for Mr. McGee's idea, soon became more than simply an idealistic idiom. The "fence" began to be crossed once again from the uphill side, and boys who had been armed only with their two feet on their previous sojourns through Gasbottom valley went back armed with slingblades, baseball bats, and a keenly-whetted "sword of the Spirit."

Thus, "Brotherhood Center," a playground for Negro children, came into being. And, ironically enough, a playground had replaced what had come near to being a battleground.

Under the leadership of Wofford and Converse SCA leaders, and especially of Farrell Cox and Joe Herron, Wofford's first Brotherhood chairmen, the tottering infant of 1951 gradually gained strength. More and more children began participating in the playground activities and in the prayers at the close of the day's play, and financial assistance, a much - needed aid, was forthcoming from the Spar-

tanburg County Foundation, the Wofford Interfraternity Council, and the Spartan Junior Welfare League.

New blood (but not of the literal kind) came on the scene. Mr. McGee departed for new pastures of service, and was replaced by the able and hard-working Dr. Ray Allen. Under Dr. Allen's guidance and that of the student leaders, like Toby Davis, L. R. Connor, and Elton Hendricks, along with that of citizens of the community, the work has continued in a consistent, though at times tedious, manner. One notable recent development has been an increase in student participation and interest made possible by the Wofford SCA's Organizational Plan, while physical improvements have included the erection of basketball goals (generously given by the Wofford Athletic Department) and of a permanent building for storage of equipment.

Today, the two-inch "fence" between the "worlds" is still present. The tracks are still there, and many of the differences between the two "worlds," such as cultural and educational differences, are still present. But the great difference—the *spiritual* difference, which is so often the mother of prejudice, has been to a great degree overcome. Spartanburg juvenile officials report that the delinquency problem in the neighborhood has been greatly diminished, and that conduct as a whole is much better. And Wofford workers at the playground can verify the fact that the catcalls and curse words once heard so often have been replaced by the linked hands and bowed heads of a prayer circle, and the lips of a little colored boy, saying: "The Lord watch between me and thee, while we are absent one from another."

What has been responsible for this remarkable transformation? The answer lies in three things—first, a good idea; second, plenty of hard work; and, above all else, that greatest of all God's gifts, the wonderful transforming power of *Christian Love*.

TO THE READERS of *The Journal:*

In a former article I attempted to show that human beings put too much importance on sexual matters. I want to apologize for not making my meaning clear, for trying to explain something I wasn't ready to handle, and something the readers were even less ready to receive. My intention was to lift people to a higher plane of thinking by doing away with mystery and superstition. Though the attempt was unsuccessful, I can still say with Paul, "There is therefore no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." —John Penick

JOBS FOR MILLIONS

—Federal Career Service

A News Release of Interest to All

The Federal Government is the Nation's biggest employer, and one of its best. In providing the many services, both national and international, required by the public, the Government employs 2,300,000 civilian workers. They staff more than 60 departments and agencies and are stationed throughout the United States, in its Territories and possessions, and in many foreign countries. They are engaged in about 15,000 different occupations representing nearly every kind of work that is found in private employment, as well as some that are peculiar to Government.

You can get an idea of the Government's manpower needs when you consider that more than 20,000 employees are at work in the physical sciences, nearly 50,000 in engineering, 10,000 in the social sciences, 17,000 in personnel administration and industrial relations, 66,000 in medicine and allied fields, 8,000 in education, 77,000 in accounting and fiscal work, and 57,000 in inspection and investigative activities.

Characteristics of the Federal Career Service

The Federal career service is the backbone of Government administration. Because of the size and scope of the Government's activities, it is essential that there be a continuing corps of trained and experienced career civil servants to preserve the continuity of established Federal programs.

A primary and traditional characteristic of the Federal career service is, of course, open competition for employment—an equal opportunity for all citizens to compete for positions in the public service. The qualifications needed for Government employment are basically much the same as in industry; education in the field of chemistry, for example, will prepare you for a chemist's job in either private or public employment. However, there are differences between the Governments methods of selection and those of private employers. Both try to attract well qualified applicants; but while the private employer need only satisfy himself that he employs persons who are qualified to do the work, the Government must satisfy the public that it employs the best qualified person available for each job and that selection is based on merit and fitness alone.

Other characteristics of the career service are training, opportunity for advancement, incentive awards, a reasonable degree of job security, career benefits, adequate pay, and provision for retirement. The Federal Government as an employer offers all these advantages, most of them on much the same terms as progressive private employers.

I believe that the chief attraction of Government employment, however, is the work itself—work of vital importance to the national welfare and security. It affords an opportunity to play some part in events and programs of national significance.

The executive branch of the Government provides the machinery by means of which the will of the majority of the people is transformed into programs of public action. It is stimulating and challenging to be identified with such programs, and there is real satisfaction in knowing that the work you do makes a definite contribution to society.

Recent and Prospective Improvements

The administration of the Federal career service is not static. With the maintenance of a strong merit system as its chief responsibility, the Civil Service Commission is constantly working on new methods of improving Federal personnel administration, to be put into effect either through administrative action or, where necessary, through new legislation. An aggressive and dynamic program in 1954 brought about the following improvements, among others: group life insurance, unemployment compensation, a new incentive awards program, numerous improvements in pay administration, and a new appointment system for the competitive service which provides top job security for those employees who demonstrate a sincere interest in a Government career.

Our improvement program for 1955 includes legislative proposals for revision of the Classification Act pay scales, employee training, and group hospital and medical insurance. In the field of pay, the Administration is asking not only for an increase in salaries, but also for adjustments of the grade structure to relieve the compression between the lower and higher grades. Due to a number of flat-rate pay raises in the last several

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From The Carlisle Oratorical

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Due to the interest and enthusiasm shown in the oratorical contest this year, we have decided to publish the speeches of the two finalists.*

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE MAN OF 1955

I AM THE American college man of nineteen nundred and fifty-five. Born of a goodly heritage, I am a respected and an intelligent member of my society. I am . . . No! . . . No, this is not what I am . . . nor perhaps what I shall ever be. Rather hear this:

In the eyes of the ignorant I am a pretentious creature . . . in the eyes of the learned I am as a stumbling child. As a product of the technical schools, I am scored as a narrow-minded materialist, devoid of the esthetic qualities of life . . . as a seeker of the liberal arts I am accused of wasting the great laboratories, filled with their tools for unfolding the wonders of the universe . . .

When I exceed the commonplace thinking of my fellowman and dare to tread into the realms of reason, while others dwell in the safety of faith I am called a liberal. And yet when I accept and abide exactly by the plans which have been laid before me . . . then I am a simple conformist.

When I lift high the banner of God and proclaim from the housetops the equality and brotherhood of all mankind . . . then I am a fanatic . . . and when in my moments of doubt and despair I cry out "there is no God!" . . . I am deserted and left alone in my agony.

When, like morsel held above the mouth of a hungry dog, academic ratings are held high as the sole criteria of knowledge and the quest thereof . . . when blinded momentarily by the supposed glories this goal can offer . . . I stumble and fall . . . I am damned as a cheat and a failure.

When I go out upon the athletic fields to build my body as a strong home for my searching mind, there . . . there I see my prowess prostituted by those who would make it big business and a show for material gains.

When I feel the future of my Nation . . . yes, even the destiny of my civilization being entrusted to me . . . I laugh loudly . . . cry deeply and love passionately . . . not as expressions of an immoral and decadent generation but as expressions which would camouflage the frightening realization of the task that lies ahead.

When I stop to watch a cloud drift by . . . to hear the song of a bird . . . to stoop and pick a flower . . . I am viewed as a madman and a dreamer.

I am the American college man of nineteen fifty-five . . . I acknowledge my many faults, but I ask that my judges distinguish between my faults of growth and those born of malice . . . know me for what I am, not for what I appear to be. . . . To those who would educate me to be only informed, I ask that rather you would train me to be useful and creative . . . for I believe in the words of Whitehead, "A merely well informed man is the most useless bore on God's earth." I further believe that it is my primary duty as an undergraduate, not to become a master of History or of Mathematics or a master of Business, but rather it is my first duty to become a master of myself, my thoughts and my actions. . . .

I am the American college man of nineteen hundred and fifty-five. This, then is my case. Understand me . . . and help me to do these things and I will give you a MAN like the world has never known.

The age of oratory has not passed; nor will it pass. The press, instead of displacing the orator, has given him a larger audience and enabled him to do more extended work. As long as there are human rights to be defended; as long as there are great interests to be guarded; as long as the welfare of nations is a matter for discussion, so long will public speaking have its place.

—WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Contest of 1955

A LITTLE BIT OF SILVER . . .

—by Reggie Thackston

Out of the lands far to the east, there comes to us an old story concerning a certain wise man and his disciple. So the story goes, on a bright summer day the two men climbed a hill overlooking the city in which they lived, and upon reaching the top, the sage handed to his pupil a small piece of glass. "Look through this, my son," he said, "and tell me what you see."

The youth looked, and then replied, "I see the blue sky, the city below us, the people in the city, and the beauty of all nature around us."

"Quite true," said the sage, and then he handed to the youth a mirror of the same size. "Look through this, and tell me now what you see."

Again the youth looked, and after a moment replied, "I see only myself."

"True," said the wise man. "See what a difference a little bit of silver makes."

Only a few short weeks ago, we voted on a proposed *System of Student Discipline*—a new and different sort of thing—a plan of discipline whereby the actual and final authority in disciplinary matters would have been turned over to us—to a group of men that we would have elected.

You know the *result* of that vote. Two hundred and twenty-five to 180 we chose to reject the new plan—to retain the status quo—and I cannot help but feel that in so doing we made a grave error in our judgment—that we let the opportunity to create something good and constructive go by. Why did we reject the proposed system? Why were 225 men opposed to the change? Were these anti-student discipline votes actually votes against the idea of moving toward an honor system here at Wofford?

Certainly a number of the anti-system votes were cast by men who had, and have, the conviction that the plan of discipline as presented by this year's council was the wrong thing for our school. But—judging from some of the opinions which were expressed in this chapel prior to the vote—I'm afraid that too many of us were influenced by "*that little bit of silver*"—by the simple but all-important question "*How will the form of discipline affect me and my actions?*" And so, rather than risk the change—rather than give this new idea a try—we chose to maintain the status quo.

Now there are, of course, a dozen or more ways to rationalize on the matter—to say that we were not influenced by a "little bit of silver."

We may ask—and many do ask—"*What's wrong with the status quo?*" with the system of discipline that we already have?

And the answer, to my mind, is simply this—nothing is wrong with the system that we have. Nothing at all—if—we are willing to admit that we are college boys, not college men. And that as boys, we are incapable of handling our own discipline problems; that we are *not mature enough* to *administer* our own *rules*, to *govern oursleves*. And like it or not, my friends, it all boils down to the business of governing ourselves—for unless we are willing to accept the responsibility for our actions and the administration of our rules, we can have no *real Student Government*.

It is my belief that in this matter of establishing "real student government" we find the heart of the need for a new type of disciplinary system. It is not that we need a new system to control drinking in the dormitories or cheating in the classrooms, for despite what some may say, I cannot and do not believe that Wofford men are or ever will be a race of drunkards or cheaters. It is just as firmly my belief, however, that unless we are willing to take over our own disciplinary matters, we can never truly call ourselves *Wofford men*.

Then, too, there are those who say that "the change is too great to be undertaken at the present." That the idea is good, but—that "*Wofford is not ready* for a disciplinary system under student control."

Well, gentlemen, I'll admit that the "not ready" argument sounds pretty good. All of us are, quite naturally, just a little afraid of change—and the "not ready" argument is a reasonable excuse for postponing any change. But, I ask you this, if we are not ready now to make the change, to assume the responsibility for our discipline problems—when will we be ready?

There are hundreds of schools in our Nation today that have in effect some sort of honor or disciplinary system — the neighboring institution of higher learning at Clinton, P. C.—is a member of this group. It is indeed doubtful that at the beginning of this year—when the P. C. system went into affect — that the student body over there felt "ready" for the change. But ready or not the change was made, the system was put into

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THE HANDS WITH TWO ROLES

"I Knew a Boy a Long Time Ago . . .

"I REPEAT, the laws, secular and divine, hold every man completely responsible for his actions. If you kill a man, the judge in the Criminal Court will send you to the electric chair. If you don't repent before you burn, you'll resume burning on Judgment Day," the young attorney said. "You have free will."

"Perhaps, you have some of the answer, young man," the white-headed doctor said. "Much can be added.

"Chance, I maintain, plays an important part in every man's life. Chance, accident or ignorant determinism. Call it what you like. But you can't ignore it.

"I knew a boy a long time ago who, but for chance, would have killed a man. Fifteen years later, he saved the same man's life. How? By chance.

"Many years ago, in a little agricultural town in the South, John Jackson slowly walked home after a long day at school. On the day before, his father had assigned him to plow the north-field.

"John had never taken an interest in farming — especially farming for someone who farmed for someone. At fifteen, he couldn't understand why his father always shared the crops with the man who lived in the big, four-column house. Sure, he had heard of 'private property,' but he had heard of 'stewardship,' too. 'Whose stewardship is this land, anyway?' he used to ask his father. 'Shut up, and git to work,' his practical father always said.

"John's ninth-grade teacher had told him that he should study more seriously the physical sciences. She had said that John was an above-average student. This was sweet music to John's ears. He wanted independence and prestige. 'Set your ambitions high, study hard, work hard, and some day, you will achieve the independence and prestige that you so ardently desire,' she used to tell him.

"John talked a lot about his dreams. He adopted literally the good, puritanical virtues suggested by his teacher. Old Jackson never paid any attention to his son's dreams though. 'You're too high-minded for your britches, boy,' he used to say. 'Dreams ain't practical.' Good sharecroppers are down-to-earth, practical men.

"Every Friday, after all the farmwork was finished, Old Jackson habitually went down to Jake Bolling's General Merchandise Store to buy a bottle of 'Jake's Crystal Water.' He'd always shake the bottle and say, 'Man, look at them beads! I don't know how you do it, Jake. You got the best liquor still in this section.' Then he'd turn the bottle up and guzzle it.

"Well, on this Friday afternoon, for some strange reason, Old Barker got thirsty earlier than usual. Perhaps if he had drunk one more dipper of well water, he would not have gone to the store. But that is pure speculation. The fact is, he went. On the way, he saw John kicking clay clods into the ditch beside the road.

" 'Hey,' he screamed hoarsely, 'git you home on the north-field right now. You no-'count loafer. Git!'

"John responded to his father's promptings immediately. He hurried home. When he arrived he saw his mother sitting on the porch steps. She was sobbing.

" 'What's wrong, ma?' he asked.

" 'It's your daddy, son,' she said. 'He's gone to Bolling's for drink. He always comes home drunk when he leaves here early.'

" 'I'll go git him, ma,' he said.

"He threw his books on the porch and rushed down the road toward Bolling's Store.

"The April sun was hot. He was breathless when the Coca-Cola sign on the side of Bolling's Store came into sight. As he drew nearer, he saw his father standing with a group of 'men' in front of the store.

"Each one of them had a bottle of 'Jake's Crystal Water.' Like children playing a game, but without a child's innocence, each man would take an esophagus-full, and then pass the bottle to the man on the right. They made toasts, touched bottles, spat tobacco juice at the dust, laughed coarsely, and passed the bottles. Each man's health depended upon the other's.

"When young John saw his father laughing, he remembered his sobbing mother at home. John was usually afraid of his father. But two clashing images threw his young mind into confusion and gave him courage. He dashed toward his father who had just put the bottle to his mouth.

" 'Don't drink, pa, please,' he yelled frantically as he slapped the bottle in his father's hand.

"Old Barker drew back. He was startled at the impetuosity of his usually docile son. But this was not the usual day. For a moment, John saw Old Barker's fierce eyes. He suddenly realized what he had done. He quickly withdrew a few steps. Old Barker threatened, 'Durn you, son, you'll never learn to obey, will you? You almost knocked my teeth out. Come here. I'll knock some dadblamed sense into your thick skull. I'll tan your hide. Come here.' He ran to the spot where John had been.

"John was already running down the road. He ran all the way home.

" 'Ma,' he said, as he ran into the kitchen, 'I saw daddy at Bolling's. I

tell you, he's real mad. He's gonna git me good when he comes home.'

"His mother had stopped crying soon after John had gone to Bolling's Store. She was now engaged in preparing supper — Algonquian corn pone and butter milk. She closed the oven door of the wood stove. She knew what Old Barker would do to young John. It was pointless to inquire about the causes for Old Barker's wrath. When Old Barker's hoary, bronze head shook, no one asked questions. It was similar to a Hebrew god reaping just vengeance. Many times, she had seen a peach limb bounce off John's back. Every stroke left a red, pithy streak of bleeding, broken flesh.

" 'You'd better go to your aunt's till your daddy cools off,' she said.

"John left his mother standing on the steps of the shack. He walked through the woods purposely avoiding the road for fear that he might meet his father. When he came to the creek bank, he sat down. He scooped up a handful of brown poplar leaves mixed with black dirt. A little at a time, he pensively threw the mixture into the gurgling stream. He dropped his head between his knees.

" 'Our Faher who art in heaven, I ain't done nothing to You.' He paused. Then he began again, 'Our Father who art in heaven, all I ask is a fifty-fifty chance, hallowed be thy name. . . . Who's there?'

" 'Hey, John, it's me, Peter,' said the boy emerging from the bushes. 'What are you doing, praying? Sissy!'

" 'Aw, shut up, snoop.'

" 'What're you doing down here?'

" 'None of your business. What're you doing?'

" 'It's not praying,' he laughed.

" 'Shut up!'

" O.K., no use in getting mad. If you want to pray, it's all right with me. Just seems sorta sissy, that's all.'

" 'I had a little trouble with daddy,' John volunteered. 'He's out to git me.'

" 'Good. I mean, maybe you'll go with me. I'm running away from home again. You want to go with me?' Peter asked.

"John hesitated after Peter asked the question. Finally, he said that he would go with Peter.

" 'Now, that's settled. You got any money, John?' Peter asked testingly.

" 'Not a cent.'

" 'We gotta have money, John.'

" 'Where we gonna git it?'

" 'I know, Bolling's,' Peter said, snapping his fingers. 'He'll close soon. Come on. I've watched him through the window. He never locks the safe. He don't know the combination and he's too tight to pay anybody to find out. Come on.'

"They left the woods and walked toward the store together. They crawled into the bushes below Bolling's Store to wait until he closed.

" 'John,' whispered Peter. 'John.'

" 'Yeah, what is it?'

" 'Bolling's closing the store,' said Peter. 'Are you ready? It'll be a cinch.'

" 'Maybe—maybe we'd betted not.' John whimpered.

" 'Ah, be quiet, sissy. Old man Bolling won't know what happened. All we've got to do is play it smart,' Peter said.

"Jake Bolling, after counting the day's receipts, put the money in the safe. He did not lock it. He turned off the lights, closed the door, and padlocked it. He walked across the unpaved road to his unpainted bungalow. Standing on the porch, he fingered the padlock keys, and looked at the store. He puffed an unlit cigar and then flipped it into the yard. Jake entered the house to go to bed.

" 'All's clear,' Peter whispered.

"The two teen-age boys emerged from the hedges and leaped across the drainage ditch. They crept stealthily toward the store. Walking beside the store, they entered a gate at the back corner.

" 'It'll be a cinch,' Peter repeated confidently.

" 'What if Bolling hears us? What if he comes back for something?' John asked nervously.

" 'Don't worry, lame-brain, I'll take care of everything. Just play it cool.'

"Behind the store John immediately sat down with his back against the wall. He twisted his perspiring hands.

"Peter inspected the window which was barred with iron rods. He looked inside. He saw the meat block inside the store. The counter and the safe were near the front window on the other side. Looking through the store, out the front window, he could see Jake Bolling's bungalow.

" 'Hey, bring me that rock,' he said contemptuously, pointing to an oval-shaped stone protruding from the ground near John.

"John obeyed mechanically. He felt sick. How did he come to be here? 'Farm work is hard, but a least, it's honest,' he thought.

"Peter took the stone and struck the iron rods. The rust flaked off. The rods rang loudly but showed no signs of yielding. He disgustedly threw the stone over the high board fence which enclosed the back of the store.

"Peter thought a minute. Then, with self-assurance, priding himself in having some ingenuity, he approached the bars more tentatively. Why, of course. By sliding one end of the rods farther into the window frame, the other end would be released. He tried it. The rod dropped into his hands.

" 'Hah! Take this!' he said, handing the rod to his friend.

" 'What am I going to do with it?' asked John.

" 'Be quiet, will you? Stand at the corner. If anybody comes, if anybody comes around the corner—well, hit him.'

"Standing by the corner, John tightly held the rod. Peter returned to his work on the window. With ease, he freed another rod. Peter mused over his improved skill in removing the iron rods, and the stupidity of the carpenters for making them easy to remove. He tapped the window pane lightly with an iron rod. It cracked, broke, and fell inside.

" 'Peter,' John whispered. 'Peter,' he said louder.

" 'Sh-h-h.'

" 'I hear somebody coming, Peter, I'm afraid,' John said, fingering the rusty rod.

" 'Ah, it's only a car passing by. Be quiet, will you.'

"The car passed. But Jake Bolling had heard sounds from the store. He thought of his Persian cat, Lucifer. He smiled sleepily and turned over. Suddenly, a louder noise pierced the air. Jake sat up in bed. Peter had broken another window pane.

" 'Probably Lucifer, but I'd better check,' he mumbled.

"He got up and put on his bathrobe. Slipping his feet into bedroom slippers, he laid his twelve-gauge shotgun across his left arm and inhaled deeply. He walked outside. Not a sound was coming from the store now. Jake shrugged his shoulders and walked cautiously toward the store.

"Peter had thrown his leg up on the sill of the back window to enter when, through the front window he saw Jake's silhouette coming across the road. He drew back, dropped down on his hands and knees, and crawled to the corner.

" 'Somebody's coming! Do you hear? Somebody's coming!' Peter said.

" 'Yeah,' John quavered.

" 'We can't climb the fence. It's too high. The gate is the only way out. We can't run. We can't be caught. John, when he comes, you got to hit him!'

"All was disturbingly silent. Time ceased. John was petrified. His head reeled. Beady perspiration formed upon his forehead, and streamed pointlessly over his cheek. Eyes glassy with terror, John tightened his grip on the rod. He held it menacingly over his head. John tried to stifle his noisy breathing.

" 'Got to hit him—must hit him.' He stood robot-like beside the corner—waiting.

"In front of the store, Bolling saw no signs of burglary. The store-front was placid, reflecting the strange beauty of the moon-lit evening mixing with the chaotically pasted advertisements.

" 'Might as well check around back while I'm here,' he murmured. With the twelve-gauge shotgun cradled on his left arm, he walked beside the store toward the gate.

"John heard him coming closer. He held his breath, and raised the trembling rod higher over his head.

" 'Please don't come around here, mister,' he pleaded to himself. 'Please, mister, please don't.'

"A big rat squeaked. Stuffed with corn meal, the rat leaped from under the store across Bolling's path. Lucifer was in close pursuit. Jake, startled, stepped back.

" 'Oh, it's you, Lucifer. Still on the job, I see,' Bolling chuckled nervously.

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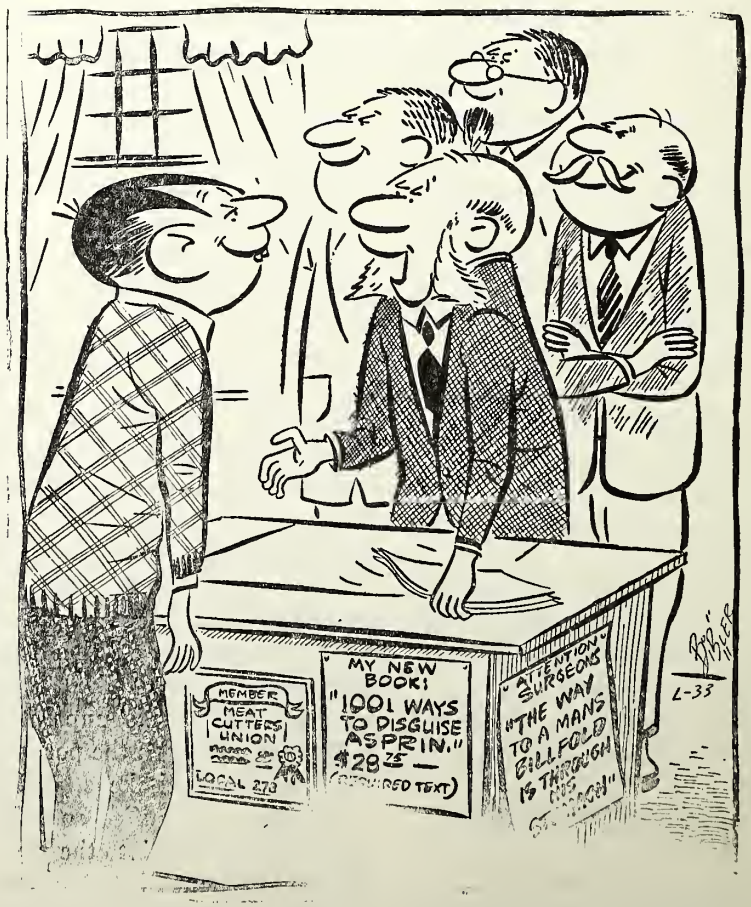


"Congratulations . . . Your written application for medical school has been accepted . . . we couldn't read a word you wrote!"

TALENT

—by Granville Sydnor

"WELL, suh, you remember the other day we was talkin' about them how-you-say that rebiblist?"

"Revivalist."

"Yes, sir, them 'biblist had another meeting." Buck, the colored janitor, leaned on the counter with his elbows in back of him, fastened his belt on the counter so his heels were about two inches off the ground and threw most of his weight on his toes. He looked at me, only he really never saw me when he laughed, but I knew he was talking to me and was not like some of them who just talk to be heard.

"Well, suh, let me tell you what they done."

"What did they do, Buck?" I always listened because I knew whatever he said would be funny.

"Well, not cutting you off or nothing like that, they done asked one of them fancy yelling 'Biblist to hold their meeting for them. He was one of them that has rings and a Cadalac. You'd thought it were God, himself, the way they treated that man. I believe some of them thought he were, but I knew he weren't. Now them 'biblist always gets in town a couple of days ahead of time for the meeting. Why they do, I don't rightly knows unless it's for to figure out what they ought to preach. He got to town about Wednesday and he looked about and he did sure have some parties, but you know I don't go to none of that. He cased it up well before I knew he was in town. Well, as I recollect he said he was going to speak on the second comin'. I have always wanted to hear about that since I don't see how anybody could come back here after they die. So I went down to the place on Friday night to hear about this second coming. I never have seen such a sight and I don't believe I ever will again. But let me tell you, he waited 'til everybody got in the church and it got quite, mighty quite, so that when I coughed slightly everbody looked to see who did it. Then he came in, walking down the aisle and I tell you I have never seen even a white woman dressed like that. He had on one of the white fur coats, how-you-say-that, murmin?"

"Ermine."

"Yes, sir, his murming coat was hanging down around his legs and beneath it he had on the slickest black funeral suit with one of the golden chains with one of them keys that hung down about his knees. He walked up that aisle and he looked about and when he did everbody done shook. He had the meanest look on his face and he look all about for four or five minutes, I know that for a fact, 'cause I looked at my watch, Well, first he said right off, 'Ahem, let me tell you about this second coming of the Lord God Almighty Jesus Christ, Himself. He went on like that for awhile and he told us all about that second coming so that I could even see the Lord God Almighty Jesus Christ come down from heaven and walk about in the middle of them all. He had all them ladies moaning and crying till I thought they would never stop, even the men started, but I never said a word—for all I knew he might be talking to the collection plate. He ended it by telling us that on Saturday night he was going to preach on Alcoholism and the troubles that come from it. Then he told us we were all going to hell if we did not listen to him. I figured I still had a good chance of not going for I listened to him even if I did not believe all he said. Then we sang a few songs and saved a few people according to him from the fiery place down below. Then he took up the collection and I never seen colored people unload so. When he got through the blessing it, he stuck the whole thing in his pocket and then they played something and he walked out with all the people following after him. After it was all over, I went out to talk to one of my wife cousins who was a deacon in the church and he told me about all the parties and the biblist because he had to go to them.

"The next night about eight o'clock the bell started ringin' like there was a fire. So like all of the rest who were going to church which was the most and them that wasn't, I ran up to the church to see what was happening. When we got there the biblist was ringing the bell for all he was worth and his murmin coat was dangling on the floor and his tie was bent and half not tied and he had the glassiest look in his eyes. But I mean to tell you that he sure looked funny but I didn't know what was wrong.

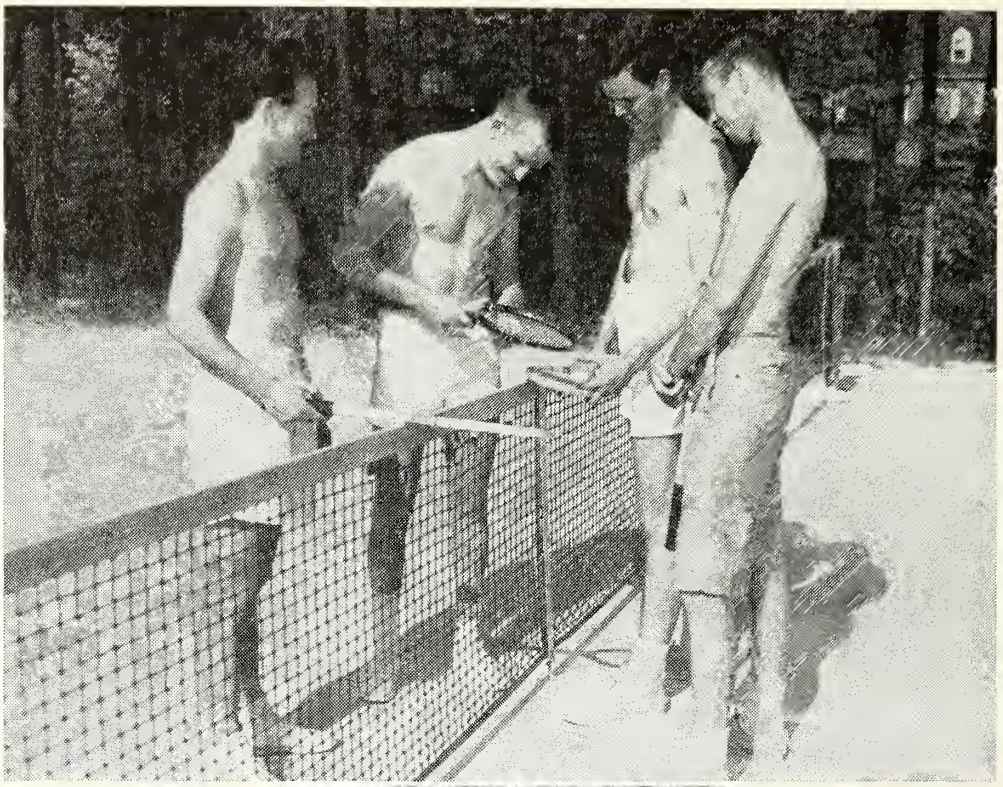
When he got all the people in the church he stopped pulling the bell and he walked down from the How-do-you-say-that, bellfry?"

"Belfry."

He walked down from the bellfry and he took his time and walked up the aisle as if he were in one of those trances. When he got to the pulpet he let out a roar like a lion, and he say, 'The Good Lord Almighty Jesus Christ, Himself, asked me to come to you tonight and speak on this acholism and to tell you of the troubles it had caused!' I tell you he rant and raved back and forth up and down in that pulpet and he shouted and cussed and he gave more hell about alcholism. But I knew he wasn't talking to me for I never take a drink and I weren't the least bit worried about going to hell. He had those men beating their hands on the ground and moaning and groaning and swearing they would never again touch the stuff. Then he drew it to a close by shouting that they were

(Continued on page 16)

TENNIS



TENNIS

If Terrier tennis coach Bill "Red" Coleman is at all superstitious, he was probably plenty worried last Saturday when his net squad wound up its 1955 season with a Friday-the-thirteenth match at Furman University.

And even if he isn't the type that worries about black magic and hoodoo, he very likely had some mixed feelings about the season which his Gold and Black bunch was finishing. There was probably some pride, for his was the team that was rated third in the state a couple of weeks before. But unless his squad did amazingly well in the state tournament and the three scheduled matches which preceded the Furman outing, the redheaded former Wofford tennis star wasn't entirely happy.

To be sure, the Terriers had met defeat at the hands of only two teams in its schedule, and both of them were rated as strong powers in this state. But, like all good coaches, he was hoping for a little more.

At this writing the Gold and Black netmen were among the hopefuls at the state tennis tournament in Clinton, and they had matches slated with Davidson, Clemson, Erskine, and Furman before the curtain came down on their 13-match schedule.

HOFFMEYER

With those four matches and the tourney remaining, the Terriers were among the state's leaders in net play with a 6-3 won-lost record. They had beaten Furman, the University of South Carolina, Clemson, Erskine, and The Citadel, but had fallen to Presbyterian and the College of Charleston. P. C. was picked early in the spring definitely as the state's top net squad, but there was some question as to whether the Terriers or the Purples from the College could grab the second slot.

Along with a good many other Terrier friends, Coleman was hoping for the best. He was looking for the Gold and Blacks to hop on the Purples and take undisputed second place in this state. But contests with the College April 16 and 22 settled that question, as the Purples rapped out a 7-2 win over the locals here in their first meeting and came through in the clutch in almost every one of the sets to win the second, 7-1.

(Continued on page 16)

The Noise Of Crickets

By Dan Seltzer —NASSAU LIT

WHAT I'm going to tell about happened a few years after Mark got killed up in Savannah. Mark was our brother, and both Morgan and I liked him very much; but he was older than we were; and we never got to know him like we knew each other. He was up in Savannah one Saturday night and got himself smashed by a truck, and that really set our Ma and Pop back on their heels. They only had Morgan and me left, and neither one of us was a lot of help for Pop with the gas station. We owned a gas station near Willings, like Morgan said that time he told about how we went out and found Norton. Norton was our dog, and he got himself smashed, too. God, didn't he though! But that's another story. I think what I'm telling about is really more important than what Morgan told.

Anyway, it happened after Mark had been dead some time, and we had moved. We left the Okefenokee and moved to a little place between Yulee and Callahan, just north of Jacksonville, where Pop opened up another gas station. Things were a lot like they were in Georgia, but it was just a little less swampy. It had been swampy as hell in Georgia and the mosquitoes bothered Ma a lot, but we *really* moved because Pop was tired of the Okefenokee, and I can't blame him. So were we. This time it was a Standard Oil station, the kind they call Esso up north, and because it was part of a chain, you know, things went pretty well. Customers feel better about going into a gas station when they know it's part of a chain, even if they're just going around back to the can. Well, a guy named Bucknell O'Hara, a sort of tenth cousin or something, was staying with us overnight. He had hitched down from where he lived up in Okefenokee, and the next day he wanted to go to Jacksonville and look around for a job or something, because he'd had this riff with his Pop over a girl. Can you imagine having a riff with your Pop over a girl? And it happened about a year before and he had just now made up his mind to get out of there. I think his mother had died recently, too. There was this whole thing about him, and I didn't get half of it. He was an odd kind of guy and he didn't talk a hell of a lot. He was a year or two older than Morgan, but he acted like he was thirty at least. Anyway, he acted old. This girl they had fussed about was a distant relation, too, so you can see it wasn't anything you could talk to him about. And you can bet we weren't going to talk about it to Ma and Pop. But when he said he was hitching into Jax the next day, we asked Pop if we could go too, to see a show or something, and stay over at Aunt Lila's house and then hitch back the next day. Well, Pop was in a good mood and he said Yes.

We ate breakfast early and then the three of us—Bucknell, Morgan and I—went out to U. S. 17 and started to hitch. We got a ride for about a mile with a farmer in an old beat-up truck. He asked us if we had heard of the nigger trouble up near Peabody, and we said No, because we hadn't, and then he let us off and turned into this old gravel road to his farm. Well, you probably won't believe me, but we stood there waving our thumbs almost the whole day without any of those cheap tourists giving us a lift. We didn't talk much. Bucknell cursed a little because he knew he wouldn't have much time to look for a job *that* day. We ate the sandwiches Ma gave us in case we hadn't gone far by lunchtime, and it was a good thing she'd thought of that. Late in the afternoon, there was a kind of blue haze over the pine trees and Bucknell said, Now ain't that pretty! I guess it was, but we'd never have noticed. Along about four-thirty this old Chevy stopped, and we jumped in, but we didn't see that a colored guy was driving until after we were in. I don't think Bucknell saw anyway, even after he'd thanked the guy, and even though he looked at him to thank him. We all thanked him, I think. I really don't remember if we did or not. I think we were so hard up for a ride that we'd have gotten in even if we *had* seen! Anyway, it turned out that he was a pretty nice person. He was dressed a hell of a lot better than we were, with a sort of gray suit and blue tie. He was clean, too. You could smell his shaving lotion. He told us he was going down to Miami to see his son and daughter-in-law, and that he was from Baltimore. Well, Maryland is still really the south, but he acted different than niggers we knew. I oughtn't say that—I mean, he acted different than most colored people we knew. He was very polite, and he wasn't afraid to talk out loud, and he had a damn nice laugh. In fact, it sounded a heck of a lot like old Mark's laugh, which was very pleasant. It's funny—lately I've forgotten what Mark's laugh really sounded like, but whenever I want to remember, I just think of this colored guy's laugh, and then I can remember Mark's.

He said he was going straight through Jacksonville, and he'd be glad to drop us off wherever we wanted, and that he planned to drive straight on till he got to Miami. His little old car wouldn't go much more than forty, he said, but he'd drive

straight through until three in the morning, because he was anxious to see his son. His son had been overseas, or some damn place, and he hadn't seen him. I don't remember too well. It's funny how little conversation I can recall before it happened. The only things I can remember are like when Morgan said to me, Joe, look at that rotten corn—it's really pretty awful; and I said, Yeh, it sure is; and Bucknell looked out across the dried-up corn field, and said, quietly, It's doing its best, it needs a little rain; and this old colored guy laughed, and said something about there being room in the world for anything, even dried-up corn; and Morgan said, Yes, but what about the farmer who's got to sell it; and then both Bucknell and the colored guy said something, but I can't remember what it was, except that it was one of those times when two people say the same thing at once, and sort of laugh and stop, embarrassed. You know how I mean.

It was about six—I remember that because I know how hungry we were—and we were driving through one of those roads where the shoulders kind of hump up with bushes and weeds all over them, and with the pines just beyond that. It was almost dark, and it was even beginning to get a little cool, and the talk had died down some. Bucknell was sore because his day had been wasted, but he didn't talk about it. None of us had talked about anything for a while, when all of a sudden, this big two-toned Buick drove out from a little side road, and stopped smack in front of us, about two hundred yards ahead. The colored guy said, That damn fool! and he slammed down the brakes, and we stopped about a foot from that big shiny fender! Well, there were about eight guys in the Buick, all sitting there very still and just looking across at us, and then, very quickly they jumped out of their car with shotguns in their hands, and yelled at us to get out of the Chevy.

We did, of course, and I was really scared, let me just tell you. The colored guy got out, like we did, but he looked angry, as if he were still going to bawl hell out of them for almost causing an accident, or because this was another delay in his getting down to Miami. Some of the men had lumberjacks on, and most of them were smoking cigarettes. They all looked very tired. I remember that.

All right, black boy—let's go, said a big man with a gray felt hat.

Quit that monkeying around, said another one.

What the hell are you talking about, said the colored guy.

You raped a gal up at Peabody, said the big guy with the felt hat.

The damn over-sexed niggers, said a little man wearing a yellow shirt with flamingos on it. If I made the laws I know what I'd do about it.

Come on, get in the big car, said one of the men.

You're wrong, said the colored guy. I've been driving south all day. when did it happen?

You done it last night, said a fat guy with a moustache.

Last night I was in Carolina! yelled the colored man.

Last night you raped a sweet little white gal, and you'll pay for it, said somebody.

Damn right. Damn right he'll pay, said the thin little guy.

How do you know he did it, asked Bucknell in a nervous voice.

His car and him both fit all the description. This is him, said a guy with a reddish beard. Come on.

Yeah, come on, nigger.

Wait a minute, said Bucknell. You can't just grab him off like that. You got a warrant?

Listen, smarty-pants, said the fat

IN DEMOCRACY

Youth is a distant dream
Of places high and shining,
Of soaring spirits to uplift
A vain and restless world
Of life exalted.
And maturity?
Dust and sun-baked desolation.

May God curse your mouldering
bones, my Mother!
Why did you drop me
In this hell?

How futile my plodding
These death-ridden streets
To find a quiet place,
A soft place and dark,
To ease my tortured soul.

Not one tender touch,
One velvet-smooth surface—
All jagged, broken rock.
Not one group of forgetful shadows
In this blinding glare.
Not one sweet tone
When all is clash and shriek.
Can a black skin be so
Different?

The dice are thrown
And stare back;
The cup lies spilled.

There the bridge
Cool the waters and dark
Far below.
Complete the final arc,
My body.

But stop this!
Here stands a man,
Outwardly.

From whose loins came the seed of
that spirit
Groveling under the lash?

Is there not yet one
Splinter of steel in that jellied spine?

Are your guts all *soured?*

By God, No!
Wait, with strength!

—Harry Palmer

man. This here's her pappy and this here's her brother and this here's her cousin, and I'm her uncle. We don't need no warrant. The rest here's friends. Maybe you better come along too.

God, but Morgan and I were really scared! They pulled the old colored guy into the Buick, and he started to yell. Two of the others pushed Bucknell into the front seat with them. About three guys made us get into the old Chevy, and drove us home. We were so scared we didn't open our traps once. We found out later what happened with Bucknell because somebody wrote it up for the papers.

* * *

A purple night fell upon the pines, and the car ground noisily to a stop. They were in a small clearing, and had it been light they could have seen the tracks of deer in the hard muck. The men got out of the car, holding their rifles carefully, talking quietly to each other. The colored man was afraid. His hands shook, and he steadied himself by holding the handle of the open door. The timid light of the small ceiling lamp in the Buick formed an indefinite rectangle on the ground, and then one of the men slammed the door, and there was no more light.

Suddenly Bucknell O'Hara kicked the fat man in the groin with all his might, and grabbing the colored man by the arm, ran off toward the pines, dragging the colored man along, running and yelling at the colored man to run too. The man in the yellow shirt fired after them. They ran through the shadows, stepping through the wet, swampy muck, slipping and running once more, breathing heavily, hearing the men curse and run after them, hearing every so often a shot as one of them fired wildly in their direction. Once a bullet slammed into a pine trunk behind them, and they ran faster. The old colored man was running almost as fast as Bucknell could. He was afraid. Bucknell was angry, cursing under his breath. They turned sharply to the left, and Bucknell saw a shadowy ditch with water in it. He fell into it, and after a moment's hesitation, the colored man made a sobbing sound and fell beside him.

They could hear the sucking noise the men made as they ran through the muck, looking for them.

"It's crazy. It's like a dream," panted the colored man.

"Yes."

"Lord, no! and to think, just a while ago, the smallest while ——."

"Yes. We'd better not make any noise."

"Oh, they'll find us. They can't help but find us. You're out of your mind. Why in hell did you do all this?"

"I don't know," said Bucknell. "Damned if I know. I might just as well have raped her last night. I felt like raping somebody. I did. If I had an opportunity, I might have. I'm just as guilty as you are."

"But I didn't!" whispered the old colored man in a hoarse voice.

"Yes. Well. I might have. Maybe I did."

"You didn't have to do all this. You didn't rape anybody. You're crazy."

"I know. It doesn't make any difference."

The men chasing them had stopped firing their rifles into the pines. They were walking slowly, throwing their flashlight beams ahead of them, in all directions. The cautious insects had begun to chirp and hum once more. They had been afraid, too, while there was noise. Bucknell and the colored man waited. The colored man said, "Yes, soon, soon." Bucknell looked at him. Suddenly the round eye of the fat man's flashlight glared down from the higher ground near the ditch. They could not see the fat man because he was behind the blinding eye. "Here!" he yelled, and "Here, over here! here!" yelled the men near him. They ran noisily from all directions. The colored man stood up, spreading his arms, his palms toward them. His suit was soaked, and he stood up to his knees in the slimy brown water, with bits of scum and decayed leaves floating around his legs. Bucknell watched him. All the flashlight beams fell upon the two in the ditch, and Bucknell crouched lower, trying to hide. Now he was trying to hide. The men fired down at them, again and again, and the many shots echoed back and forth through the pines, terrifying the crickets into a silence that was only a moment of eternity, for they began once more sounds that continued as the pines grew taller and closer to the sky.

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TENNIS

(From page 12)

Presbyterian came through according to pre-season predictions to beat out a 7-2 victory March 25.

That was the darker side of the picture back then. But even if the Terriers had lost a couple that some people thought they should have won, they had still played red-hot ball to rack up six victories, most of which were over much larger schools. And since three of the season's remaining four contests were scheduled against schools that had already absorbed Terrier lickings, their total season's outlook was anything but dim.

Jim Bailey, a tall blond, who in the coach's mind "has settled down a lot," was one of the big guns in the successes of his team as he held down the number one slot. The experienced junior was definitely our most "steady and valuable" player.

Experience was the watchword for these three other valuable netters—all seniors—as they wound up their college tennis careers: Allen Hoffmeyer, a lanky veteran who had his ups and downs but who stayed hot on defense; Lee Mays, the fast-serving Terrier who had not lost his first match going into the tournament; and Frank Goodale, a fancy player with plenty of determination.

Dale Waner, who used his strong backhand to hand Clemson ace Maung Kim See his first defeat of the season, teamed up with fancy-formed Cecil Smith and newcomer Frank Austelle to round out a dangerous squad. Smith had built his style to near-perfection, and freshman Austelle was past intramural winner here and city champ in Spartanburg last year.

Manager Tommy Godbold, a man with a big job and too little recognition, was working behind the scenes keeping track of everything from tennis balls to record books.

—Wallace Watson

JIM'S A SISSY

They laugh at me for being good;
they laugh and say I'm prissy.
They even cuss when teacher's gone;
they say, "aw, Jim's a sissy."

But mamma says that it's not good
to fight un scrap un fuss,
Un Uncle Joe says mama's right,
that I should never cuss.

But gosh, it's hard to be so good;
I want to be a boy.
It makes me mad to hear them say,
"there goes Fauntalroy."

And when they choose a baseball
team,
they never let me play.
They like to see me playin' jacks
with Mary Jane un Kay.

It ain't no fun to beat the girls
at jacks un jumpin' rope.
By gum, I want to play baseball!
It makes me give up hope.

And girls ain't always good as gold,
and I'm right here to tell ya.
'Cause Mary Jane can do some things
that sure as heck'll chill ya.

Now boy or girl, they're all the same;
they like to get in trouble,
And every time they yell at me,
my worries seem to double.

But Uncle Joe says God don't like
to see us being bad.
Un mamma says that when we're
mean,
it makes Him awful sad.

The other boys just laugh at God,
un they don't seem to care.
But when God says I shouldn't cuss,
then, boy, I wouldn't dare.

But gosh, I wish that they could see
that I'm not such a sissy,
And how darned mad it makes me get
when they say that I'm prissy.

—Jim Elliott

TALENT

(From page 11)

all going straight to hell if they did not listen to him 'cause he was speaking for the Lord God Almighty Jesus Christ, Himself, who was next only to God and as the *Bible* says only a little higher than the Angels. Then he sung a few more songs and washed a few more of the people and he told God and Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost just how he wanted it done then he told us that They would do it that way. When he finished, he took up the collection and he had more in it than he had the last time. He pocketed that, too. Then he walked down the aisle like a drunk man and, you know, he was drunker than a tadpole in gingerale."

JOBS FOR MILLIONS

(From page 5)

years, differences in the levels of importance and difficulty of positions are no longer adequately reflected by the differences in pay. We believe that this violates a basic principle of a true career system, for the incentive for career advancement and the assumption of higher-grade duties and responsibilities comes from the prospect of greater personal rewards, not the least of which is the financial reward.

In the field of training, the Administration is asking for authority for the President to permit agencies to assign qualified personnel to specialized training in research laboratories, State agencies, private industrial concerns, universities, and other non-Federal facilities, to meet specific agency needs. This will greatly broaden the field for career development.

A LITTLE BIT OF SILVER . . .

(From page 7)

affect—and from all reports it has worked very successfully.

The problem, my friends, seems to lie not in our *readiness* to accept the new responsibility, but in our *willingness*.

There are, of course, dozens of other arguments, some good and some bad, most of them directed not against the idea of taking over our own disciplinary problems, but against the particular system proposed by this year's council. Some maintained, and still maintain, that the proposed system went *too far;* others that it *did not go far enough;* still others that the system would play into the hands of a group of *radicals*. The arguments go right on down the line.

I cannot help but feel, however, that all of these differences could have been settled *if we had really wanted* a student discipline system, if we had been able to put aside "that little bit of silver," that "how will the new system affect me personally?"

This coming Thursday, we will elect our student body officers for next year. We cannot, of course, say for sure what the stand of our new officers on the idea of a discipline system will be. But, judging from the speeches which we heard last Thursday and some of the talk going around campus, it's a pretty safe bet that they will attempt some action on the problem. And judging from the caliber of men who have offered themselves for office, it's also pretty safe to say that the new council will be willing to work hard toward the solution of the discipline problem.

All their work, however, will come to less than nothing unless we, the student body as a whole, are willing to give them our complete support on the matter.

Gentlemen, assuming that the matter of a student discipline plan is again brought to a vote next year, it will be, so to speak, *a second chance*. I sincerely hope that we will take advantage of that chance—that we will take positive action and a major step forward toward more and better student government. And that we will not let "that little bit of silver" make the difference.

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"Flossy said she got so much out of your course, professer, I want to enroll."

CHRISTIANITY in ATHLETICS

(From page 2)

the type of character building traits which would help young people to discover the true importance of athletics.

Without the humble form of athletics—the type in which the main reason the individual wants to participate is to build his body physically in order to be of fuller service to mankind—one of the most important characteristics of Christian athletics in our society would be lost. Today there seems to be too much emphasis placed on the reward which is to be derived from athletics — whether it is in the form of a newspaper clipping or money—rather than the reward the athlete gains from the sheer enjoyment of participating in athletics. Probably the main reason why the Nation of Russia places so much stress on producing and exhibiting the strong athletes which she possesses is to acquire national prestige for the country of Russia. Some forms of athletics in our country are becoming too professionalized, and many owners, operators, coaches, and managers of professional, and even collegiate, athletic teams are employing the services of many athletes *only* to get for themselves a great abundance of money.

Whereas some people view athletics only in how much material gain can be derived from the sporting activities, there are so many who see the basic Christian principles which underlie athletics. Just as a proficient pianist, a skillful painter, or a knowing scholar reaches the point where he realizes that his particular skill has not been *entirely* designed and produced by himself, the athlete, too, may realize that only through the power of Someone so much mightier than the athlete himself is the athlete able to use his ability to the fullest degree.

It is said that the best sermon is the observation of a person's actions. The athletes of this campus and of all of the campuses across the country can be strong instruments in helping to make our Nation a more Christian one.

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THE HANDS with TWO ROLES

(From page 10)

"Bolling turned back to his house. He laughed sleepily at himself for getting excited. He lavished unheard compliments on Lucifer for his vigilance.

"John slid down the clap - board store wall. Exhaling, he was uncontrollably relaxed.

" 'Get off it and on your feet,' Peter ordered. 'Let's get out of here.'

"The two boys, one behind the other, crept furtively out the gate, beside the store, down the road. They disappeared into the hedges.

"Well, sir, fifteen years at least went by. One night, a truck tire blew out. The truck careened into an embankment. The driver was thrown from the truck. He was unconscious. He had lost a lot of blood when the ambulance finally arrived on the scene. The ambulance carried the man to the nearest private hospital.

"The doctor on duty was the only doctor available within forty miles. He had been drinking. The deep cut behind the patient's ear needed immediate attention. I don't know what happened, but in less than ten minutes that doctor could have passed the strictest sobriety test.

"He syringed the wound, checked for possible fractures of the skull, sewed the wound, and gave the patient a blood transfusion. There is no doubt about it—the patient's life was saved. The doctor, after supervising X-ray pictures, retired to his office to rest. He fell asleep.

"The hand raked across the glass-topped desk. A stethoscope fell from the desk-top. The doctor raised his head from a troubled sleep. His delicate, sensitive hands rubbed an unshaved chin. He sat back in the swivel chair. The inter-comm phone rang.

" 'Hello.'

" 'Dr. Jackson, this is the nurse on the second floor. Mr. Bolling insists that we give him something for his pain. He believes you did a good job in sewing up the laceration, but he's suffering a lot and can't sleep.'

" 'Please don't call me any more about patients like Bolling. You know we can't give anesthetic to patients with head lacerations. He'll just have to tough it out, nurse. I'll see him tomorrow morning. Good night.' "

A glow-worm with tendencies coarse
Used to tell lewd jokes until hoarse,
But he kept up his vice,
By the clever device,
Of learning to blink them in Morse.

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How To "Live It Up"

—*by Reggie Thackston*

Short, Short, Short Story

"WHAT ya doing, Sam?" Frankie's high-pitched voice shattered the quietness of the room.

"I'm figuring," Sam answered without lifting his eyes from the paper covered with a mass of jumbled figures.

"What?" Frankie asked.

"I gotta get some money somewhere, and I don't know where."

"We could rob a bank or something. That's always good for a little money."

"Look, Frankie, I ain't kidding. I owe a hundred and fourteen dollars and it's gotta be paid before the first."

"Where in hell did you get so many debts?"

"I borrowed some here and there, and played some cards, and before I knew it, I owed over a hundred dollars."

Frankie lit a cigarette and sat down on the edge of the bed. "What happened to the ten bucks your mom sends you every week?"

"Hell; That's gone before Thursday. That's why I had to borrow so much. Looks like my old lady would know it takes money to go to college."

"I guess she does know, but don't forget, she's no rich woman. Where does all your money go, anyway, that you're always broke before Thursday?"

"Oh, movies, parties, food. I gotta have some fun, ain't I? What am I supposed to do? Sit around and make like a scholar?" Sam was drawing something on the paper.

Frankie leaned back on his elbows. "Why has it gotta be paid by the first? Why can't you put some of it off till later? I could lend you thirty or forty dollars till school is out. That would help some, wouldn't it?"

Sam leaned back in his chair and uttered an oath. "I won't be around till the end of school."

On Old Main's Steps

I stand upon these steps of stone,
And dream of scholars long ago,
Who too stood here and dreamed alone.
And in my soul, I feel a glow
Of pride for all these men of old.
They too stood here with spirit new,
Fresh come within this college fold.
The dreams formed here have not been few.

Upon those paths, that wend their way
Across this home of learned men,
Have trod the bright, the slow, the gay.
But all were joined in one great kin;
They all stood here and conjured thought
Of things to come; of knowledge found;
Of books well read; of wonders wrought;
Of dreams come true; of theories sound.

But now their footprints long have gone
From off these steps that still stand here.
Their feet no longer crease the lawn
Where once they walked with friends so dear.
But to the ones whose plans were made
With greatest care and surest aim,
There stands a name not yet decayed;
An everlasting, honored name.

They hold an honored, hallowed place,
Because they dreamed and fashioned plan,
And then went out and set a pace
That moulded them into a man.
Did he whose name still stands in fame
Stand here and dream of things to come,
While yet his was no great famed name?
And now, his works are great in sum!

Great buildings die and go to dust,
When mutability is faced.
They all are claimed by death and rust,
And even thoughts can be debased.
But if a dream upon this place
Is kept and nourished by hard work,
That dream will grow and find a grace.
They live because they did not shirk!

—JIM ELLIOTT

Frankie sat up suddenly: "Why not? You're not going to quit, are you?"

Sam flipped his pencil on the desk and fumbled in the drawer for a letter. "I got a letter today from the President that says they want me in the Army."

Frankie glanced at the letter and looked up surprised: "But I thought you had a deferment!"

"They got some silly rule that you have to pass so much work with so many quality points. They said I didn't pass enough. Hell! That's stupid!"

Frankie stood up and ground his cigarette out on the floor with his heel. "I guess I'd better go. I sure am sorry about the Army. Maybe something will turn up, though."

"I'll see ya round." Sam picked up his pencil and started figuring again.

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Patron: Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!

Waiter: That's very possible. The chef used to a tailor.

* * *

Delta Sig to Kappa Sig: Are you a member of the stomach club?

Kappa Sig: No.

Delta Sig: Then turn in your belly button.

* * *

He: Shall we sit in the parlor?"

She: No, I'm tired. Let's play tennis.

* * *

She: We're going to give the bride a shower.

He: Count me in—I'll bring the soap.

She: I'm so discouraged. Everything I do seems to be wrong.

He: What are you doing tonight?

* * *

The freshman's father paid his son a surprise visit. Arriving at 1 a.m., he banged on the dormitory door. A voice from the second floor yelled, "Whatdya want?" The father answered, "Does Joe Jones live here?" The voice answered, "Yeah, bring him in."

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LITTLE MAN ON THE CAMPUS . . . . . By Dick Bibler

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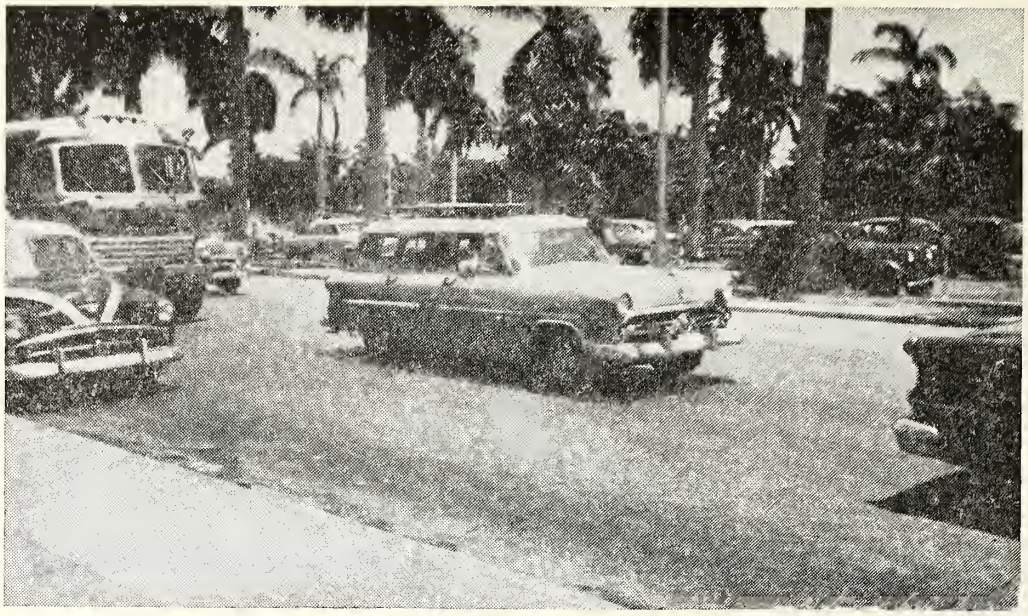

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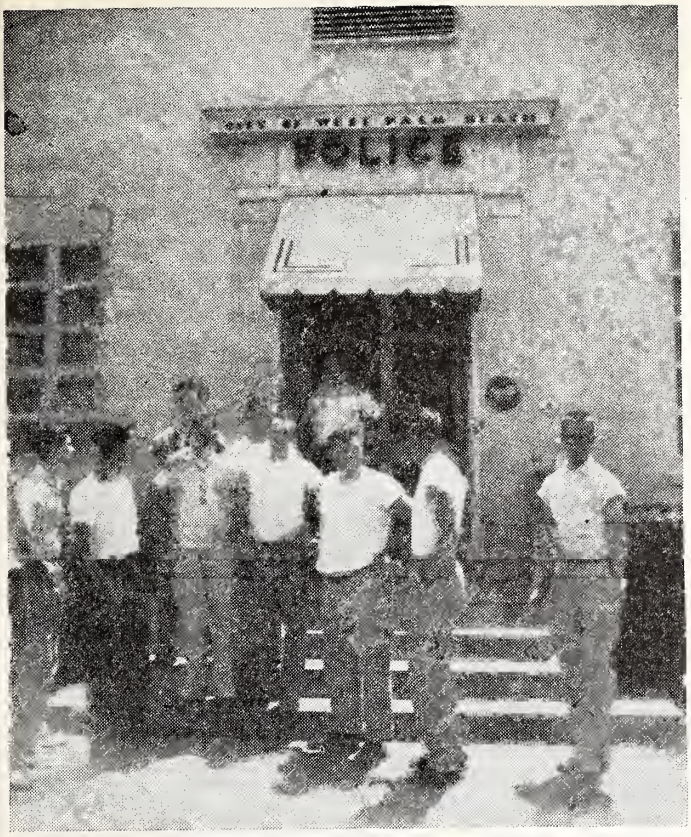

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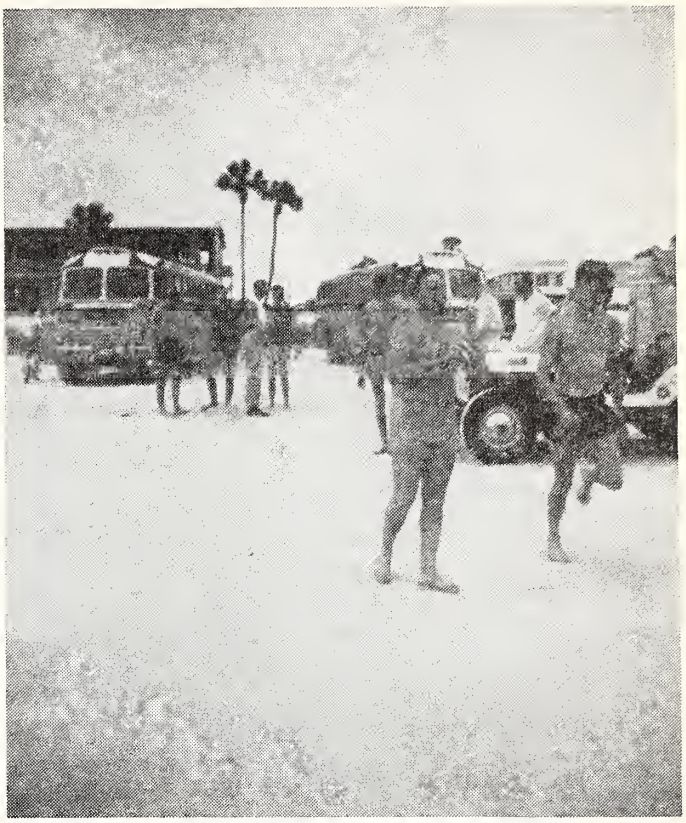

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